

September 1, 1965

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 1, 1965

Vol. 33, No. 14

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WORTH REPORTING

THE baby-mindedness that (like music) is in the air is reflected in this week's paper.

As well as the cover picture and the lift-out of baby handknits, there's a story on pages 14, 15 written by a mother.

What a joy babies are—and what a puzzle they become as they start growing up. Which reminds us of the anecdote told by distinguished Indian author Santha Rama Rau (see Family Affairs, page 41).

She and her American husband, travelling with their four-year-old son, had explained to him in Ceylon that the celebrations there were for the birthday of little Lord Buddha.

In India, the festive crowds and the presents were in honor of the birthday of little Lord Krishna, celebrated by the Hindus.

In New York, explaining that the Christmas gaiety was for the birthday of little Lord Jesus, she thought, dismayed, that the child would be very confused.

But no. All was perfectly clear to the four-year-old.

His only perplexity was whom he liked best: Lord Krishna, who had been such a naughty little boy before he became a saint, or Lord Jesus, who brought much better presents to children.

A rip in the canvas

SELECTED from hundreds of entries, 37 paintings by artists aged 21 or less are touring the Commonwealth in the Goya Art Award Exhibition, "Young Australia '65."

When the paintings were unpacked in Sydney, the organisers had a terrible shock: one canvas was torn, with a foot-long hole nearly four inches across.

But the painting was "pop art" and the hole was part of the design!

Already exhibited in Melbourne and Sydney, the paintings will be shown in other cities: August 30 in Brisbane, September 27 in Hobart, October 18 in Adelaide, and November 8 in Perth.



Joan Sutherland and son Adam Bonyng.

Flowers for Mum

WHEN nine-year-old Adam Bonyng attended first nights of his mother's appearances with the Sutherland-Williamson Grand Opera Company in Melbourne, he was a regular scene-stealer.

Trim in navy suit, white shirt, and dark tie, he sat in the stalls box which his mother, Joan Sutherland, and father, conductor Richard Bonyng, had for the use of family and friends.

Hands gripping the plush front of the box, Adam was a picture of total absorption in the performance.

When the applause started, he became a bundle of boyish bounce, applauding all singers, especially his mother.

In return, Joan blew him two or three happy kisses, which made him beam with delight.

At the final curtain, he'd sprint up the back stairs to throw flowers from a dress-circle box to Mum and Dad.

Joan used to gather them to clasp with her more formal floral tributes. Richard used to put one in his buttonhole.

★ ★ ★
COMMENT on a notice-board outside a Melbourne suburban church: "Some minds are like concrete, all mixed up and permanently set."

OUR COVER

One-day-old Nina Young with her mother, Tania Verstak, former Miss Australia 1961 and Miss International Beauty, in St. John of God Hospital, Subiaco, W.A., where she was born on Friday, August 13. Tania married Perth businessman Peter Young in 1963, and the baby, who weighed 7lb. 6oz. at birth, is their first child. The picture was taken by Alan Rowe.

Municipal know-how

A BOOKLET encouraging women to run for local government offices has been printed by the Australian Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

Including down-to-earth advice on the intricacies of running a political campaign ("Candidates should field a team of canvassers, clearly identified as their helpers. Suggest they work in pairs, are well groomed and comfortably clad."), the booklet explains campaign budgetary matters, postal votes, and preferential balloting.

The number of municipal districts, eligibility qualifications for voters and candidates, disqualification, tenure of office, election dates, and methods of nomination and election are listed for each State, the A.C.T., and the Northern Territory.

The booklet was compiled by a committee of five

Sydney women, including three aldermen: Mrs. Marjorie Propsting, in her second term as Mayor of Lane Cove Municipality, Mrs. Irene Thompson, of the Mosman Municipal Council, and chairman Joan Pilone, first woman president of the Northern Suburbs Municipal and Shire Assembly.

The other contributors are Mrs. Madge Dawson, senior lecturer, Department of Adult Education at the University of Sydney, and Mrs. Jessie Furnari, the Federation's Employment Conditions Research Committee chairman.

The booklet points out that since most women spend more time in the local community than men, who usually work in other areas, they know more about the faults and benefits of municipal services.

"The Know-How of Local Government" is available from the Federation's headquarters: 343 Little Collins Street, Melbourne.

BEAR BREASTS THE BAR



SUSIE, 14-month-old Himalayan black bear, likes light ale. So every Sunday morning her owner, Londoner John Donovan, takes her to the local at Putney for her treat. Customers are so used to her that they don't give her a second glance.

● Huge audiences pack in, without a shriek or scream, to hear...

Peter, Paul, and Mary

By NAN MUSGROVE

● *These folk-singers, who were swept to fame on a harmony of sound and personality that stirs the heart (and rings the cash register), are making a return visit.*

MAKING entertainment history in Australia on their first visit last year, Peter, Paul, and Mary filled the huge Sydney Stadium with the biggest crowd since Burns fought Johnson for the heavyweight title in 1908.

Back in 1908 there was no roof on the Stadium, and there nearly wasn't the night of the Peter, Paul, and Mary concert. It almost lifted, carried away in the gales of applause and blockbusting audience-singing.

Peter performed an awe-inspiring feat that night when he stirred the audience into a real performance joining him in "Rock My Soul in the Bosom of Abraham," an unheard-of success in Sydney, where the

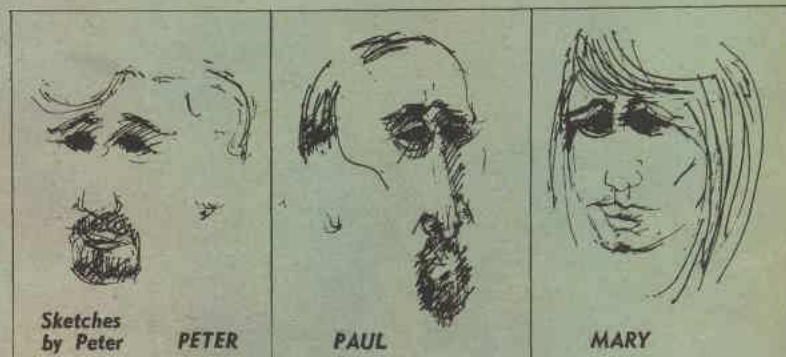
crowds notoriously dislike audience participation.

It certainly was an unusual audience, with more mature and sophisticated tastes than those that usually pack the Stadium shows. They were dedicated, silent listeners without a shriek or a scream among them. They wanted to hear the music.

What will happen on this second visit no one can say, except that overflow audiences are a certainty.

Peter, Paul, and Mary have much in common, including a great interest in and liking for Australia.

They were so keen to come on their first visit that they paid their own fares. No Australian entrepreneur was prepared to take the risk of bringing them unknown.



This time their tour takes them from Brisbane right round to Perth, from where they jet off to a concert tour of Europe.

Their program is:

- Sydney Stadium, Wednesday, August 25; Saturday, August 28.
- Brisbane Festival Hall, Friday, August 27.
- Adelaide Palais Royal, Tuesday, August 31; Wednesday, September 1.
- Melbourne Festival Hall, Thursday, September 2; Friday, September 3.
- Perth Capitol Theatre, Saturday, September 4.

All concerts begin at 8.15 p.m.

In between times they will make TV appearances on TCN9 and record a TV special for TCN9's national network.

Who are Peter, Paul, and Mary? First of all, these young Americans are musicians. Each has had formal musical training.

Peter Yarrow is Jewish. Now 27, he trained as a musician (violin, guitar) and artist. His first engagement was at an Israeli coffee house in New York.

A bachelor, Peter's spare-time interests range over painting, the study of physics psychology, and "the contemplation of ancient sculpture and architecture."

He drew the line sketches of himself and his companions on this page.

Paul is Paul Stookey, 28, married, with a baby daughter, Elizabeth, who is three months old. Paul was a camera salesman and other things before he took to folk-singing, which, he says, is his means of achieving communication of thought and emotion. He is the clown of the trio, but he can be very serious.

Mary is Mary Travers, 28, married now to Barry Feinstein, a professional photographer, who took the picture on this page.

Mary has a daughter, Erica, 5, by her first marriage, of whom Mary says, "She is to be sung, not talked, about."

Mary's favorite relaxation is horse-riding. She has a weakness for clothes in clear, bright colors and for bulky coats with fur linings. On stage she has a kind of awkward, coltish grace.





SOPHISTICATED combination of smooth bangs, carved side curls, and an up-combed flounce of back hair makes the most of mid-length locks.



LIGHT and graceful curves are partly combed out by Jacques Dessange for an effect at once innocent and worldly. A sideswept bang shows ruffled, curly ends.



ALL-OUT GLAMOR of spectacular curls in Alexandre's "Infanta" hairdo. The style widens out into merry, feline waves (the Paris stylist's own description) on the sides.



SHORT, smooth, and supple hair-style created by Andre of Elizabeth Arden Salon, Paris, has loads of youth appeal and fashion sing.



BIG HIT with the young is this Tulip coiffure by Richard of Helena Rubinstein, New York, with peek-a-boo ear and petals of hair over the crown.



PIPING-HOT favorite with the "in" set, a Paris shape that's as young as tomorrow. It is blunt cut, lifts on the crown, and covers ears and forehead.

NEW HAIRSTYLES FOR SPRING

THE oracles report that hair will be short this spring, but these interpretations of the spring look by leading international stylists suggest that hair will go to all lengths to please the eye.

The curvy, flowing hairstyle at right is typical of the soft, feminine school of Italian styling.

Top-flight American stylist Kenneth of New York sees new spring hairdos going several ways—some short and some long. For a "switch" Kenneth adds a shoulder-length hairpiece.

The three styles below are from Kenneth's "confidential curl" collection for 1965, in which reverse curls sweep the cheek and end in a wisp just below the ear.

A hairstyle should be flattering and flexible, according to Kenneth. If it's sparkling clean, well-shaped, with lots of controlled bounce, it's "in."

Elsewhere, styles with plenty of movement and straight haircuts are the vogue of the moment.

—MAISIE McMAHON



PETAL effect with ends flicked up and under is very feminine, consequently sure to be widely man-approved.

Ways to wear a "confidential curl"



SMOOTH, sculptured line (left) turns slightly under at the prettiest part of the nape, with tips bent forward. **Centre:** Kenneth adds a shoulder-length hairpiece, turning softly up around the shoulders in light, fluffy arcs. **Another switch** coiled round the head acts as a hair-ribbon for support. **Right:** Sleek, shiny coils made from intricate loops of false hair that match real hair color are placed on the back of the head for another truly contemporary spring look.



SITTING TARGET FOR COMFORT LOVERS

Chosen by FLER for the classic Flerline Suite ... The luxurious texture of new Nylex 'Royal Bouclé' furniture fabric

When 'Royal Bouclé' and Fler get together wonderful things happen to furniture. Like a texture that's richer, more comfortable than you've ever felt before ... a luxurious, hard-wearing texture that only 'Royal Bouclé' expanded-vinyl can provide. And colour ... colour in nine look-alive varieties. Warm colours, cool colours. Colours fresh as mountain air. Combine this with the classic design of the Flerline suite and you've furniture that makes a living-room really live up to its name. Make your choice from the silky smoothness of hand-rubbed Maple or the straight grain of Tasmanian Blackwood. (Both in a variety of lustrous finishes.) Whichever you choose you're right on target for unsurpassed comfort ... fashion to make you proud. See Flerline covered in luxurious 'Royal Bouclé' at all leading furniture stores.



NYLEX 'ROYAL BOUCLÉ' is manufactured exclusively in Australia by
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Australia's largest plastics organisation.

F. 299



Flerline Suite ... by Fler Company and Staff Pty. Ltd.

Four relatives married Australians, but . . .

Young Lord Vestey is still a bachelor

● "Marrying Australians seems to be a family failing," says 24-year-old Lord Vestey, one of the world's richest young men. "Three cousins and my father visited Australia and all married Australian women."

BUT 6ft. 3in. tall bachelor Lord Vestey is not engaged and says there is no definite romance at the moment — though he thinks Australian girls are very attractive.

Lord Vestey, who is in Australia as part of a seven-year world tour visiting all the family plants, has another strong link with Australia — Dame Nellie Melba was his great-grandmother.

Of her, he said: "We have many things she owned — jewels, pictures, presents given to her, and mementoes. My grandmother, Mrs. George Armstrong, who still lives outside Melbourne, can remember going to all her concerts."

"Music seems to run in the family — on the women's side. My grandfather and I can't even whistle."

Lord Vestey — christened Samuel George Armstrong — has been in Australia for six months, thinks it's wonderful, and is looking forward to the further 12 months he will spend here.

"I absolutely love Australia," he said. "After all, I'm half-Australian. My mother came from Victoria and we lived outside Melbourne for five years after the war."



● Lord Vestey, Melba's great-grandson.

(Lord Vestey's father—an officer in the Scots Guards—was killed in World War II.)

"I get very annoyed with stupid people who go to Australia for three or six months and blast off and tell what is wrong with Australia because it's not like their own country," he said.

"No country is the same. Some people who write

about Australia don't know anything about it at all. Even if I had been here for five years I wouldn't do that."

Already Lord Vestey has made hundreds of friends.

He said: "People are wonderfully kind; many of them are people I've met on the road who knew me only as a young Englishman."

"An Englishman coming

to Australia cannot understand the vast areas.

"Flying over them in an aircraft gives some impression, but I like to drive. I drove from Sydney to Rockhampton (about 1200 miles). It's fantastic—double the length of England."

Recently he drove from Rockhampton to attend the Brisbane Show, then back to Rockhampton.

The Vestey family operates plants and works in 72 countries, employing 40,000.

Lord Vestey explained: "Two brothers started the meat firm of Vestey's and a son from each side of the family now owns half. I am one. The other is Mr. Ronald Vestey."

"Other interests now include shipping (the Blue Star Line), soap, perfume, wool, cork, canned fruits, pineapple farms, cold stores, surgical threads, ice-cream, frozen foods, and prawns."

Cattle properties in the Northern Territory and Queensland alone cover 20 million acres.

Lord Vestey is learning the business from the ground up—working in the places he visits.

By
JEAN BRUCE

INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: Stationers

By **MARY BROKER**

● Another group of companies which have continued to do well since I last spoke of them are those in the closely related fields of paper, publishing, and printing.

THE three stocks I discussed were Edwards Dunlop and Co. Ltd., Gordon and Gotch (Australia) Ltd., and Dodge Consolidated Industries Ltd.

As I pointed out before, I mean by the "paper" group stationers and not paper manufacturers.

The latter stocks, such as Australian Paper Manufacturers and Associated Pulp and Paper Mills, while bound to show a steady growth rate over the years, are generally included in groups of "income" stocks; that is, those showing a high yield on outlay.

This is because of the nature of this industry, which is subject to extensive controls on imports. While this is a good thing in that it gives native industries a chance to grow in a protected atmosphere, it also means that profits are usually badly hit when import restrictions are lifted, as they were in 1961.

These stocks, therefore, are regarded by some investors with rather an element of caution, accounting for the high yield basis on which they are priced.

Edwards Dunlop does actually have a manufacturing division, but this is involved in the production of stationery and paper bags, using paper supplied by other manufacturers.

The other two divisions of the company are separated into the wholesaling of paper, stationery, and machinery; and a transport subsidiary which delivers and stores goods for Edwards Dunlop and its customers.

Profit rise

I said last time that this was a share from which the investor could expect slow but solid progress, and results since 1963 have borne this out.

Net profit rose from £223,000 in the year to April 30, 1963, to £241,000 last year and £246,000 in the year just ended. This latest increase, too, was after a substantial rise of about 40 percent in the provision for depreciation.

Internally, the company's finances are extremely sound. Capital is well backed by reserves, which appear to be conservatively stated, and the ratio of current assets to current liabilities is very healthy.

The 20/- shares at around 39/- give a good yield of 5.1 percent on the steady 10 percent dividend for a company about which you will

rarely have a worry. One hundred will cost you approximately £199 for a dividend of £10 per year.

The second company, Gordon and Gotch, also acts as a stationer, but its activities as wholesale newsagents are probably better known. It supplies newsagents in Australia and New Zealand with a wide variety of Australian, American, and English books, magazines, and newspapers.

It also runs a number of railway bookstalls in Sydney and Brisbane, while a separate retail section sells technical and educational books.

An increase

Results for the 1965 year came out a few weeks ago, and although the increase in profit was not as spectacular as in previous years there was an increase.

From £506,000 in the year to March 1, 1963, profit rose to £553,000 in 1964 and £564,000 in the year just ended.

Following a 1.5 bonus issue made in June, 1963, earning rate was down from 34.9 to 31.9 percent in 1964, but rose again to 32.5 percent with the latest result. Dividend has been held steady at 20 percent for the past three years.

At the 26/- mark the 5/- shares are not cheap, but give a reasonably good yield of 3.8 percent. One hundred will cost you close to £133 for a dividend of £5 per year.

You may remember that last time Dodge Consolidated was spoken of, British Tobacco had just acquired a one-third interest in this packaging company.

Over the past few months, by way of an offer to shareholders of 27/- cash per 5/- share, the latter company has sought to increase its interest to over 60 percent, giving Dodge substantial backing in the eyes of investors.

Dodge has in fact grown quite a lot in market stature since it was listed in 1960, which is really no wonder since profit has increased from £12,000 in the first year of operation to £241,000 in 1964. This last result was almost a 100 percent increase on the previous period and gave an earning rate of 34.9 percent on capital.

Sales and profits had increased again in the first half of the 1965 year, and show no signs of slowing down.

At around 21/9 the shares yield 3.9 percent from the dividend of 16 2-3rd percent. One hundred will cost you £111 for a dividend of £4/3/4.

Portrait of a musician

● Richard Bonyngé was so pleased with Melbourne artist Maria Teresa Vigano's portrait of him that he commissioned her to paint his wife, Joan Sutherland.

ITALIAN-BORN Madame Vigano, 84, recently held her first Australian solo exhibition in Melbourne and is soon to exhibit in Adelaide.

For Richard Bonyngé's commission, she will travel to Sydney to paint Miss Sutherland in costume dur-

ing the company's season there.

Because she works fast and her rooftop studio above the family hotel in Melbourne is directly opposite Her Majesty's Theatre, Richard Bonyngé, who is conductor and artistic director of the opera company, was able to

spare the time and accept her request to sit for her.

"He was a lovely subject. At once I saw him as the perfect type of the musician," said Madame Vigano, whose painting of Bonyngé in black with a white ruffle at his throat captures his dark, almost Byronic good looks.

Richard Bonyngé also bought one of Madame Vigano's self-portraits and accepted a pastel landscape of the countryside at South Morang, where she and her restaurateur husband, Mario, have a farm.

This is the third time he has had a portrait painted. The first artist was Noel Coward, who painted him when he and Miss Sutherland were house guests in Jamaica just before their Australian tour.

Portraits of both of them by young Australian artist Michael Garady are currently on exhibition in Britain's Festival Hall.

They are anxious to add some Australian paintings to their large art collection, which is divided between their houses in London, Switzerland, and New York.

"I would love to get hold of a Dobell or a Drysdale," said Bonyngé.

"To my mind, Australia produces painters of the same calibre as her singers. They have the same outstanding highly individual quality."

● Richard Bonyngé, Madame Vigano, and the portrait.





cigar shown actual size.

Schimmelpenninck cigars – the Father's day gift (Sept. 5)

Your Father's Day gift problems are solved! Schimmelpenninck Cigars make the ideal gift for any smoker. See the complete range of Schimmelpenninck Cigars at your tobacconist. You just can't go wrong with a gift of Schimmelpenninck — they're the choice of cigar connoisseurs the world over and "Dad" will love you for them.

Vada, in packets of 10; in tins of 20.

Duet, in tins of 10.

Simpatia, in packets of 4; packets of 10; in boxes of 25.

Con Mil Amores, in tins of 10.

Media, in tins of 10 and 20.

Holandesas, in packets of 20.



Schimmelpenninck

Holland's finest cigars

Fast becoming Australia's favourites

Schimmelpenninck Cigars are imported by Rothmans of Pall Mall (Aust.) Limited — sole Australian agents for Schimmelpenninck — Sigarenfabrieken, V.H Geurts and Van Schuppen N.V., Wageningen, Holland.



Calendula, packed in individual metal tubes in boxes of 10.



Separado, packed in individual card-board containers in boxes of 10.



Alba Julia, in packets of 10.

GASSAN HIT HIS TARGET

He made two dreams come true

By ROBIN ADAIR

● For years Gassan Malouf, a young journalist in Lebanon, was torn between two ambitions—to migrate to Australia or to start out as publisher of his own newspaper?

WHICH should he do? If he stayed in Lebanon, where his newspaper career and savings were flourishing, Gassan had a good chance of realising his publishing dream.

But he also wanted for his wife and baby daughter "the good life" about which cousins who had gone to Australia wrote so glowingly.

Gassan decided the only satisfactory solution was to do both.

That was almost four years ago.

About a month ago both dreams came true when Gassan, 27, took home to his wife and baby, now in the Sydney suburb of Redfern, the first issue of a newspaper he owns and edits.

Gassan the migrant had achieved his other ambition by starting in Sydney (he plans to open a Melbourne office) "Al Hadaf" ("The Target"), a weekly newspaper for the 35,000-strong Lebanese community in Australia.

"Al Hadaf" is the only Arabic newspaper in N.S.W., where about 18,000 of Australia's Lebanese live.

Gassan had to overcome many problems before he could become editor of "Al

Hadaf" and a Redfern householder.

One of the toughest was a long separation from his wife, Souad (they had been married six years), and his daughter, Jouhanah.

When he decided to migrate 3½ years ago, Gassan knew he would have a humble start in his new country.

Although he spoke fluent French and Arabic, he knew no English.

So he split his savings—leaving enough for his wife and 18-month-old baby to live on in the city of Zahle—and came alone 7000 miles to Sydney to "rough it" while he settled in and learned.

His first job was as a cleaner in a factory.

As his English improved, his initiative and ambition kept pace.

He learned to weld at night school and became a well-paid tradesman.

Now he started saving money for his family's fares and for the newspaper.

"But," Gassan recalls, "often I was so lonely for my wife and baby—and they for me—that I thought of bringing them out quickly by spending the paper's share of the savings."

"But we fought the temptation."



GASSAN MALOUF shows a copy of "Al Hadaf" to his wife, Souad, and daughter, Jeanie, 5.

About a year ago—after being apart for 2½ years—the plan allowed Souad and Jeanie (an Australian "new-look" name for Jouhanah), by then four, to come out.

"I nearly cried when I saw them," said Gassan. "Jeanie did cry when she saw me—she didn't know me!"

And 11 months later there was enough money—with Souad working, and a loan—to launch "Al Hadaf."

But now other problems cropped up.

Gassan could buy a press in Australia, but because he was going to publish in Arabic, which most Lebanese speak, he needed founts of type with Arabic characters.

These had to be imported from Lebanon.

Gassan believes he has the only Arabic type in Australia.

The several other Arabic publications in the country, he thinks, are printed by taking engravings from material either prepared on Arabic typewriters or made

up of characters cut out of overseas Arabic newspapers.

What Gassan needed next was a printing compositor who could set the type.

Another 27-year-old Lebanese, Nabil Tannous, who migrated from Jerusalem, Israel, 18 months ago, was his man.

Nabil, a bachelor who had been a printer in the Middle East and was working in Sydney as a TV channel sound technician, joined the staff.

In fact, Gassan and Nabil comprise the whole staff.

Gassan believes his work is of value to both his fellow-Lebanese and his new countrymen.

As well as publishing overseas news of interest to migrants, he "covers" the Australian scene.

"I try," Gassan said, "to make my paper a bridge between the two peoples—so that they can better become one community."

"This is the real 'target' of 'Al Hadaf'."

In search of textile designs

● Australian aboriginal art may well adorn the figure of the average American woman after Jane Wallace visits Australia in September.

MRS. WALLACE, one of the most influential American women in the field of styling synthetic fabrics, will spend a fortnight seeking "local inspiration" in Australia.

She hopes that such typical themes as aboriginal art will lend themselves to new designs for women's dresses which can be mass-produced in the synthetic fibre manufactured by the Celanese Corporation in America.

As world advertising and fashion director of the corporation, Mrs. Wallace has "been living out of a suitcase" since she was promoted to her present position last January.

"I have been to Europe twice this year, to South America, California, Canada, and Mexico. Next I go to South Africa, then Australia. That is so far away that I am taking my

husband with me," she said.

Her husband is George Wallace, who also travels a great deal as a promotion executive of an American publishing company.

They have a 16-year-old daughter, Susan, who attends the fashionable Stoneleigh Prospect Hill School in Massachusetts, and will not accompany them to Australia.

The Wallaces are both keen tennis players and hope to get a chance to play at White City or Kooyong, names well known to them from Davis Cup competition.

"I am looking forward to working with Australian designers," Mrs. Wallace said. "We have already used Australian designs in some of our collections. We produced a line of synthetics designed by people from 15 countries and showed them at a huge fashion display in the Court

of the Lions, in Alhambra, Spain. Australia was represented by several designers."

She believes that fashion is becoming increasingly "international," in the sense that good designers find acceptance everywhere in the world.

Mrs. Wallace was born in Philadelphia, and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, where she met her husband. After graduation, he went into wartime service as an Army lieutenant and fought in Europe with distinction.

She started her career in advertising, joining the junior executive training squad of R. H. Macy, "the world's largest department store," in New York City. She went into the magazine field after the war, and rose to fashion editor of one of America's leading women's magazines. She joined the Celanese Corporation as textile advertising manager.



JANE WALLACE

The Wallaces live in Mamaroneck, a Westchester suburb on Long Island Sound. Their social life revolves around the Orienta Beach Club—whenever they are home.

"We are usually travelling in different directions," Mrs. Wallace said. "Going together to Australia will be like a holiday for both of us, even though I have to work."



PRINTER Nabil Tannous (left) and editor Gassan Malouf at work in the composing room of "Al Hadaf" ("The Target"), a Sydney newspaper printed in Arabic for Lebanese.

PANTS GO PLACES

● Richard Burton once said, "As long as a girl has a nice rear and long legs, pants look good enough to wear to Buckingham Palace."

BUT just try to convince those husbands and boyfriends who disapprove of women in pants!

Ever since Garbo and Dietrich first appeared publicly in pants, men all over the world have protested, "Women weren't built for pants." And it seems that men—Sydney men, anyway—will never change their minds.

"Slacks are my pet aversion," said Mr. Peter Hanlon, of Darling Point, a leading Sydney hairdresser. "I shudder when I see an attractive girl ruined by tight, unflattering pants."

"I hate my wife in them—though I must admit she does look good. Somehow women just don't look like women in pants. It ruins their feminine image."

Mr. Peter Chambers, of Double Bay, said, "Pants

are nice to follow down the street, but most women look much better in dresses."

"I think the trouble is that they don't take enough trouble choosing slacks. They just buy something to loaf around in—and that's what's they look like."

"But my wife goes to as much trouble planning a casual outfit as for an evening dress. Also she's tall, slim, and boyish. So she always looks good in them."

Behind—ugh!

A well-known Sydney doctor, who wouldn't let his wife be photographed in pants, was adamant:

"Women only see themselves from the front and never stop to think what they look like from behind—ugh!"

"Slacks are OK in the right place—in the garden."

But this is one family issue in which the women—to coin

a phrase—are wearing the pants.

Not only are slacks in for shopping, holiday, and casual wear, they've graduated to sophisticated dress-up occasions—from entertaining at home to opening nights and formal balls.

Head-waiters and restaurateurs will have to decide whether they will accept the elegant woman who arrives to dine in glamor pants.

"I adore slacks," said Mrs. Bill Edwards, of Double Bay. "I plan to build up a whole slacks wardrobe."

Mrs. Neville Christie, of Bellevue Hill, and Mrs. Frank McCall Power, of Double Bay, have solved the problem for women whose

husbands don't like slacks—they wear pants in disguise.

Mrs. Christie has harem pyjamas of soft printed chiffon that look like an elegant long evening dress, and Mrs. McCall Power's Vietnamese pyjamas are worn beneath an ankle-length cheongsam slashed to the waist.

"We have the flowing, feminine look of a long dress with the freedom of slacks," said Mrs. Christie. "I was hesitant when my dressmaker suggested them, but they're ideal for terrace parties and entertaining at home."

"Now I wouldn't be without them."

— KERRY YATES



● Bell-bottom ballgown — "all the rage for formals overseas," said Mrs. Peter McAuley, of St. Ives. "They're so comfortable to dance in after those tight, long evening dresses."



● Shocking-pink Thai silk two-piece (left), worn by Mrs. Bill Edwards. She collects slacks designs from fashion magazines.

● Pants in disguise. Mrs. Neville Christie (right) won her husband's approval with these Pucci-designed chiffon harem pyjamas.



● Looking chic in this pale blue knitted slacks suit for casual parties and luncheon dates is tall, slim Mrs. Peter Chambers (left), of Double Bay.

● Mrs. Peter Hanlon (former model Jan Carmody) wears long hostess skirts when dining out, but likes ski-pants and poncho top when at home.

● "Oh, it's formal!" exclaimed a very embarrassed date the first time New Zealander Pat Want wore her hand-crocheted pants suit to a gala premiere in Sydney. She had to convince him her outfit was the latest fashion for the theatre. "I've worn it to several parties," said Pat, pictured here with Dr. Lorenzo Mott, of Vaucluse, N.S.W.

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*—And most
men disapprove!*



● Vietnamese pyjamas (left) are worn by Mrs. Frank McCall Power. Her husband, who hasn't liked slacks since his recent trip to London ("are they girls or boys?"), likes these.

● Beaded top and velvet pants is Mrs. Bill Solomons' favorite outfit for entertaining at her Double Bay home. Mr. Solomons likes his wife (model Faye Coroneos) in slacks — "she looks great in them."



"I have such good friends in Hunter Street

Hunter Street, Sydney, has had a very special meaning for me ever since a good friend introduced me to some of the most helpful and sympathetic people I've ever met. They were officers of Perpetual Trustee Company of Hunter Street and their advice and assistance has made life much easier for me in many ways.

My first visit to the Perpetual was to discuss the trusteeship of my sister's estate which I had undertaken many years ago. Our family was on the land and the estate involved a station property with some major problems looming up. The Perpetual agreed to take over and quickly put things right — in fact, they have a very special service in rural

matters. So that was one big worry off my mind and I was so pleased I decided to go abroad for a long delayed holiday. As I knew by this time that Perpetual were so completely capable and reliable, I had no hesitation in giving them a Power of Attorney to handle everything for me down to the last little detail while I was away.

Naturally, they have been appointed as executors of my will and I have also suggested to many of my friends that they would be well advised to ask their solicitors to make the same arrangements for them. A heartfelt recommendation is the least I can do to repay the many kindnesses shown me by my friends at the Perpetual . . . in Hunter Street."

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PTA4

SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

THE NUMBER of parties being arranged in Sydney for visiting celebrity Joan Sutherland is mounting swiftly and it looks as if she'll be very busy keeping up with off-stage engagements.

The first of these will be the supper party Lady Lloyd Jones is giving for Miss Sutherland at her home, "Rosemont," Woollahra, following the first night of the opera "Lucia di Lammermoor" on August 31.

Lady Lloyd Jones heard La Stupenda in "Lucia" in London recently when she attended Covent Garden in a party (which included Noel Coward) that designer Hardy Amies took to the opera. She and Noel Coward went backstage at the end of the evening.

On September 4, J. C. Williamson and the Elizabethan Theatre Trust are giving a party backstage for the cast and stars following the evening's performance.

And on September 8 the members of the National Council of Women of New South Wales will fete her at a luncheon party at the Chevron Hotel at which 800 women will be present.

One party which is sure to bring back lots of memories is being arranged at St. Catherine's School, Waverley (her old school), on September 25 to welcome back the school's most famous "old girl."

COULDN'T help feeling envious when I heard of the marvellous trip Mr. and Mrs. John Minter have just had. During their three and a half months abroad they sailed at Cowes and also in the Gulf of Finland. Mrs. Minter's shopping included a three-piece black-and-white check tweed Dior suit which she bought in London and, in Sweden, earthenware china for the ski lodge at Thredbo which is to be built soon and which they'll share with the Bill Adams, the Richard Laidley Dowlings, the Alfred Saunders, Mrs. John Wall, and the Graham Thorps.

TALKING of the snow country, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Minter, who have just had two weeks at Maritz Lodge at Perisher, leave again on August 28 with their two children, Andrew and Cecilia, for a further spell in the snow—this time at the Crackenback Hut at Thredbo. Mrs. Minter has been carefully nursing an ankle which she hurt when she fell from a snow-sled.

BLUE ribbon award to hostess Mrs. Ignacy Listwan, who served a delicious sit-down luncheon midweek consisting of caviar souffle, a veal dish cooked in tomato puree and topped with savory cream cheese, and then calmly cooked strawberries flambe in a glistening copper pot beside the table—for sixteen guests.

ROUND of pre-wedding parties for Pam Lindsay, who weds Brian Collins on August 28 at St. Patrick's Church, Parramatta, includes a cellar tea to be given by Brian's mother, Mrs. L. J. Collins, at her home at Woollahra. Pam's aunt, Mrs. A. Noble, has sent her a bunch of heather from Scotland to carry on her wedding day.



LUCKY Hal Missingham—he's just back from Japan and is off again on September 2 by air with the 37 Dobell paintings which will go on show in the Qantas Gallery in Piccadilly as part of the British Commonwealth Arts Festival. During his three months away he'll visit Rome, and then Paris to look at tapestries. He'll be in London for the opening of Russell Drysdale's exhibition at the Leicester Galleries on September 30 and will bring back with him recordings he'll make with different Australian artists living abroad.

PRETTY bride-to-be Sally Jordan will be attended by her sister, Mrs. David Brister, of Hampshire, England, Mrs. Jim Jordan, of Brisbane, and Margaret Meyer, of Vaucluse, for her all-white wedding at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, on October 6. Sally, who will wed George Green, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Jordan, of Vaucluse. Her sister, the former Gina Jordan, arrived in Sydney early in June with her two children, Catherine and Richard, and will stay in Sydney until the end of October. Pre-wedding parties for Sally include a kitchen tea to be given by her cousin, Judy Hookway, on September 18.

LONG-DISTANCE telephone call this week from Los Angeles for Mr. and Mrs. Sid Albright told them that their son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Sid Albright, jun., were quite safe despite the riots. They also said they are hoping to come to Australia at the end of September.

YOUNG bachelor Dieter von Lehsten is planning a four-month motoring trip back to his home in Hamburg, Germany. Dieter will leave by ship for Brisbane with his car and drive down the east coast of Australia through Sydney and Melbourne, then on to Adelaide and across the Nullarbor Plain to Western Australia, where he'll board the Nurnburg for Marseilles. He'll disembark there and drive to Hamburg, stopping en route with friends in Belgium. Incidentally, Sydney girl Christine Weekes will spend Christmas with Dieter and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joachim von Lehsten.



ABOVE: Mr. Jens Dowling and Miss Katie Locke, who have announced their engagement, plan to marry next January. Miss Locke, who is wearing an emerald-and-diamond engagement ring, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Locke, of Point Piper. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. L. Dowling, of Darling Point.

AT LEFT: Mr. Edward Clark, the new United States Ambassador to Australia, and Mrs. Clark relaxed over a cup of coffee at the Embassy in Canberra soon after their arrival from the United States.

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GUEST OF HONOR. The Hon. Mr. Harold Holt, the Federal Treasurer, who was guest of honor at the Fourth Art Gallery Ball, with the president of the ball committee, Mrs. Marcel Dekycere, Mrs. Chen, wife of the Ambassador for China, Dr. Chen Chih-mai, and Mr. Dekycere (left to right). Theme for the evening was Chinese and guests wore Chinese headdresses. An exhibition of Chinese ceramics was also hanging in the Art Gallery, where the ball was held.



CHINESE HEADDRESSES AT ART GALLERY BALL

AT RIGHT: Dr. and Mrs. Robert Melville (left) with Dr. and Mrs. Ross Hayes. Dr. Melville and Dr. Hayes wore identical soldiers' hats. Mrs. Hayes' sequin and fur outfit was a medieval woman warrior's costume. Mrs. Melville's, which won a special prize given by Dr. Chen for the most authentic costume, was from an ancient Cantonese opera.



ABOVE: Mr. John Rendall, whose tall headpiece resembled a Chinese temple, made friends with a ceremonial dragon — Mrs. Walter Temple and Mr. Lindsay Thomas — during the evening. The dragon won first prize for the best group costume. Judges were Mrs. Chen, Mr. Hal Missingham, director of the Art Gallery, and Mr. John Lane.



AT LEFT: Massed umbrellas in the foyer of the Art Gallery provided an effective background for Mr. Neville Marsh in an elaborate version of a coolie's hat and Miss Diana Hoskins, who tucked flower sprays into her Eastern hairstyle.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Beth Churchill with Mr. Tom Gillies (left), who wore an amusing four-storey temple hat of rice paper, and Mr. Leslie Walford, whose hat consisted of a mass of Chinese characters.



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to identify new-season suits:

A SWINGING SKIRTLINE

... you'll see it in two
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● Birth of quins in New Zealand put a spotlight on the use of gonadotrophin and clomiphene to correct infertility in women. New hope came to thousands of would-be mothers. These hopes were dashed as scientists explained that the suddenly famous preparations were useful only in certain cases of a particular deficiency in the pituitary gland. It might apply, one expert said, to only one percent of all infertile women. Another estimated that only ten percent will react to this treatment.

For the other disappointed 90 percent, here is a story of a woman who some years ago went through all the tests and treatment then available, with no result. She is now a mother of two beautiful children, and she tells how she found her happy ending through a sensible psychological approach, strongly based on faith.

The quest begins... on a clinic bench

ALMOST three years after our marriage we moved into our own home, after living in an expensive succession of rooms called flats, a garage, and, for a while, a caravan.

"Now," we said, "to start a family."

We had heard that one marriage in ten is childless. The problem is as old as humanity. But that wouldn't happen to us. We were young, healthy, normal, both from good-sized families.

But it did. Now, 90 percent of normal couples conceive inside 12 months if no attempt is made to prevent it. The average time is from three to six months. After nine months I rang a city hospital and was referred to their sterility clinic.

The most I had ever had to do with doctors was a medical examination for work, and I had never been inside a hospital except as a visitor.

So it was an apprehensive young woman who turned up that first Monday morning. What would they do? How effective would the treatment be? How much would it cost?

The notice said "Sterility Clinic. Mondays 9.30 a.m." For half an hour I had sat on a bare, brown bench, watching the varied currents of hospital life eddy past. As yet there had been no ripple of movement toward the clinic.

Finally, a middle-aged sister came over.

I was the only one at the clinic so far, and after answering the sister's routine questions was ushered into an even barer, browner, colder office.

Here sat the specialist.

He must have been pushing 60 winters, but his flesh was firm and youthful on a broad frame. An almost manicured hand took the card from the sister. His suit looked (in its quiet way) as though it had cost the earth.

"Here's a man who looks after himself," was my uncharitable thought. Time was to prove that he also looked after his patients.

Later, dressed only in a white calico hospital gown (made surely for an elephant), I lay shivering on a table.

The sister came in and said, "Cold, dear? Here's a blanket."

"I'm not sure if it's the freezing day, or plain fright, but thanks."

I recognised the broad shoulders and horn-rims of

the specialist as he came, gowned and capped, into the cubicle.

"We will just pass a little carbon dioxide through to see if the tubes are open," the sister said soothingly.

The gloved hands moved competently, fiddling with dials on the gas machine, the specialist all the while employing his own particular technique of distraction — garden chat.

"I hope he's watching the gas pressures on those dials," I thought.

Some minutes later a pain

By ALVA RAY

in the shoulder showed that the gas had passed through the Fallopian tubes and escaped into abdominal cavity.

That night at dinner I told my husband that the next step would be a check on his fertility.

The next Monday I turned up, anxious to hear the results of this.

When my turn came for the specialist, his well-nourished face positively beamed.

"Well, your husband is marvellous, splendid."

So far it was apparent that:

1. My tubes were open.
2. My husband was fertile.

The next step was to see if I were ovulating regularly.

The method of taking a special temperature first thing each morning and noting on a graph was shown me.

The theory is that ovulation normally occurs 14 days before the onset of the menstrual period. This is shown by a slight drop, then a rise of three-fifths of a degree in temperature.

Armed with charts and hope, home I went for three months.

For some time now, relatives, friends — and the barest of acquaintances — had been remarking on our childless condition.

"You don't want to leave it too long before you start a family," warned an ex-nurse. "Your bones will be set."

"You'll be too old to enjoy them," said others.

"Your marriage will break up if you don't have a family," said another.

"Yes, children make a marriage," said someone else (unmarried).

"You'll become very selfish without a family."

These remarks rub salt into the wound. We decided the best approach was frankness:

"We have been trying to have a family for some time."

This started a mare's-nest of advice and warning, but the chief reaction was sheer unbelief.

One very new father was delivering a lecture on the joys of parenthood.

"Yes, but we've lost the recipe."

"Found the recipe, you mean," he snorted.

Quite a few said: "You don't miss what you've never had."

This is perhaps as wide of the mark as you can get. Any woman instinctively knows that to present her husband with his child is her deepest fulfillment.

Husbands are wonderful. The trouble is that they are men. They do not feel the emotional tempest that tears at their wives. Yes, they would like children, but if they can't have them they can still live a normal, happy life.

In biblical times, Jacob becomes angry with Rachel in these circumstances.

"Am I in God's stead, who hath withheld from thee the fruit of the womb?"

Hannah's husband (she later became the mother of Samuel) reproaches her: "Why is thy heart grieved?"

Am I not better to thee than ten sons?"

Of course, the men feel helpless, and in some vague way responsible for the wife's failure to reproduce.

The real comfort to me came on that bare bench outside the clinic. Freezing in winter, baking in summer, it would generally hold another woman in the same boat as myself.

As the stream of nurses in their capes, residents in white coats, assorted workers and patients flowed by, I heard many a story.

Sometimes the teller would be trying to restrain sobs. Sometimes she would wear the look of gaunt despair that comes when one has wept all the tears there are and still the problem remains unchanged.

One Monday, bitter southerly gusts whipped their cotton uniforms against the nurses' shapely calves.

"Perhaps they move so fast they don't have time to feel cold," I remarked to the only other occupant of the bench.

Ignoring the comment,

the other girl turned a tear-stained face.

"It's my birthday," she said, "and I thought I was pregnant. John and I were going out tonight to celebrate. About an hour ago I found out I was mistaken."

A picture of myself last Christmas day came vividly to mind.

Hopeful that I had at last conceived, I was happily preparing Christmas dinner for a number of relatives. All the magic and joy of Christmas were with me, with an intensity never before experienced. Then came the disappointment.

How difficult it was to look around our dining table at the joyous faces of other people's children and to keep a happy look on my own face.

"Merry Christmas" had a hollow sound that day.

The patients were in two categories — sterile and infertile.

True sterility, failure to conceive at all, is rare.

A woman may have one child, even two, and fail to conceive again although she tries. This semi-sterility is termed infertility.

An older woman told of her sons, aged 13 and 5. The five-year-old had been killed by a car, and she had been trying for more than two years, without result, to have another child.

Another woman lost a daughter in India, and had been trying for years to re-

place her. They were almost ready to receive an adopted child when the mother became pregnant, and had a little girl.

She told me that when her grief had eventually dulled, and she began to feel excited and happy at the prospect of the coming adopted child, she became pregnant.

"I believe any major change in one's life, even moving to another house, will often result in a woman conceiving," she said.

The passing of three months brought me back to the bench with completed charts. They showed I was apparently ovulating normally.

The specialist wrote a brief certificate to say "Mrs. X is a suitable candidate for adoption," supplied me with hormone tablets to stimulate ovulation, phenobarbs for relaxation, and packed me home for another three months.

The phenobarbs made me feel like a depressed dormouse.

The hormones had the

I COULDN'T HAVE A BABY

● "What you don't have you don't miss," said friends, trying to be kind. But only a woman yearning for a child of her own knows just how keen the missing is.

effect of stimulating ovulation. They resulted in the lengthening of the interval between periods to approximately six weeks. When these did come they were very heavy and painful. A small amount of bleeding occasionally occurred at the time of ovulation.

Three and a half years have passed since then and now The Pill is often used for the reverse effect. By blanketing ovulation for some time, it causes it to resume with greater intensity when one ceases to take the pill.

Interesting to think that something which makes the life of many over-fertile women much happier was first developed to allay the

their second year at the university when she became pregnant.

They wanted to marry, but, at a family conference of both families, the girl's mother, a socially prominent matron, overruled the idea.

"What would people think of ME?" was her attitude.

The mother arranged an abortion, and when the two young people graduated they had one of the biggest weddings of the year.

In the 12 years that have followed the wife has been unable to conceive again.

After the failure of the hormone tablets with me the specialist suggested a minor operation and pathology tests.

cases is good. Time and confidence should do the trick.

That day I sat down and thought through the problem in the light of the new facts.

"Anxiety and tension can cause the tubes to go into spasm, blocking the egg on its journey to the uterus," the specialist had said earlier.

The grey-haired sister had said, "Now just forget that you want a baby, dear."

This sensible advice is completely unrealistic. Failure to conceive involves the deepest instincts.

It is like saying to a man dying of thirst, "Just never think that you would like a drink, and then eventually one may come along."

The difficulty must lie in

"Now just forget you want a baby"

misery of the few infertile ones.

Our contact with the Child Welfare people about adoption was a happy one.

We had to supply character references, full particulars re health, finances, education, etc. They certainly gain a complete picture of prospective adopting parents.

Eventually, we received a letter saying that provided our home passed muster we could expect to receive a boy within about three years, plus a girl in a further two years.

The decision to adopt is one that many people feel qualified to comment upon.

Most seem to take the sensible view that it could be a satisfactory arrangement for all parties, but the acquaintances who come around for the specific purpose of warning one of the pitfalls are numerous.

I was surprised to find the depths of prejudice and intolerance lurking in some otherwise well-educated minds.

To acquaintances who were pushing their anti-adoption views we could say: "It's purely a personal decision."

We had made it, and allowed the varying winds of opinion to blow unheeded over our heads.

A distressing feature at this time was the suggestion, phrased in differing ways, according to the subtlety of the speaker: "Lots of women have abortions, and then when they want children they find they can't."

The unkindness, unfairness, and untruth of this remark touch one on the raw. The only woman I know to whom this charge would apply is one of the unhappiest women one could meet.

At 18, she was "going steady." They were both in

I went into hospital on the Tuesday and was home again on the Wednesday afternoon, with no noticeable after-effects.

We wondered what the cost would be.

My husband was presented with a bill for 35/-. On each clinic visit I had paid 10/-. and the pathology test on my husband was 30/-. We were pleasantly surprised.

My husband had been hesitant about allowing me to attend the clinic in the first place for fear that something unknown and unpleasant might happen to HIM!

In most cases, it is the wife who needs treatment, but a good build-up of general health, with particular reference to intake of Vitamin B, can do a husband nothing but good.

One man of our acquaintance would not allow his wife to consult the doctor about their childless condition, also for fear of what might happen to him.

After hearing of my husband's experience, he plucked up enough courage to allow his wife to seek medical aid.

"Picture" that baby: it works!

They now have a baby of their own.

Apart from a measure of discomfort associated with the tubes test, I found no pain associated with any treatment. I was treated with courtesy and privacy at all times—and a dash of kindness.

The purpose of the next clinic visit was to hear the results of the pathology test.

"Your glands appear to be operating normally." That was that.

In common with 60 per cent of couples seeking help to conceive, we had checked out physically OK.

The prognosis in such

the temperament and emotions.

An imaginative, persistent, determined woman, knowing exactly what she wants, and pursuing it with grim intensity, presents the worst possible combination of traits for conception.

Like most women in this position, I had fallen victim to a vicious monthly cycle.

For the first couple of weeks after the period I would try to strangle hope, but it kept bobbing up.

Perhaps this month the miracle would happen.

This is the pattern: As the day of the period draws close tension mounts. If the period is an hour overdue, hope mounts dizzily. A day over—every moment drags. The one thought in the watchful, anxious mind is that perhaps This Is It!

The grief which comes with the period is exhausting.

With the passing of months and years, I was helpless to break out of this worsening cycle.

All this was hidden from sight by a barrier of reserve.

I had heard that some women in this situation are

referred to a psychiatrist, to help uncover hidden conflicts.

I put out feelers along these lines to the specialist, but he failed to respond. He had done all he could.

Five months later a friend lent me a book called "The Power of Positive Thinking," by Norman Vincent Peale.

The minister at a huge Presbyterian Church in New York City, he had a staff of 12 psychiatrists working at the clinic attached to the church.

His idea was that a combination of psychiatry and Christian principles could



ALVA RAY'S children—Penny, 2, and Kenneth, 10 months.

produce the answer to many emotional ills.

His first thought that struck me was: You get what you really want.

Often what you THINK you want is different from what you REALLY want.

This opened a conflict in me. Did I really want a child?

In spite of giving up a satisfying career, financial independence, the personal freedom of going everywhere with my husband, and fears of the possible discomfort and pain of childbirth, the answer came out a resounding Yes!

His next point was that we fall into negative losing streaks by misuse of the imagination. By feeling a loser, we cripple our chances of success in any situation in life.

His recipe was to use the same imagination that pulled us down to bring us success.

The plan is "picturise," "prayerise," "actualise."

One real-life illustration he gave of this was a woman whose husband was a ne'er-do-well, out of work, drinking.

The mother-in-law lived with them and the home atmosphere was poisoned by

misery, accusation, and quarrels.

The wife began to PICTURE her husband as holding a good job, happy, and loving. She PICTURED her mother-in-law as kindly.

She PRAYED for them all daily. For a month she steadfastly kept this new picture of her family in her mind.

At the end of that time her husband came home and announced he had found a good job, and her mother-in-law stopped complaining of her poor health and became a happy woman.

With some scepticism for what seemed a pat formula, I began to follow it. After all, we were certain to get a baby eventually, whether home-grown or adopted.

In minute detail I pictured the bassinet in the corner of the bedroom.

I found a picture of an attractive baby and pictured him in the flesh in the bassinet.

I learnt the everyday details of a baby's routine. Each day I would picture "him" and myself going through the details of nappy-changing, the bath, the feed, etc.

I would "picture" cuddling him and the way he chuckled.

At the same time I prayed for a baby, not in bitterness, as previously, but with quiet confidence that I was God's

child and that He would do what was best.

No one knew of this. The discipline and effort involved in this exercise were the greatest I had known.

For sustained concentration, "picturisation" takes the cake. After a few weeks the old vicious circle of hope and grief was broken. Emotionally I was living in fulfilment and victory.

The day before the period was due I said to my husband, "I'm pregnant."

"How could you possibly know that? It's far too early."

"You know how sure I would feel before saying anything like that to you."

Perhaps it was some subtle shift in the glandular gears of the body. Maybe that is why so many women become pregnant after adopting a baby.

I only know that 39 weeks after that conversation with my husband we became proud parents of a beautiful baby girl—HOME-GROWN.

On the first Sunday I was able to attend church after the birth of a son, Ken; 18 months later I joined the rest of the congregation in singing Psalm 113, which happened to be chosen for that day:

"He maketh the barren woman to keep house and to be a joyful mother of children . . . Amen."



"The best to you each morning"

Big scoop of the big flakes with the big flavour — Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Kellogg's moved mountains to perfect this famous flavour. A flavour that can't be copied. Let the kids dig into these big, breakfast flakes; they're loaded with goodness and vitamin-packed nourishment.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES



2 ozs. of Kellogg's Corn Flakes provides one half of the daily requirements of the essential vitamins: Thiamine (B1), Riboflavin (B2), Niacin and Food Iron.

* Registered Trademark



K287



Wisdom is never wasted

"OCTOPUS" hasn't wasted her money in buying an encyclopedia set for her sons. Many years ago we bought a set for our sons, who found them very useful for projects and references throughout school. My husband and I find them helpful and interesting, and children around us often borrow them to look up some problem. Our eldest son now wants them for his children.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. S. Munro, Newport, Vic.

WHERE else can children find honest and reliable answers to their numerous questions? Whether children make use of encyclopedias or not depends on the example set by their parents. My advice is to make sure the encyclopedias are in an easily accessible place, and, while your children are still young, encourage them to look through them with you and your husband.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Smith, Legume, N.S.W.

OUR set was bought when my son was nine and my daughter four. Everyone said, "What a waste of money, the kids will never read them, they'll get enough of that at school." But at once my daughter became entranced with the pictures, graduated from these, and now, at 12, flies to the set for help with projects, compositions, and lecturettes, and enjoys them as other children enjoy comics.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Ruth Willoughby, Ingham, Qld.

I CAN assure you encyclopedias are a necessity at secondary schools. Under the present education system teachers cannot possibly fully teach the lessons in the time allowed, and the students have to search for the knowledge themselves at libraries or from their encyclopedias.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Critcher, Woonona, N.S.W.

WE have been stormed by salesmen wanting us to buy encyclopedias — and one day we will do so. But, as my husband wisely points out, at the moment our children are too young to read them, and by the time they can benefit there will be revised editions and additions concerning the very latest discoveries. We prefer to wait. I consider that the benefit at the time of buying is the deciding factor in the purchase of such expensive books.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Lyndon, Kedron, Qld.

OUR children have been taught to seek knowledge through books. Our first step was to install a Little Oxford Dictionary at arm's length from the dining table. Second step was a junior set of encyclopedias. Now that they are teenagers, an adult set, plus a complete atlas and a large dictionary, is a must in our family for full understanding of any subject.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Done, Parkes, N.S.W.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Gipsy parsley

CATS, canaries, budgies, and dogs are not unusual as travelling companions. Goldfish and orchids have also been heard of. But we are mourning our parsley plant, nursed from a seedling more than two years ago. All it ever had was a tin to live in. It squatted under the front of the caravan when we were in one spot for a while, and when we travelled, rode on the floor of the car. From birth to untimely death by stray cat, it travelled well over 5000 miles in a purely gipsy existence.

£1/1/- to D. Eff, Charters Towers, Qld.

Perfume is a panacea

ANYONE who has accumulated a number of gift bottles of eau-de-cologne may not know to how many uses it can be put. As well as being a pleasant perfume, rubbed on the wrist it helps the restless sleeper. It is good for insect bites, soothes tired feet, removes chewing-gum, and can be used to soften the bath water.

£1/1/- to Miss E. Everingham, Dolls Point, N.S.W.

Homesick for water

AFTER six years my dream is coming true and we are returning to Australia. I left as a single girl, and am returning with an English husband and two little children. What I am most looking forward to after these years away is a drink of water fresh from the tap — a luscious thought — and some corned beef! It's funny the things one can get homesick for.

£1/1/- to "Cambridge" (name supplied), Johore, Malaysia.

Hymn of praise

THE only song my two-year-old daughter knows is that played by the local ice-cream vendor on his twice-daily rounds. Unable to join in the unfamiliar hymns at church, one Sunday morning she set up in opposition with her own version of "Greensleeves." And we had been so proud of her!

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Paul, Bunbury, W.A.

An aqua-cat

FROM the time our part-Persian kitten was quite tiny he has had a passion for water. If we leave a tap dripping, he will sit in the basin or sink. Once he took a leap into my daughter's bath, swimming about until he was forcibly removed and dried before the fire. Really an aqua-cat!

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. White, Bundaberg, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

"WE'D love an article on lady bowlers," a reader has written to me.

"Everyone slings off at our uniform," she says, "but when we have donned it and are enjoying the game we couldn't care less."

More than once in the past I have thought of writing about lady bowlers and their interesting uniform. But at the last minute my nerve always failed. However, this charming letter gives me the green light to go ahead.

On the way to work on fine mornings I often pass a cluster of lady bowlers at the station. The most striking thing about them — apart from the uniform — is their cheerfulness.

At times I envy them. I half wish I could bowl the happy hours away with those ample ladies.

I say ample because their uniform, whatever its good points, does not make them look small.

What are the good points of that famous uniform?

For one thing, I am told, it is comfortable. It gives plenty of

room to bend down and swing a bowl.

Once I was at a ten-pin bowling establishment and saw a girl playing in tight gold-colored slacks. She looked very cute until she hurled her first bowl. Then e-e-e-ek! her



slacks split at the back. That can't happen to a lady bowler's uniform, anyway.

Another thing — the uniforms look tremendously clean. I thought my shirt was white till I saw a lady bowler.

So far so good. It is when we consider the uniforms with regard to style that doubts arise.

WHITE LADIES

They tend to give the wearer a rectangular, box-like appearance. This effect is heightened by the flat hats. Apart from keeping the sun off, these hats don't do anything for a lady bowler.

The whole outfit, let's face it, is hardly haute couture.

Now and then a bowler rebels against it. Mrs. Nora Rompford was one. She had been gay and fashionable in her younger days, and found it hard to adjust herself to Bowling Club rules.

She turned up one day in a modified uniform with three-quarter sleeves, a sweetheart neckline, and a short skirt. To make things worse, she took her hat off.

The other bowlers soon showed their bias. Mrs. Rompford was forced to resign.

And I think they were right. The important thing about lady bowlers' uniforms is uniformity. They are all in those outfits together, and good luck to them:

Bowl on, you white and hatted ladies, bowl! Ten thousand jokes sweep over you in vain.

Words, Words, Words!



Perhaps you have a little list Of fashionable words you hate, And wish that writers would desist From using such as "escalate." Although with this I sympathise I far more heartily detest Those upstarts — how the hackles rise — Like "Teach-in," "Preach-in," and the rest.

Perhaps you'll ask me to agree, It doesn't matter — what the heck? Look how respectability Has crowned the verb "to bottle-neck"; And "breakthrough" used to make us blink; Not any more. But please refrain From adjuration to "re-think" — I'll answer stiffly, "think again."

— Dorothy Drain

Same birthmark

MY grandfather on my mother's side was born with a birthmark in the hollow at the back of his neck. His six children, including my mother, were born with the same birthmark in the same place. My mother had five children, and we all were born with this birthmark. I have two children and they, too, have inherited the birthmark on their necks. Has anyone heard of such a remarkable passing down of birthmarks?

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. McTaggart, Lakemba, N.S.W.



You move like a girl... walk like a girl... dance like a girl... play like a girl... why not be comfortable even on difficult days? Use Tampax internal sanitary protection. You aren't even aware you're wearing it!

TAMPAX Internal Sanitary Protection

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.



To prevent your fingernails from breaking or splitting, nourishment should be given directly to the soft live nail by lifting the cuticle with the hoof end of an orange stick dipped in oil of Ulan. Allow the fluid to be absorbed into the tissue. This simple hint, together with correct grooming, will help you to restore strength and resilience to your nails and will give them smooth, sherry beauty.

... Margaret Merril.



be mild



or be wild

Play the smitten kitten or steal the style show — name your whim and Lady Delaco is beautifully in step. Glorious colours, gorgeous styles and the finest fabrics to delight the eye... yours and his!

Above: Bemsilkie 39/11. Below: Satin Stripe Cotton 49/11.

Lady Delaco
LOVELIEST BY DESIGN

Why does a put-put boat go put-put-put?



A TOY BIRD flies up and down a string. Why? Professor Miller explains to Kim Corcoran and to viewers. Other toys are also props.

● Professor Julius Sumner Miller is a physicist, a humanist, a teacher, a prodder of lazy minds — and an entertainer with a capital "E".

EVERY Friday night at 8 o'clock Professor Miller takes over at ABC-TV with his new series of "Why Is It So?" Viewers may remember the first "Why Is It So?" in 1963, with Bob Sanders.

The 1965 edition with ABC man Kim Corcoran is better. It is vintage "Why Is It So?" When the pictures on this page were taken, Professor Miller was recording a show demonstrating physics through toys.

In a memo to producer Ken Hannam, the professor said, "A simple show, spinning the pie plate, the put-put boat, and other things."

The "other things" included a bird that flew up and down a string, a race between a pair of firemen and Disney's Pluto, a small, blue, bone hoop that bowled along a carpet, acted like a boomerang — and came straight back to the professor, who tells why it all is so.

Take a close look at the put-put boat when you see it. It's not so darned simple. You have probably had one, a boat about two inches long

HOOP - BOWLING professor gets down to it with usual enthusiasm.

Television

with a tiny candle in the stern that, when lit, sends it off, put-put-put.

What is so charming and disarming of the professor is that he says quite frankly he doesn't understand the

physics of the put-put boat. He thought he knew why it was so, and published a paper in a scientific journal. In the next issue, a group of other physicists proved that he was wrong.

"Notice: Now we will look again," said the professor, and away it went put-put-put. Why is it so?

— Nan Musgrove



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 1, 1965

Return of Streisand

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The long-awaited repeat performance of "My Name is Barbra," the fabulous hour special starring Barbra Streisand, the beloved ugly duckling of Broadway, is to be given on TCN9 at 8.30 p.m. on August 31.

"MY Name is Barbra" is an hour of first-class entertainment, with the famous Streisand singing 26 songs, acting, horsing around, having a wonderful time, with no expense spared.

"My Name is Barbra" is a super-lavish production which I'm inclined to think was quite unnecessary. I liked it best when the camera zoomed right on to Barbra and she sang like an angel.

I didn't think it necessary to have her threading her way through a whole symphony orchestra and wafting hither and yon.

When the show had its Australian premiere on TCN9 in June this year, executives on Channel 9 had to run for cover from a barrage of phone calls demanding an immediate repeat performance.

That was impossible, but now the demand is being answered, and this delightful hour may be seen again.

The funny thing about the demanders who rang TCN9 is that they are sharply divided into two schools — those who think Barbra is the greatest thing ever in show business and those who think she is weird.

Both camps want to see the show again for entertainment and, probably, I think, for more fuel for arguments.

I am for her. She is as ugly as a hatful of monkeys, with a great hooked nose, bad skin, and crooked teeth, and as always the TV camera picks up and magnifies every imperfection.

But what TV also does with its pure, frequency-modulated sound (so much superior to radio sound) is to present the Streisand voice magnificently in its full range.

I don't even think the anti-Streisands can complain about her voice.

Here are some of the things she sings: "People," and "I Am Woman," from "Funny Girl," "My Man," "Give me the Simple Life," "I've Got Plenty of Nuttin'," "Second Hand Rose from Second

Avenue," "The Best Things in Life are Free," "Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime?"

★ ★ ★
"THE AFFAIR," ABC-TV's Wednesday Theatre last week, was a milestone in local drama. It was good, world-class TV, not a production that can be tarnished by the tag "good for an Australian one."

It was a wonderful play, written by C. P. Snow, who is adept at injecting the sweet smell of political corruption into his work.

The cast did well, and the producer did wonders.

The producer was Eric Tayler, a well-known BBC producer who recently joined the ABC, and "The Affair" was a premiere he should be pleased with.

It will be interesting to see what he does with something not so typically English.



BARBRA — "beloved ugly duckling."

The suburban history of a family

● Ed Devereaux — "My Brother Jack" — a new face on Australian TV, is still undeniably Australian, even after 15 years overseas.

"MY BROTHER JACK," Charmian Clift's TV serial based on the book written by her husband, George Johnson, looks as if it may be the first successful modern serial produced by ABC-TV.

A 10-part, 30-minute episode serial, it had its Australian premiere recently. I liked the first episode, and look forward eagerly to the serial's development for better or worse.

The story around the trade, both from people directly concerned and people unconcerned but interested, is that "My Brother Jack" gets better and better.

I hope this is true. What impressed me was the professional competence of the first episode. It was a good, tight production, and the principals were all very good.

"My Brother Jack" is a suburban history of a family, the Merediths, during the depression years 1932-39.

There is Mum (Marion Johns), Dad (Chris Christensen), Jack (Ed Devereaux), and the youngest member of the family (who tells the story), Davey (Nicholas Tate).

The first episode introduced the four main characters, and built them strongly.

Scene is set

Dad is a tram-driver, embittered by World War I, resentful of his sons. Mum, hard-working at home and at the Red Cross, is the buffer and peace-keeper between Dad and the boys.

Jack is a well-known footballer, good-humored, a woman-chaser, good with his fists; Davey, apprenticed unhappily to a lithographer, is mad about writing.

The serial moves fast. In the first episode Davey has his first newspaper article accepted for £5, Jack loses his job, Dad throws Davey out because he spends the £5 on a typewriter.

Generally I find first episodes of serials irritating, as they cram in the characters and work up to a cliff-hanging finish, but this was a neat, well-delineated study of a family that quickly set the scene at "Avalon," the Meredith house in Melbourne.

Notice the sets and the clothes. They are authentic 1930s, and evoke memories of styles and times that have happily vanished.

The big surprise of the serial to me was the excel-

lent job Nicholas Tate did as Davey. My heart sank when I heard he was cast as Davey, for I remembered him in "The Purple Jacaranda," and felt he could not cope with a major role.

His performance in the first episode shows promise that he may.

In the 12 months that have passed since the hideous "Jacaranda" serial, young Tate has learned a great deal.

Tate says any improvement in his acting is all due to producer Storry Walton, to the good story, to the other people with whom he is acting — but I think a lot of credit is due to Tate. He has learned a lot about his craft, and matured.

Jack, played by Ed Devereaux, is the most refreshing and interesting person in the production — a new face on Australian TV, one that is not immediately identifiable with any other TV drama, commercial, or documentary.

Who is Ed Devereaux? And where has he been in the past nine TV years?

Ed is an Australian, 39, an actor who has lived and worked in England for the past 15 years, and is now back in Australia, probably temporarily, with his wife, Renee, and four sons, John, 10, Steven, 9, Tim, 8, and Matthew, 4.

He built himself into a solid acting career in England, on the halls first, then to the stage and TV, then brought his family back for a holiday to catch up on Australian life and his family.

He is the second last of 10 Devereaux children, and



ED DEVEREAUX, as Jack Meredith.

was born in Naremburn, a Sydney suburb.

Ed in real life copped the Depression in a small way. He remembered his father doing relief work, the relief queues in St. Leonards Park, and the lack of jobs when he left school at 14.

He was a delivery boy then, he said, and he'd deliver anything — milk, bread, groceries, prescriptions from the chemist.

"Bold as brass"

In 1943, when he was 16, he put his age on and joined the A.I.F.

But his father, now dead, "put his weight up," revealed his age, and after nearly 12 months Ed was back at delivering.

Someone told him he ought to be an actor. "I went to Williamsons and applied for a job," he said. "I was bold as brass, I didn't care. I said yes, I could act, yes I could sing, yes I could dance."

"I did well with them. I started in the chorus and worked up to singing with Gladys Moncrieff."

"Then I worked on all the

radio serials like 'Dark Stranger' and 'Dr. Mac,' and I played Ted Lawson in 'The Playboys' when Gwen Meredith wrote it as a three-act play.

"I was never terribly interested in acting, I wasn't dedicated to the art, it was just a job, something I found easy and made money at."

"I find that in Australia today, actors seem to think acting is a vocation, not a job. I can never feel that way about it."

"After I'd been an actor I started to read a lot, and suddenly I realised I would have to do something about it. I had a good look at what was going on in Australia, and decided to go to England."

He starved at first, later drove a truck, then made it as an actor.

Some of the famous actors he has appeared with include Anthony Quinn, Peter O'Toole ("a great personality and actor"), Dirk Bogarde, with whom he appeared in the P.O.W. film "The Password is Courage," and Peter Sellers.

He is also a friend of Pat McGowan, and is looking forward to working one day in "Danger Man."

A few days after they taped the last episode of "My Brother Jack" Ed took off for Fiji to guest star in "Adventures of the Sea Spray."

This series, produced by Screen Gems and an Australian company called Pacific Productions, has already been sold in England, New Zealand, and is being negotiated here and in America.

Ed doesn't know what he will do then, although he thinks, practically but with some regret, that his future lies in Europe, where there is more work, more people, and more money.

"I'll be going back, I

think," he said, "unless there is a big leap forward in drama here."

Even after 15 years in England, Ed is very Australian. I am sure you would find an Ed beside you, downing a schooner in your favorite Australian pub wherever it is.

He still talks like an Australian, in phrase and accent. I remarked on it.

"Look," he said, "I can be an Irishman, an Eskimo, or a Yank, but I always think that if I don't know the bloke I am shaving in the morning I'll give this acting game away."

TCN9 hits the bullseye

TCN9's Special Projects

Division hit the bullseye again last week with their documentary "North of Capricorn." I like Queensland's country, warmth, and people so much that I'd have liked it in two parts.

My only criticism of it is that the intriguing pearling story about the Japanese and their cultured pearls at Friday Island, in Torres Strait, should have been a news special on its own, rushed on to the screen. It was good reporting.

"Bien Hoa — A Place of Peace," scheduled to be shown on Sunday, August 29, at 9.55 p.m., sounds as if it will be another beauty.

The documentary, in which "Project 65" goes to the war in Vietnam, gives background as well as interviews with Australian troops fighting there, including the Officer Commanding the First Battalion in Vietnam, Lieutenant-Colonel I. R. W. Brumfield.

The extraordinary subtitle of the documentary, "A Place of Peace," is the actual meaning of "Bien Hoa."

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "The more I read about people today the more I admire you. A dog likes you because you are you. Rich or poor, he likes you because you are his friend. One big difference between dog and man is this: if you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he doesn't bite you. (Think that last statement over carefully.) I asked her once why a dog is so well liked, and she said . . .

Mamma's dog: The reason a dog has so many friends is that his tail wags instead of his tongue.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



Watch over your family's financial health

Are your plans for family security adequate?
Would there be sufficient "replacement"
income?

Would there be enough cash available to
cover probate and other expenses?

Has provision been made to pay off the
balance of home mortgage?

Are your own needs, on retirement, catered
for adequately?

An A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP will
bring to light the answers to these vitally important
questions.

4 FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and
experience, how to help you—

- 1 Check the facts related to your present family and
financial position.
- 2 Check the extent of your needs — what would be
required if your family had to live without you —
what you will require on retirement or to take
advantage of long service leave.
- 3 Check to find if the provisions you have made are
adequate.
- 4 If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a
family security plan tailor-made to your precise
needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a
little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those
you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or
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field men working every-
where with Australia's
largest Life Office make
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Every A.M.P. member enjoys the unquestioned security afforded by funds exceeding £700,000,000 which the Society seeks to invest to the greatest benefit to members.

Paris says...

LOOK ULTRA-FEMININE

THIS SPRING SEASON



DESIGNER Crahay at Lanvin made the theatre coat above in an art nouveau print. The coat has a moulded bodice and flared skirt.



NINA RICCI's stunning grey wool suit with a flared skirt and white attached bodice top worn with a short jacket lined with white wool.



● Flares, bias, pleats backed by such words as soft, feminine, pretty — this is spring thinking in the right direction.

Definitely IN, a wider skirt-line. Skirts are short and shorter. The suit with a collarless or neatly collared jacket and pleated skirt may well become the 1965 uniform.

Hats with big, blown-back-from-the-face brims are romantic topping to the soft, soft dresses. Moving up, fabrics that take a bias cut; these include filmy sheers, crepes, and soft silk and wool. Revived are navy and white, pretty colors scrambled together in prints, stripes, and polka dots.

Spring suits are really a costume; the third co-ordinated part is a blouse. Among all the swirls and whirls a contemporary tunic dress looks chic and fresh.

The prettiest evening look is soft and narrow. All shades of pink and white are recurring evening colors.

More striking are the art nouveau prints in sunset shades.

Gimmicks are out; of all the great couture houses, Heim was the only one showing a Chelsea look — the look included knickers and fancy stockings, culottes and pants. Spring fashions from the great couture houses are for the elegant woman.

● More designs overleaf

NAVY-AND-WHITE is in every spring couture collection. Far left, one of the many Paris suits with a pleated skirt, collarless jacket. Left, a superb coat dress.



FLARED tunic dress from Lanvin is made in black-and-white polka-dotted silk. The dress has short, set-in sleeves and a prettily rolled collar with tie ends lightly folded.

BEFORE YOU BUY A WASHING MACHINE **CHECK THIS!**



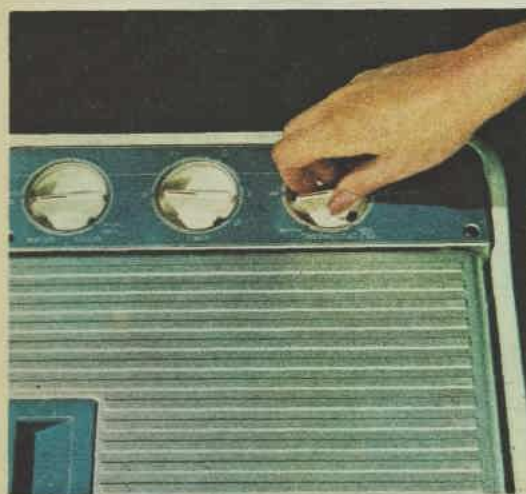
Check the price you pay. Only Hoovermatic offers such remarkable performance at such a low price. And the price is lower still with Hoovermatic's amazing trade-ins. Compare Hoovermatic and discover its outstanding value.



Check washing efficiency. Hoovermatic combines thorough washing and efficient drying. One tub sends water "searching" through your clothes to clean every fibre thoroughly, yet gently . . . while the other tub spin-dries — some clothes ready to iron.



Check the washing time. When Hoovermatic's Twin Tubs get together, you get the fastest wash ever. Breeze through a full 12lb. wash in just 12 minutes because while one tub washes, the other spin-dries. There's never a minute wasted!



Check convenient top controls. Hoovermatic's unique Linked Heater and Timer controls are easy to reach. They let you *pre-select* the washing temperature and time and automatically switch off at the end of the wash.



Check the spin-dry action. Hoovermatic's Super Speed Spin Dryer is silent, smooth and safe. Watch it speed through a full load, rinsing easier, more thoroughly, "spinning" drier and more effectively than wringing.



Check the style. Sleek, yet practical . . . with a clean, uncluttered design that's compact and fully manoeuvrable. That's the secret of Hoovermatic's remarkable *compact* styling. With Hoovermatic's Formica lid you have a flat, handy work bench!

HM1/39WWFPC

65 HOOVERMATIC

Reg. TRADE MARK



Continuing: Look ultra-feminine this spring season

SOFT PRETTINESS IN NEW FASHIONS



DIOR'S "Isphahan" in rose-pink of the roses from Isphahan is a sheath in crepe with wrapover front. The sheer coat is tulle all-over-embroidered in the delicate flower pattern.


HEIM'S tiered discotheque pants (below) in aquamarine silk crepe trimmed with bead fringe, designed for dancing the "Let's Kiss." Heim was the only couture gimmick stylist.



CHRISTIAN DIOR'S short chignon dress with a swirly skirt (left). The chignon is printed in water-ice colors, and the skirt is given extra bounce by way of the huge ruffled hemline.



A TREAT from Chanel—a trim afternoon dress made in black-and-white print, the top narrowly belted, the skirt with a panel of pleats. Note the dizzy little matching print hat.



Our Kia-ora
globe-trotting
Flavour Scout
is back with the recipe
that's worth millions!



America's tastiest, sauciest, best-loved



spaghetti...now made by Kia-ora!

Now Kia-ora has it — the secret of the world's tastiest, sauciest spaghetti in cheese and tomato sauce, as made in America by "Franco-American". The recipe is worth millions. One taste, and you know why: the sauce is an out-of-this-world blend of rich

red tomatoes, spices and nippy cheddar cheese which has to be specially matured 12 months to match the U.S. recipe. The spaghetti's firmer, twirlier, with long strands you can really roll around a fork. Try the *sauciest* spaghetti ever — soon!



Not for you...
but a great
gift for him

This Father's day, make him a Remington Man!

Show him you've guessed! He's wanted to be a Remington Man all along!

He's a man who'll enjoy a close comfortable shave—without mess, without bother. A man who'll thank you every time he plugs in the Remington brand of comfort and convenience.

No gift is more fun for you to give than Remington. No gift is so sure to please. We even *guarantee* he'll love it.

REMINGTON
ELECTRIC SHAVERS




On September 5th, give the electric shaver that most men choose for themselves — Remington.

That way you'll get a Remington Man for yourself! Father's Day-priced Remington Electric Shavers:

Remington 25 De Luxe, £16.17.6
Remington Auto Home, £17.17.6
New Remington Lektronic II, ... £18.17.6
Remington—the most gifted electric shaver.

YOU CAN'T LOSE!
14 DAY HOME TRIAL
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
FROM YOUR RETAILER



GEORGE LOWRY looked out the window over the sunlit lawns. The garden appeared deceptively peaceful: warmth and tempered winds and the pungent scent of the eucalyptus trees.

The news of the sinking of the Gull had only just laid its hands upon his household, and, as yet, there was no perceptible difference to show the alteration it might make to their standard of living. The stone house, built by convict labor, sheltered them in comfort behind its cool walls. Somewhere, in a distant room, he knew that his wife and daughter were nursing their grievances according to their differing temperaments. But his own native caution had prevented him from putting all his assets into the venture. The future was not so desolate as it might have been. Certainly not the bleak thing it must appear to his companion.

George Lowry turned from his contemplation at the window and cleared his throat. He said, "This is a bad business, Doone, a bad business!" Doone, more than himself, must realise the extent of the disaster. He had sunk every penny of his capital into the Gull's sister ship the Heron and as there was every indication that she had suffered a similar fate to her companion, the man was now facing virtual ruin.

Across the room from Lowry, Troy Doone shifted his position slightly. He was not dismayed by Lowry's assumption that his own ship had been lost in the storm that had drowned the Gull, and he was certainly not prepared to consider his misfortune until he was sure of it. He had been in tighter corners than this before — and found a way out of them.

When he spoke his voice was controlled, revealing nothing. "This news of the loss of the Gull is a blow — you have my sympathies." Doone paused, "But I refuse to abandon hope of the Heron yet — she may well have ridden out the storm and still make harbor." He looked with meaning at the older man. "In that event you have my word that you will be able to recoup your losses — at least in part."

To page 38

The contrast between Rebecca, so quiet, and the vivacious Vanessa was clear to Doone.

The Laden Ship

Opening instalment of our
romantic two-part serial

By **SIMONE BRYCE**



Ticket to ROMANCE

By **NORAH SMARIDGE**



HER eyes glowing, Mum said: "Nassau! Jade-green water —and birds singing in the potties. How you'll love it!" "She hasn't sold me the ticket yet," Jan warned. "Someone else may."

"She'll sell it to you the minute she sets eyes on you," Mum said fondly.

Jan smiled, loving her. Thin, shabby, often exhausted by the job of bringing up five fatherless children on a meagre income, Mum was incurably optimistic.

Jan read the advertisement for the tenth time. "Lady won two tickets for Nassau cruise starting July 18, will sell one reasonably for companionship." There was a West Side address, about a half-hour from Jan's subway.

"It'll probably take every penny I've saved," Jan said. Heaven knew when she could make it up. Saving was hard in this family. The boys were shooting up out of their clothes and now Barbie was starting her teens and longing for lipstick and new hair cuts.

"Be extravagant for once," Mum said. "You need a change. You're always so good, Jan, helping me out." Briskly, she added, "It'd be good for you to get away." She said no more, but Jan knew what she was thinking. It would be good for you to get away from the thought of Glen Wilson.

Mum was right, of course. It was no use building any dreams around Glen, not that it had ever been anything but wishful thinking. A few days ago Jan's last foolish hope had been shattered when Kay Martin had stopped at her desk and said: "Heard the news about Glen Wilson?"

A cold wave had swept over Jan. Was he married — or engaged?

"He goes on vacation next week — and he's not coming back. Got a better job." She gave Jan a quick, knowing look.

Jan's face burned. So it showed what she felt about Glen. Probably the whole office was grinning behind her back—and she couldn't really blame them. It was absurd how she felt. How she'd felt since the first time she saw him cross the office — tall, thin-faced, with a slow, charming smile.

Ridiculous what dreams she'd built. He had never asked her out, so there was nothing to build on, really. Yet she had hoped . . .

"I mended your gloves." Mum's voice brought Jan back to the present. "And I'll call your office and say you'll be late." She hugged Jan. "Good luck, honey. I know she'll sell you that ticket!"

But Jan, half an hour later, was not at all sure herself. The woman who opened the door looked uncertainly at Jan's slim figure, her red hair, and tilted nose — and seemed reluctant to invite her in.

"I came about the ticket," Jan said. "I do hope you haven't sold it yet! I can't think of anything more thrilling than a cruise to Nassau!"

The woman brightened. "It's the first thing I ever won in my life," she said. "But I'd be scared to go alone on a cruise. Eating alone and everything. Two women

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If children won't eat vegetables
Spinach, peas or scallions
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Take a tip from Marmie's book
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Young lions roar for Marmite, the appetite builder

It was an unexpected but thrilling prospect . . . a short short story

came after the ticket. But they—well, neither of them was the type I'd feel comfortable with."

Jan's heart sank a little, but she managed a smile. "What kind of companion did you have in mind?"

The woman looked helpless. Suddenly she got up. "Why don't I make us some coffee?" she said. "Then you can tell me about yourself. I'm Mina Lewis, by the way—Miss Lewis."

"My name's Jan Carpenter." Following Mina into the kitchen, Jan began to talk at random. She told her about her job, about the family. And about Mum—because it was always easy to talk about Mum. How brave and gay she was, how she always wanted people to have a good time.

Mina Lewis didn't say much. But she nodded from time to time. And suddenly she blurted out: "Your mother sounds exactly the type I had in mind!"

Jan stared. "The type you had in mind?"

"As a companion on the cruise," Mina said. Her eyes appealed for understanding. "I feel I should have someone about my own age—someone who is my opposite. Outgoing and friendly and not scared of anyone or anything."

Her dark eyes on Jan's face, she went on almost defiantly. "You're so young and pretty—you'd soon get tired of my company. Not that I'd blame you! But I—I don't want to go on a cruise and be as lonely as I am at home! If your mother would come with me," she said, "I'd let her have the ticket for next to nothing!"

Jan stared. But she wasn't seeing Mina Lewis. She was seeing Mum—on a cruise to Nassau. Mum, bubbling over with sheer enjoyment—yet never neglecting Mina.

"Mum would love it," Jan said. "But she'd never be able to get away! I mean, she wouldn't leave the boys and Barbie."

She stopped as a thought struck her. This was one time when Mum could get away! Jan could look after the kids. Her vacation started next week—

It wouldn't be much of a vacation, though, Jan thought wryly. Cooking and cleaning for the kids in a hot city apartment—

"From what you say, it would do your mother good to have a real change," Mina Lewis said quietly. "She sounds as if she deserves one!"

Jan saw Mum's thin face, her shabby clothes—and a pang went through her. "She sure does!" she said. And suddenly she knew that Mum was going on the cruise. "I'd better get along to the office," she said. "I'll bring Mum to meet you this evening to settle everything. I know you'll love her!"

Ten days later Jan had just washed the supper dishes when the bell rang. One of the neighbors, she thought, wanting to know if she'd heard from Mum yet.

Now, opening the door, Jan froze. It wasn't a neighbor. Instead, Glen Wilson stood there, his smile tentative.

"May I come in?"

"Of course! I'm sorry—you took me by surprise!"

"Kay told me about your mother going on a cruise," Glen said. "And I thought—well, I'm not taking a vacation anywhere, so I hoped we could do things together."

As Jan hesitated, her heart thudding, he went on quickly. "You can bring the kids if you can't leave them. I've got a kid brother I can't always leave, so I

know how it is." His smile wry, he added: "We're orphans."

That evening Glen stayed only for half an hour. But at the door he suddenly took Jan's hand. "I've always wanted to ask you out," he said, "but I just couldn't afford to start anything with Greg to educate. He's going to be a doctor. But now I've got a better job—it'll make all the difference!"

And he squeezed Jan's fingers before he turned toward the stairs.

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FEATURES
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TIGHT SPOT



The cheetah snarled fiercely at Ben Masters as he fell backward with a frightened shout.

He suddenly found he was cornered . . . a short short story

By DAN ROSS

It was just as useless to try and tell his wife that the bird had meant no harm as to explain that as a lawyer he did occasionally have to devote some personal attention to clients' mixed-up affairs.

They had quarrelled loudly and he had finally slammed on his hat and thrown on his topcoat and left with the fish swirling, the toucans screeching, and Mary sobbing.

He had pleaded with her to think it over, but she wouldn't see him. So he had taken the furnished apartment and was waiting for her cousin to do his work. In the meantime he had become very lonely and asked that she let him have the toucans. It didn't seem to involve any sacrifice, since she hated them.

With surprising obstinacy she had refused. This had angered him anew and he determined he would get them in spite of her. He still had this key and he planned direct action.

He moved on into the living-room and lovingly touched one of the fish tanks. Then from the other end of the room he heard a rustling and a throaty squawk.

Ben pleaded with the birds: "Quiet, please!" And he edged forward to unhook their cage.

Then, without warning, something hit him in the chest and he fell backward with a frightened shout. There was a snarling sound and he felt hot breath near his face.

The lights in the room came on and Mary came running forward to take hold of the collar of the big spotted yellow cat on his chest.

"It's all right, darling," she said. "This is my new cheetah. I call him Ben."

Ben got up slowly, his clothing and feelings both rumpled. "I might have been killed by that monster."

Mary fondled the cheetah's ears. "He is really very tame when he gets to know you. Whatever are you doing here at this time of night?"

He told her, and was surprised at her sympathy.

She said: "I know how you feel. I've always been the same way with cats. That's why I bought Ben. You see, I made up my mind to sell the toucans back to a dealer. I took them downtown where there's this big pet store and at the last moment I realised I was as fond of their funny faces as you've always been. I couldn't let them go. But I did find Ben there and decided I needed him for protection and company."

He looked at the big cat ruefully. "You made quite an investment considering you could have had another Ben for nothing."

Mary sighed. "I've had lots of time to think. I guess I was foolish about Gloria Wells. The divorce idea is all wrong!"

Ben's face lit up. "Well, this was worth coming to hear." And he moved close to take her in his arms. The cheetah snarled in a business-like way and he jumped back. "What about this?" he said.

Mary laughed. "He will get used to you," she promised.

Ben gave his namesake a glance. "But will I get used to him?"

Mary fondled the big cat and it lay down on the carpet and yawned and purred. "You should be able to," she said, "if I can cope with sixty tropical fish and a pair of crazy toucans."

Ben kissed her as the fish swirled happily, the toucans whistled, and the cheetah purred.

(Copyright)

A World of Men Explained in time for Father's Day!

(or how to buy, and give, the best cigars he'll ever smoke)



1 Men are in some ways entirely predictable creatures. But beneath their cool exterior burns magic and adventure and romance.

The stuff of Fathers. The stuff of men.

Which is entirely the province of cigars.

A cigar is to a man what a hat or a new hairdo is to a girl.

It is a feeling. A mood. A brief moment of magnificence.

Which is why every man wants cigars with his new sex or ties.

Lesson One: Cigars are a must for Father's Day.

2 Just as that new hat or hairdo has to suit you — so it is with a man's cigars. Some are better than others.

And it's not just a question of price. You could splash to the order of £5 on a cabinet of 50 King Six. You need only spend a little over 2/- for five cigarette-sized Harlequin!

In either case you'd have chosen well — because both are very fine, very acceptable cigars ... made by J. R. Freeman who have been Europe's leading cigar makers since 1839.

Lesson Two: Decide what you want to spend — then pick the finest cigars available at that price. This is easy because Freemans make them all.

3 Make your gift really personal.

Only you can express yourself in the thought that picks the truly right cigar for him ... and add the fun wrapping and personal message that says it comes from you.

A gay gift card comes free with all Freeman cigars. Which is another good reason for choosing a Freeman cigar.

Lesson Three: It's what's inside that counts — the choice of cigar that shows you've really thought about him.



4 These are the things to remember when choosing cigars.

- The best cigars come from the best leaf.
- The best cigars are mild.
- The best cigars have true Havana flavour.
- The best cigars are individually sealed for freshness.

All Freeman cigars from the longest, opulent Cremavana Coronita to the latest cigarette-sized Harlequin have all these indispensable qualities.

Lesson Four: The J. R. Freeman signature on the pack is an infallible proof of excellence ... a promise of true cigar enjoyment.

5 Which Freeman cigar will please him most?

In cigar smoking, size, shape and style are an important part of the pleasure. Of course, the same man may favour one shape for special occasions, and another for casual everyday smoking. Here is a list of the Freeman cigars now available in time for Father's Day, with a few hints on their 'personalities' which you can match with the man you'll give them to.

Lesson Five: Pick the kind he'd have picked, and you're top of the class. Pick any one and you can't really be far wrong ... as long as it has the true, mild Havana flavour of a Freeman cigar.



Father Type	Cigar types to give	Packing and prices	
Full time dedicated cigar smoking Dad	Cremavana Coronita	2's	5/4
	Fat, happy, traditional cigar ... eternally modern	5's	13/4
		25's*	66/8
Grandad — A sure-fire cigar expert	King Six. Slightly smaller, modern Corona shape	2's	4/-
		5's	10/-
		20's	40/-
		50's*	100/-
A traditionalist Dad maybe, but not a stick-in-the-mud	Indian Sticks. The lean Panatella shape is very modern — (although in fact the first love of the men who discovered cigars.)	2's	3/-
		5's	7/6
		25's	37/6
Modern, clean-cut Dad, a bit of a whizz at cigars, cars, sport ... maybe a globe-trotter	Falstaff—the great lean, trim Panatella shape currently sweeping the U.S.A. Manikin—the mild modern cigar that comes in handy pocketable tins	4's	7/-
		20's	35/-
		5's	3/6
		10's	7/-
		25's*	17/6
Cigarette or pipe smoking Dad who's ready for the better things in life. Likes a truly rewarding smoke	Harlequin—the first cigarette-sized true cigar. Just as handy and so much more rewarding	100's*	70/-
		5's	2/3
		10's	4/6

*Packed in wooden cabinets


6 Happy Father's Day!

Don't forget to ask for your free gift card.



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all the time...
busy children,
(and adults too) must
replace lost energy.



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source of energy
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in the leaves of
the sugar cane plant.

Sugar is an **energy** food.



For a balanced diet you
need three main kinds of
food: body-building
foods, energy foods and
protective foods.

Body-building foods

These include meat, fish,
poultry, milk, eggs and
cheese. They contain pro-
teins which your body uses
for building new tissues.

Energy foods

Fats and carbohydrate
foods such as bread, rice,
sugar, potatoes are fuel-
foods and provide energy.

Protective foods

Protective foods like fresh
fruit and vegetables are
rich in the vitamins and
minerals necessary to
your body for good health.

CSR41

No one could have possibly foreseen such a startling turn of events

The fatal decision

A dramatic story
By MARY DRAKE

MRS. MAPLE, having made up her mind, moved purposefully round the house, creating order out of chaos. She had intended spending this Saturday morning in doing some cooking and putting her accounts in order, but the place was depressingly quiet with all the family out.

Tom had left straight after breakfast for a game of golf, but where had the boys gone? At least they could have tidied their rooms instead of leaving them for her to do.

Young Tommie was staying the weekend with his best mate from school (the first time he had spent a night away from home), but the two older boys had made themselves scarce, as they always did when there were any chores to be done.

Only last night Tom had reminded them of the leaking washer on the laundry tap and the electric jug, which needed a new element. And how long since they had promised to sweep out the garage for her? Yet the leaves continued to accumulate in the far corner, and nothing was done about it. Tom was worse than useless when it came to small repair jobs about the house.

He excused his ineptness by asking why he should be the one to do things, when he had two great hulking sons? If the weather were at all reasonable he would depart for the golf course, and on wet days he would resolve to catch up on his reading.

That meant, as Mrs. Maple very well knew, that he would stretch out on the divan in the study with a book, and in no time at all she would hear his regular snores. The boys would be ordered to turn the hi-fi down and for several hours the house would be depressingly quiet.

Well, this was one day she wouldn't stay home, Mrs. Maple decided. It was still early and she had a shopping list a mile long. Now that the rooms were tidy, she would leave the rest of the work and go to town.

The decision made, she showered and changed. That was one of the things Tom liked about her, as he often told her — the ability to make up her mind. He had said the same thing when he proposed to her one autumn evening in the back of his old car and she had quickly accepted him. And she had smiled to herself, remembering how she had worked all summer to bring him up to scratch.



"Don't you think it's a bit too young for you?"
Susie said doubtfully as Eve tried on the hat.

Mrs. Maple toyed with the idea of ringing Susie and asking her to go with her. But no, she thought. Susie was her very best friend and she loved her dearly, but the morning would then follow the same pattern of all their shopping jaunts.

Invariably they would decide to try on new frocks and hats which neither of them really needed, pause for cups of coffee or perhaps a drink, or spend a couple of hours in a movie. No, Mrs. Maple decided virtuously, she would really do something about that shopping list this morning.

She checked her handbag to make sure she had everything she would need — her cheque book, her charge discs for the department stores, her repair slip for her diamond brooch, which she had taken to get a new pin weeks ago, and her keys.

Then she added a little lacquer to yesterday's hairdo. Should she take a string-bag? No, they were so suburban. She could always buy one of those stiff paper carry-all bags that were on sale at the department stores.

She left her car in the garage and travelled by bus. Parking was such a problem in the city, even on Saturdays. But the shops were not uncomfortably crowded and she con-

gratulated herself on the number of items she crossed from her list.

An LP record for one of the boys' birthdays, new pyjamas for Tom, stockings for herself, and a number of small household purchases. She collected her diamond brooch and pinned it securely to the lining of her bag. By now she had bought two of those handy paper bags and they were both full.

Then several counters away she caught a glimpse of Susie and they greeted each other delightedly.

"I tried to phone you, darling, to see if you felt like coming in," she lied.

"What luck seeing you, Eve. I'm dying for a cup of coffee. Where shall we go?"

"Can you come up to the Fifth Floor with me first? I want a new light fitting for the porch."

On their way up in the lift they passed the millinery department and both noticed a ravishing little pink-flowered hat.

"That looks just like you, Eve," Susie said. "Let's go and have a look at it on the way down."

Eve Maple fell in love with the pink hat when she tried it on, but Susie was doubtful.

To page 66



GiGi perfume
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so head turning, so heart
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another revolution!



GiGi perfume, 7/6, 13/6

GiGi skin perfume, 7/6, 11/6

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* Retail prices are pre-budget.

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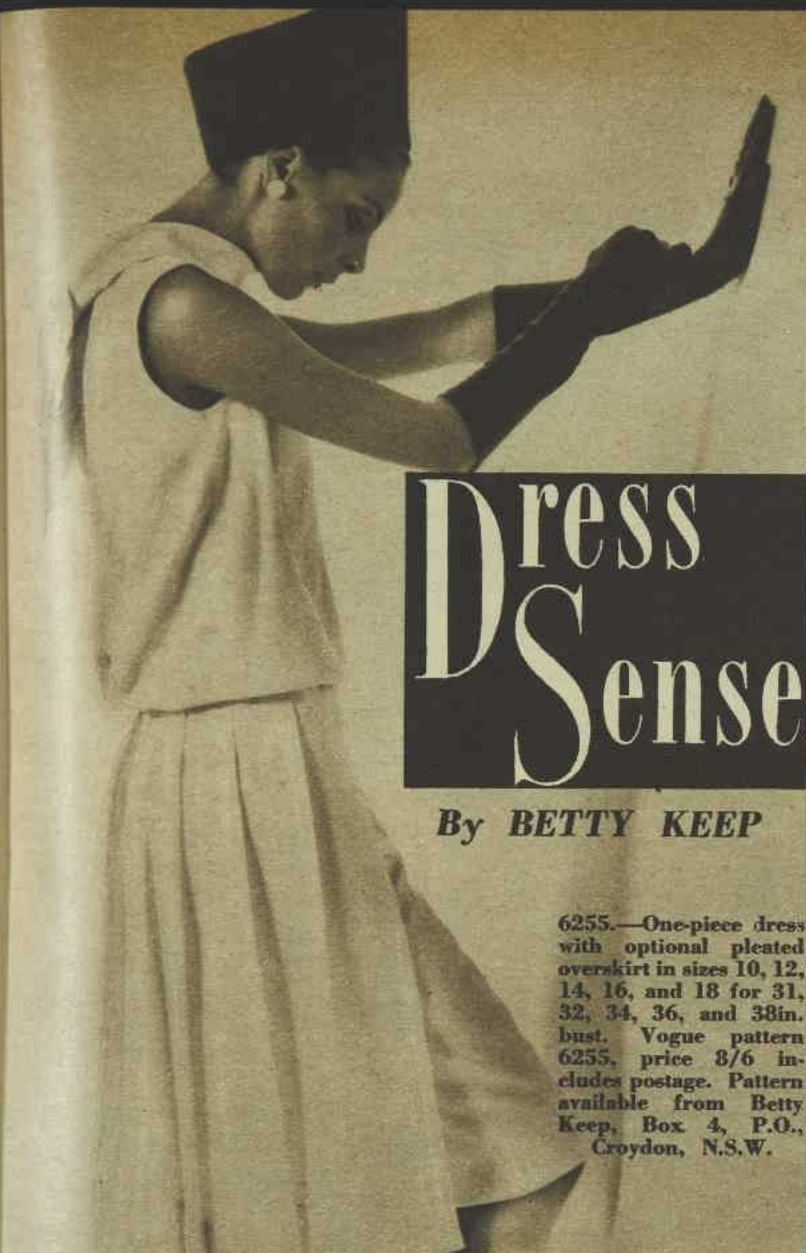
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Unbreakable drinking beakers. Set, 6/6.



A BETTER BUCKET

Square shape with lid that always seals tight, can't buckle. Good for picnic food and drink (takes 6 bottles of beer) — is boilproof for nursery use. Bucket 13/3 — with lid, 18/11.



Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

6255.—One-piece dress with optional pleated overskirt in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6255, price 8/6 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

● The dress illustrated above, with bloused bodice, slim skirt, and pleated overskirt, is my design choice for a 4.30 p.m. wedding reception.

HERE is part of the reader's letter requesting a design, and my reply:

"Could you let me have a suitable style and pattern for an outfit to wear to a spring wedding? The reception is at 4.30 p.m. My material is a very pale cream crepe, and I am wearing a dark brown high square turban and matching gloves. I have a 36in. bust."

The design above would look very attractive made in crepe. If you prefer a sleeve the pattern includes one in three-quarter length. The design also looks smart straight-skirted, without the pleated overskirt. Anyway, these are matters of personal taste. Beside the illustration are further pattern details.

"I am in need of some good advice about next summer's swim-suit. I am only 5ft. 2in. and rather thin."

In general a bikini looks good on a petite figure.

"Please tell me the correct outfit to wear to a morning wedding. I am a natural ash-blond with blue eyes, aged 17. The wedding is in October and just a family affair."

My choice for you is a pale blue linen suit worn with beige shoes and handbag plus white gloves and an off-the-face white straw hat.

"I would appreciate your advice about an appropriate wrap to wear over a floor-length evening frock. The frock consists of a black wool skirt and emerald-green wool blouse."

My choice would be a full-length evening stole made in emerald-green. Have the stole reversible, one side wool jersey and the other silk.

"I am attending an October wedding, and the church ceremony is at 5 p.m. I would like a suggestion for a fabric and for accessories suitable for this occasion. I have deep auburn hair and fair skin."

I suggest a pretty flowered chiffon in tawny tones worn with beige accessories.

"I am overweight, and as I have to attend a dinner dance late in September I am getting worried about my frock. It has to be street-length and becoming. My bust, hips, and upper arms are my biggest problem."

I advise a shift, because this straight type of silhouette will camouflage your trouble spots. Have the design finished with little sleeves and a wide shoulder-to-shoulder, collarless neckline. Chiffon lined with silk would be a good material choice. It is very important to have the chiffon in a really becoming color. Wear silk shoes to match the dress color. Don't clutter yourself up with jewellery; pearl stud earrings will be sufficient. Lastly have a hair-set the afternoon of the party.

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ILLUSTRATED: HOLDEN PREMIER SEDAN. CLOAK BY RUE DE LA PAIX, MARGHOURE

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and comfort created by those graceful curves — into an interior of rich materials and colour that reflect your good taste for finer things. Then, a turn of the key . . . and swiftly, smoothly you're away. This is new Holden — a trendsetter in its dramatic new styling and all the

ways it knows how to please a woman. For those who take pride in fashion leadership, there's no other choice near the price.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 1, 1965

A CHOICE OF ASH TREES

By R. H. ANDERSON

THE name ash is used for many different trees, most of which, however, have the common characteristic of possessing pale-colored timber, light in weight, but strong and tough.

In Australia we have our mountain ashes, which are Eucalypts, differing from most other "gum trees" in having a comparatively light-weight, straight-grained timber of considerable usefulness. And our blueberry ash (*Elaeocarpus reticulatus*) is one of the most attractive of small native trees with its fringed flowers and blue fruits.

The rowan tree of Europe (*Sorbus aucuparia*) is also known as mountain ash, mainly because its foliage looks like that of the common ash.

But from very early times the name has been used for the various species of *Fraxinus*, of which there are approximately 65 found in the Northern Hemisphere.

Ashes are among the most useful of deciduous trees, bringing welcome shade in summer and delighting the eye with richly colored leaves in autumn. The leaves are large and divided up in several leaflets.



GOLDEN ASH in its autumn dress in a Bowral, N.S.W., garden. It's known botanically as *Fraxinus excelsior* var. *aurea*.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 219

Some ashes are small enough for the average garden and make good specimen trees in lawns. Others need plenty of space. Some need cool, moist soil while others tolerate hotter, drier conditions.

The species most commonly grown in Australia include:

FRAXINUS EXCELSIOR (English Ash) and its varieties are quite popular and are characterised by the black buds in winter, which lend the trees an unusual appearance.

The variety **AUREA** (Golden Ash) is a striking small to medium-size tree with lovely pale green foliage, which changes to buttercup yellow in autumn. The riot of color is enhanced by the twigs and branches, which become deep yellow. The form known as **PENDULA** is weeping in habit, being grafted on 6ft. to 10ft. standards.

FRAXINUS ORNUS (Flowering Ash or Manna Ash) comes from Southern Europe and Asia Minor, and is distinguished from other ashes by having conspicuous white perfumed flowers in spring and early summer. It forms a small shapely tree up to 30ft. high, with colorful leaves in autumn.

The roots are less vigorous than with most other ashes, so it gets preference in smaller gardens and near buildings. It likes cool, moist conditions. Manna can be obtained from the trunks by cutting the bark, and is sometimes found on the leaves.

FRAXINUS OXYCARPA (Desert Ash) is a native of Southern Europe, extending to Persia and Turkestan. It is a shapely fast-growing tree, up to 40ft. high and is one of the hardiest of the ashes, standing up well to hot, dry conditions. It breaks into leaf earlier than most other species and

keeps the leaves longer. In autumn they change to a clear yellow.

FRAXINUS RAYWOODII, an Australian-raised variety, is one of the most widely grown of the ashes. It originated in Ray's Nursery in Adelaide; it was selected from seedlings of *Fraxinus oxycarpa*, and is possibly a hybrid with this species as one of the parents.

A symmetrical tree, it is fast growing and does best in cold and temperate areas, but will stand hot conditions if water is available. The leaves turn to a rich deep claret in autumn. It is propagated by budding, usually on to stocks of *Fraxinus excelsior*.

FRAXINUS VELUTINA (Arizona Ash or Velvet Ash), a native of Mexico and southern U.S.A., is comparatively new to Australia, but has already proved suitable for drier conditions than most ashes, and has some resistance to saline soils. The bark is dark in tone, and the finely pointed leaflets are downy, hairy on the undersurface.

FRAXINUS SYRIACA (Syrian Ash) comes from western and central Asia, is small-growing and suitable for gardens or street-planting. Has not been extensively grown in Australia, but should prove a useful addition.

FRAXINUS PENNSYLVANICA (Red Ash), from eastern North America, is a large open-crowned tree, rather slow-growing, and distinguished by the large leaves which turn to orange-brown tints in autumn. Requires fairly good moist soil for its best growth and is not suitable for dry inland conditions.

FRAXINUS AMERICANA (White Ash), a North American tree, is vigorous in habit and requires considerable space. Leaves turn purple in autumn.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 220

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"Good heavens, man! You can't seriously entertain such thoughts?" Lowry dismissed Doone's offer of recompense as something of an affront. Who did the man think he was? Holding out the generous hand so grandly when his ship lay at the bottom of the sea.

"Why not?" asked Doone coolly.

"The facts must fairly speak for themselves. If Captain Bruckner's ship had not picked up the survivors from the Gull, then we would never have known what befell either of the two vessels—but he did. The last glimpse they had of the Heron, her decks were awash and she was heeling over to one side, with her canvas cut to ribbons. No, no, there's no denying we've

Continued from page 27

lost the two of them coming round the Cape!"

"I am not prepared to accept that. If the Heron was damaged, which seems likely, then it is certain she would have limped into some safe inlet for repairs. It is probable we shall see no sign of her for many weeks."

For a moment the two men regarded each other in silence. Lowry could not help feeling a reluctant admiration for Doone. There he stood, the full six feet of him, with all the calm and assurance of one who held the future in the palm of his hand. There was something impelling about Doone. His

THE LADEN SHIP

bearing, his words drew a grudging respect whether you wanted them to or not. After all, Lowry asked himself as he had done on numerous other occasions, what did they really know about the man?

Troy Doone had made his appearance in Sydney some 18 months before. The cut of his clothes, the fine pair of greys, and the carriage he handled with consummate skill established him as a man of means. He had hinted at shipping interests, and it was soon apparent that he knew a good deal about such things. He spent a lot of time down at the Quay when the ships were in, and he seemed to have a close acquaintance-ship with a number of the captains of the tea clippers.

Hostesses had been quick to seize upon the opportunity of having such an interesting bachelor at their gatherings. Doone had made his mark upon society without apparent effort. He had the manners of a gentleman and a rapier wit. But of his past, his background, or his family—he never spoke. There were those less generous who hinted at undesirable connections—even that he had been a convict and received a pardon. Whatever the truth, Doone kept his own counsel and continued to cast his strange spell over everyone he met. Even, thought George Lowry with a pang, my own daughter Vanessa.

THE thought of her reminded him again of their present situation. He regretted that Doone had not accepted the drink he had offered him earlier. It might have eased the tension from the task at hand. "I'm afraid," Lowry began, "that this thing is going to have very far reaching results for us all. Especially . . . especially for Vanessa. I take it you understand my meaning?"

Doone's dark eyes met the look from Lowry's wavering ones. "I'm afraid it quite escapes me," he answered levelly. "If you are concerned for Vanessa's future, you have no need to be—nor your own, for that matter. Once the Heron is brought to harbor I will be in a position to provide for us all."

Lowry felt his anger rising. "It may please you to try to put off facing the facts, Troy, but when it concerns my daughter's happiness I insist we must bring your position out into the open. You and I both know that your entire resources were invested in that ship. You are facing a bleak future, and I'm sorry for you. But my daughter is not going to be a party to it. I must ask you, on your honor as a gentleman, to release her from the promise she made you in happier days."

Doone had stiffened as Lowry spoke. "Do I understand you are asking me to release Vanessa from our engagement?"

"I am," said Lowry.

"Then I must make it clear that I will do no such thing—unless Vanessa asks me herself. I pledged my word to Vanessa," said Doone coldly, "and I will consider our engagement as valid as ever, unless she personally requests me to do otherwise." He picked up the whip he had flung down on a chair when he entered the house.

"Vanessa knows where I can be reached. If she has anything to say to me, let her do

it herself. Good day, sir!" His boot struck the floor with a ringing sound.

"Wait!" Lowry put up a restraining hand. "You leave me no alternative. I want this business finished as soon as possible. I will tell Vanessa to come down to you. But mark my word, Doone, I will allow her no more than ten minutes with you." He walked across the room with as much dignity as he could command, obliged as he was to pass Doone on his way.

At the door Lowry stopped. He looked back at Doone and met the hard glitter of his eyes. Arrogant, thought George Lowry, arrogant and proud. Perhaps it was a good thing, after all, that Vanessa's life had not been handed in charge of such a man.

He said to Doone, "It is an ill wind that blows no good." He hoped the other took his meaning. Then he closed the door.

In her room at the head of the stairs Vanessa Lowry sat before the mirror of her dressing-table. Her mind had kept going over the events of the past six months. As if it had been only yesterday she had seen again the setting of the garden party at



Government House, where she had first met Troy Doone. How brightly the future had seemed to beckon to her then. And how elated she had felt later driving home, knowing she had captured the interest of the most eligible bachelor in society, and that her father had given his permission for Troy to call at the house.

What a whirl of excitement she had moved through in the months that had followed. Troy had courted her with poise and determination, and Vanessa had led the way with all the feminine guile of which she was capable, knowing full well that her skilful manoeuvring would end in their engagement. He had promised her the white house for her wedding present. There they would have lived after their marriage.

To Vanessa it was the most beautiful house in the colony. From its vantage point on the crown of the hill it overlooked the harbor and the sprawling city. Standing in spacious grounds, the white colonnades of its verandas were reflected in the still waters of the fountain in the centre of its driveway.

Originally the house had been built for Sir Henry Aven, who had spared no expense. But the rigors of the Australian climate had proved too much for his family, and they had returned to England, leaving only a resident caretaker and gardener. Its silent rooms waited there for

the buyer who could afford its purchase price.

It was too cruel of fate to have snatched it all away from her by ruining Troy and dashing her future hopes.

Sitting there, before the mirror, Vanessa stared at her reflection. Had the disasters of the past week begun to show upon her face? There seemed no dimming to the brightness of her blue eyes, no less bloom on the fair skin. Yet it had all been so terrible. Her mother almost always in tears: her father spending so much time in his study, and only emerging with his face set in stern and unfamiliar lines. At table he kept telling them how they must economise. He had already insisted that her mother cancel the May ball.

There was a knock, and the door opened. George Lowry went across to his daughter.

"Troy insists on seeing you. He will not release you from your promise until he does so," he said.

"Oh!" Vanessa gave a sob. "Why will he not listen to you?" Vanessa asked.

"He believes that this is entirely my idea. That I am forcing my will upon you. You will have to let him see, Vanessa, that you are agreeable to accept my judgment in this matter. I suppose . . . I suppose he has that right . . ."

Vanessa stood up. "Very well, Papa. I will go down to him." She glanced into the mirror and patted a curl. Surely Troy would accept the inevitable with his usual gallantry, even though it might break his heart.

Satisfied with her appearance, Vanessa went out to the landing. Her father came with her to the top of the stairs. "I have told him I will allow you only ten minutes together. If in that time he cannot be made to see that you are in earnest, then I shall come down and order him from the house."

"Oh, father," Vanessa pressed his arm, "I know Troy will listen to me." She gave a deep sigh. "But if only this had not all happened."

This was really the first crisis Vanessa had ever faced in her life. Certainly the first time since she was a child that she had been asked to give up something she wanted. Then it had been her white pony. It had fallen and been maimed; Vanessa had been ten years old at the time, but she recalled how her father had told her her pet would have to be destroyed. At first she had wept, and then perversely her fondness for the animal had turned to dislike. She had loved him when he had been strong and carried her, but then she had felt only revulsion.

NOW those childish emotions seemed to come back to her. It was almost as if Troy had been maimed. He had lost the fortune that had given him prestige and power. She knew that she would never be able to bring herself to marry a man who had less than her father.

The sound of the opening door made Doone turn. In two quick strides he had crossed to her side.

"Vanessa, my dear!"

Vanessa had expected to find him abject, desolate—a man who carried the weight of misfortune upon his shoulders. Instead he was exactly the same as he had always been. Confidence emanated from him.

Doone drew her over to a chair.

"My dearest." He was standing over her. "Did you think that I would meekly accept dismissal from your father without a word from

yourself? Surely you know me better than that?"

"I don't know what to say . . ." she faltered.

"There is no need to say anything," Doone hastened to assure her. "This affair has been a great shock to your father—I understand how he feels. His ship has gone to the bottom of the seas, and with it a good deal of his money. The unfortunate part is—that he has chosen to assume that I am to be no more lucky than he."

"But they have both been lost . . ." Vanessa faltered.

"The Gull we know of," Doone explained patiently, "but the facts are that my ship was still upon the seas when she was last sighted. There is every chance that she is still there. Damaged, no doubt, but seaworthy. And the cargo she carries will be rendered no less valuable by delay."

"But you don't know, do you?" Vanessa persisted. "You're only guessing that the Heron might have got through."

Two lines deepened between Doone's brows. "I don't know . . . certainly . . ." Suddenly he brought his fist down against his open palm. "But, by heavens, I'll not give up so easily!"

"It's not a matter of giving up!" Vanessa burst out. "Nothing was turning out as she had planned. She had expected to find Troy ready to relinquish her in resignation; concealing his sorrow and allowing her the opportunity of taking a poignant farewell of him with a few words that he might cherish in his memory forever. Instead of this, he was forcing her to take sides and declare herself. 'Everything has gone wrong. What have I to look forward to now?' Her voice rose on a petulant note."

Doone regarded her levelly. "You have your whole life to look forward to, Vanessa."

Vanessa stood up. "What sort of a life is it to be now?" Tears welled into her eyes and spilled down her cheeks. "My house, the beautiful white house that was to be mine . . . someone else will live there . . . and I shall have to see them, knowing that it should have belonged to me as you promised it would. Oh, why did this have to happen?"

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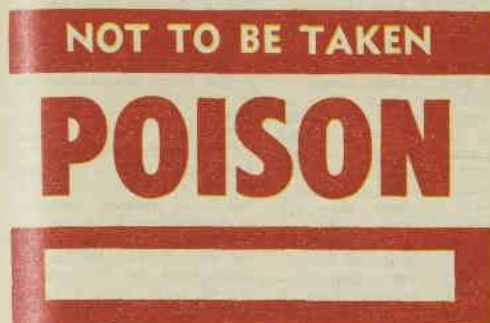
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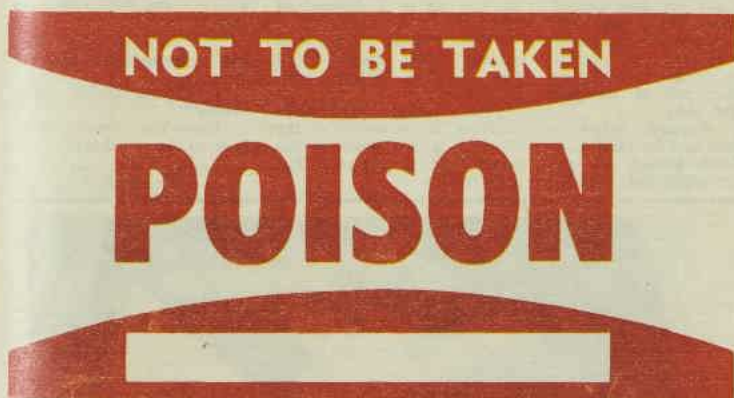
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"Vanessa! You talk as if the only things that had any meaning for you were material possessions. Am I to understand from all this that you are in agreement with your father that our engagement should be broken?"

"What else? I could never . . ." she faltered, "marry a poor man." As soon as she had spoken Vanessa regretted her words. She wished she had expressed it more delicately.

DOONE'S face was quite impassive. Only his eyes burned like two dark cold fires, as if something had withdrawn deep, deep inside him, never to emerge again. The stillness of their look seemed to bore into her very soul, and turned away from what they saw.

"Marriage is for better or worse, Vanessa. I might have lost my fortune after we were married. Then what would you have done? Wouldn't you have trusted me to care for you — to protect you? Or did you blindly believe that life would always present a smiling face?"

"But we are not married," said Vanessa in a small voice.

"No," Doone agreed, "we are not married. Which seems, after all, to be fortunate for both of us. We have both been saved from making a regrettable mistake." He went closer to the window. His hand moved aside the heavy curtain so that the sun spilled farther into the room. "Did I ever tell you, Vanessa, that should the Heron make harbor I shall be twice as rich as I have ever been? No, I think I omitted to mention it — it seemed at the time to be unimportant."

Vanessa moved uneasily in her chair. Standing by the window, Doone looked a picture of relaxed energy. "Come here," he commanded her. "If you look across there," he told her, "you can see the white house, upon which you seem to have so set your heart."

Reluctantly Vanessa's eyes travelled across the lawns

Continued from page 38

and out beyond. Why did he do this? Had she not looked at it herself many times, and longed for it. Suddenly Doone's fingers bit into her shoulders. "I swear to you, Vanessa," he said against her ear, "by all that I once held dear, if the Heron comes to port I shall buy that house — and set up some woman as its mistress, even if she be from the gutter — and hope your empty heart is filled with envy!"

For an instant longer Troy held her. Then he thrust her away from him and strode purposefully from the room, retrieving his fallen whip as he did so.

Troy Doone mounted the gangway of the Lady McDee with long, easy strides. A week had passed since that fateful afternoon in the Lowrys' house. Discreetly at first, and then with a growing momentum, the news had spread of the broken engagement. It had been like a signal to the rest of society — this open withdrawal of Lowry's confidence in Doone's prospects. Already Troy had thought he detected less warmth in the smiles of acquaintances, and he had a shrewd suspicion there were now gaps on hostesses' invitation lists where his name had been deleted.

Doone had made money before — and he had lost it. It was the pursuit and the gamble that he enjoyed — the excitement of what was to come. For this he would always be prepared to risk his assets, because he had sworn long ago that he would never allow himself to become a slave to the material bondage that held others — but Vanessa's betrayal of him was a different matter. It had served to remind him of an earlier time in his life, when another's greed had changed the course of his existence.

Doone permitted a sigh to escape him. He had believed that time had washed away

that first bitterness. Apparently he had been wrong — it had only been buried more deeply than he had supposed. He remembered he had been fourteen when it happened. He could still see his ancestral home with the great entrance hall where they had carried his father after the hunting accident. He would never forget the look on his mother's face. The life and the spirit in her had gone with his father into the grave. Perhaps for that reason it had been a simple matter for his uncle to rob them of their inheritance. The shock of this betrayal had crushed the

strength, and something within himself had responded . . . Doone reached the top of the gangway. Yes, he thought, this is where I might stay. He cast his eyes over the blue waters of the harbor lapping gently against the hulls of ships swinging in the early tide. On either side of him the quayside pulsed with life.

Doone stepped down on to the deck. Almost at his feet a sailor sat cross-legged splicing rope. He looked up.

"Is Captain Garth aboard? I have a message that he wished to see me," Doone said.

when he saw Doone. With a curt nod he dismissed the sailor.

"Troy!" he exclaimed. "It's good to see you again."

Their hands gripped firmly. "You are just as I expected to find you," Doone observed. "How are Bessie and the girls?"

"In excellent health when I last received word of them. The girls besiege me now with requests to bring them home silks and finery."

"They must be quite young ladies now," Doone mused.

"Why not come home to England, Troy, and settle down. One of them would make you a fine wife — and I should be happy to see it."

Doone laughed, and looked suddenly younger than his thirty-two years. "But I should make a poor husband for one so young and fresh."

"I can't agree to that. Still, while you prosper here I concede it is a temptation to stay."

"As to my prosperity — at the moment it hangs in some doubt."

"How is that?" the captain asked, concerned.

Doone proceeded to tell him of the fate of the Gull and the fears that were held for the Heron. While he talked Captain Garth went to a cupboard and took down two glasses and a bottle.

"If your worst fears were realised, would you consider coming back to sea?" the captain asked quietly when Doone had finished. "I would be more than happy to have you with me, Troy."

"We were a good team, weren't we?" Doone murmured. For an instant old memories flooded back to him, but there were recent ones more pressing. He thought of Vanessa. "There are certain things I must do first." And his jaw set in a determined line.

"You know best, of course." The captain put down his glass. "What is news in Sydney?"

Doone smiled. "The main topic of conversation at the moment is the gold — it has taken hold of everyone like a fever."

"Ah, fever!" The captain shook his head. "I prefer not to hear the word. I have been plagued with it during the whole of this voyage."

"Then you have had it on board?"

"Unfortunately, yes. Not above three weeks at sea and the first of the passengers came down with it. The Lady McDee has been more like a floating hospital this trip."

"Deaths?" asked Doone. "Several. Which brings me to the point where you may be able to render me a service."

"Gladly," replied Doone. "The fact of the matter is, Troy, that one of this passengers was a Reverend Stanton — a widower travelling to Australia with his son and daughter. He was one of the first to succumb to the fever, and in his case it proved fatal. Now I feel I have some responsibility toward the girl and her brother. I cannot see them leave the ship with nowhere to go. If it were not for her brother, Miss Stanton would present no great problem. I fancy she could take a post as a governess. I hoped you might know of some family that would be willing to take her . . ." He looked expectantly at Doone.

TROY swallowed the last of his rum. "For a moment I had imagined children."

"Oh, no — not children — though the boy would not be above fourteen. If he were a strong lad I have no doubt something could be found for him as well, but the difficulty is that they have both had the fever which took their father, and while the girl seems now to be tolerably well — the boy looks only half alive."

"How old is Miss Stanton?" Doone asked thoughtfully.

"I should judge about twenty."

"Does she appear to be fond of her brother?"

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THE LADEN SHIP



"I sent invitations to all my friends . . . and to a few gatecrashers, as well."

last of his mother's remaining strength, and the chill of winter had done the rest.

Something hard had entered into his soul when his mother died. He had not wept. He had turned his back on all that he had known and found his salvation in ships and the sea. They had taken him to most parts of the world, and finally to this new country, whose land was old, but whose settlements were new. He had felt its challenge, its merciless

"Aye, that 'e is, sir. In 'is cabin, up for'ard." The sailor rose nimbly and led the way across the deck. They passed a small knot of passengers not yet disembarked. Their faces looked pale from close confinement or recent illness. It was not unusual — long weeks at sea often took their toll of travellers and crew alike.

They stopped before a cabin door and knocked. Captain Garth looked up, and his eyes registered pleasure

"A special occasion and I felt terrible!"



My husband and I were at the races and when I pointed out Betty Johnson, an old school friend of mine, he said: "School friend? She looks younger than you." I felt terrible.



After the races I talked to Betty and I realised she did look younger. I simply had to ask her secret. "Easy," she said. "Almost any girl can be younger-looking with Palmolive soap facials."

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Indian author **SANTHA RAMA RAU**, writing in America, discusses an aspect of child upbringing that troubles many Australian mothers. She says:

"I don't want security for my child"

If it is foolish to coddle him physically,
then why coddle his mind and spirit?

IN my country — India — the traditionally correct thing to do when you are expecting your first child is to return to your parents' home.

There, surrounded by the affectionate attention of your mother, father, and whichever relatives happen to be staying in the house, you spend the last months of your pregnancy listening to their advice, experiences, and theories about children until at last your own child is born and you can, in the future, claim to speak with authority, too.

Although my husband (an American) and I met in Japan, got engaged in New York, and were married in France, it seemed the most normal thing in the world to return to Bombay and have my baby in the heart of the family.

It was only after my son was three months old that I realised how deeply my ideas of child upbringing differed from both those of my own family and those of my husband's family halfway across the world.

This basic disagreement was, quite simply, that I did not want my child to have security in the sense in which this word is used so frequently today.

I am not talking about the physical securities on which any mother would agree — adequate food, shelter, clothing. Nor do I mean the fundamental emotional needs supplied by the love and presence of parents.

My quarrel is with all those other concerns mothers have been persuaded to feel in the sacred name of "security."

For instance, must my child "adjust to a group"?

Barrage of advice

I can't think of a "group" anywhere in the world to which I would want my child to "adjust" wholesale, without comment, criticism, reservations, suggestions, and on occasion outright dislike.

Does my child have to love baseball because the neighborhood children do and because I have been assured that outdoor sports are "good" for him?

If, by chance, he is a swot, must I worry and try to even the balance by turning him into a "well-rounded personality"?

So much of the barrage of advice and information tells me what a child should be. A child — but not my child. Because my child — like yours — is himself, an individual, and must, in my opinion, have a right to that individuality.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, he has an unfashionably alert mind, or suppose instead that he is rather slow for his age. Should I accept a teacher's verdict that his "security" involves staying with his age group in class?

If so, his education will probably provide the only time in his life that he will be consistently with his own age group — a curious preparation for life.

As an adult he will, I hope, marry, have children, learn to cope with in-laws, with grandparents, with bosses and subordinates in his work, with superiors and inferiors both in age and talent in every phase of his life.

Will it do him so much harm to learn at school that he is better at some things and must cope with older children, worse at other things in which younger ones excel?

In the small, close family unit of America it is more usual than in Asia or Europe for a child to know virtually no adults except his parents really well, and to have only a

younger brother or sister as a somewhat tiresome reminder of the younger world.

In many societies — the French, for example — parents think nothing of taking a young child out to dinner with adults, expecting him to absorb much grown-up conversation (in which no concessions are made to the child) and to behave himself properly as well.

In Japan, where mothers often take their children to the long, intense, sometimes violent, Kabuki Theatre, I once asked a Japanese friend whether she thought such entertainment suitable for her children.

She looked at me in some astonishment. "You can't expect to protect your children from the world, only to help a little to prepare them."

Slave-mothers

These may very well not be appropriate examples. American society, its ways and standards are different from other countries and should remain so, but one aspect of it that seems to me rather alarming is that in so many cases the child's world begins to dominate the mother's world.

Or, as an American friend of mine (with four children of her own) puts it, "We have accepted the virtuousness of being a slave-mother."

We mothers are advised we should be "good" mothers, should be "permissive," should "sacrifice" for our children, should put their welfare before anything else, should be constantly on call, should enter community life so that our children will be "liked" and feel a part of the group, should become den mothers, join the PTA, or a dozen other activities.

All this as well as the usual chores of taking them regularly to doctors and dentists, of watching their nutrition at home, of seeing to their schoolwork, their sport, their entertainment.

In all this mass of instruction, a harried young mother could well be forgiven for forgetting that the most valuable asset she can give her child is to be a calm and decent human being herself.

In the days when my husband and I were discussing our feelings about giving our child "security," a couple of points occurred to us that seemed worth remembering. One, silly as it may sound, was that we were people, not just parents.

We came gradually to the ordinary and unsentimental idea that it is quite as important for a child to adjust to his parents and their world as it is for them to adjust to his.

I even felt that I might have some justification in framing a small notice saying, "I live here, too," and hanging it in some convenient place simply to look at from

time to time and reassure myself that I had rights as well as duties.

My child needs a mother, not a doormat. And a mother has to be a person. And a person has to have wants, ideas, opinions, bad moods, irrationalities as well as love, generosity, tolerance, and patience.

Our child, my husband and I decided, would just have to put up with our way of life — admittedly an odd one, since both of us are writers and travel a lot.

Even if our situation doesn't apply to most parents, the principle does.

You have chosen your life and the conditions after a good many years of experience, after a good many explorations of your own interests and the values necessary or vital to you.

To change everything for the sake of other people's ideas of what is good for your child, or because you are expected to make sacrifices for him, seems to me a profound disservice both to your child and to yourself.

There are enough sacrifices that you will want to make (which means, of course, that they are no longer sacrifices), and enough changes that a child automatically brings into your life without adding an extra cause of resentment between you.

I want my child to know the things I have had and have valued as his legacy from me — to accept them if he wishes, to reject them if they don't suit him, and to go on from there in his own way.

I can't hope for this if I lose a sense of the values of my own life, if I always follow the dictates of my child or of local social mores or the advice of outsiders.

It also occurred to us to wonder whether, in fact, if we followed the conventional dream of a happy childhood for our child — the cosy small-town life, the regular pattern of school and camp and local activities (conformity, in short) — would it really lead to "security"?

Or would we, perhaps, just produce another adult who worries about whether his split-level house is more impressive than the next one, about whether he is keeping up with the Joneses — and, eventually, whether his well-adjusted children are better adjusted than the neighbors' well-adjusted children?

What, we had to ask ourselves in the end, is security?

My husband and I came up with no earth-shaking definition.

But we thought that important aspects of the problem were solved, at least in part, by a frame of mind that is independent, inquiring, fearless, from the courage to try, to discover, to act as a self-reliant individual, not as a cog in a social machine.

(I still wonder how conformity came to be such a virtue in America, of all places, when it was nonconformists who

FAMILY AFFAIRS

founded the country, explored its frontiers, coined the American phrase "rugged individualism," and earned the admiration of all the countries struggling for a similar independence.)

How can you foster a flexible and exploring attitude in a child without imposing it on him?

It may be achieved, I think, in a few ways: by exposing a child to new ideas, different viewpoints, by being unafraid to offer him occasionally concepts and entertainments that are beyond his grasp as well as the "suitable" ones, by letting him share in adult conversation and activities from time to time instead of growing up entirely in a world designed for his age group.

Surely there are as many dangers in mental overprotection as there are in physical coddling — quite apart from the fact that it makes conversation and day-to-day life intensely boring for parents.

Afraid of reality

I remember a young American mother I knew who had brought her children to join her husband at his post in a town in Asia.

She was deeply distressed by the poverty, ill health, and bad living conditions around her, and tried to retain the healthy, American small-town atmosphere she felt was the right environment for her children.

One protection was to keep her children from the idea of death.

Death and the acceptance of death are, for obvious reasons, very much with you in Asia.

Well, it was only to be expected that the neighborhood children were fascinated when they learned that the young Americans didn't know about death, that people "went on long journeys," but didn't die.

They used to collect dead things — beetles, flies, ants, lizards — and present them to the dismayed Americans.

Certainly, this was a far-from-typical American mother, but I couldn't help contrasting her children's sad and bewildered response to one of life's realities with a child of nine or ten that I used to know in Indonesia.

This little boy announced that he had learned to tell fortunes and would I like him to read my palm?

"Do you see this letter M here?" (Most people have it, I later discovered.)

"Do you know what that stands for? It means *Manusia Musti Mati*." (In Malay that is "Mankind Must Die.")

"That is all you need know," he added, laughing as he darted out of the house again to join his friends.

It seemed to me, in recalling this incident, that "security" is far less a matter of physical and social well-being and protection than of a spiritual fibre.

After all, our expanding universe and fluid society have superseded our grandmothers' more predictable world.

If we can manage not to make security a fetish, I think a much wider view of life is open to us.

Far from making children fearful and disturbed by change, they are better prepared to face a life in which we can be sure of only one thing — change.

FREE LEAFLET ON BABY'S CLOTHES

PLANNING your first baby's wardrobe is a delight. But for the inexperienced young mother-to-be, eager to start sewing beautiful little garments, it is easy to make expensive and time-consuming mistakes.

What garments are essential? What size should they be? Which materials would be best? What kind of seams should be used? Is it safe to use elastic?

These and many other questions are answered in a valuable leaflet on how to plan your baby's clothes available free on request from **THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY MOTHERCRAFT SERVICE BUREAU**, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Note: A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

When will people learn large families are HAPPY families?

● Two mothers of large families write:
"We don't need pity."

Both these readers supplied names and addresses but asked to remain anonymous.

THE average person couldn't imagine the remarks — well-intentioned and otherwise — and the glances directed by the public at us mothers of large families when

we're out with our children. Some people frankly stare.

I am the mother of seven children; the oldest is nine, and from there they go down to the youngest, a baby girl of six months.

On trips down town shopping and to church with the children I am often embarrassed by the stares.

Strangely, the worst offenders are middle-aged and elderly women who have supposedly reared families of their own.

I have often overheard such comments as "Good heavens, what a family!" Or "She must have her hands full!"

I have been sometimes tempted to reply, "Yes, what a family, and aren't they beautiful?"

I often receive compliments on my children's behaviour and their neat, well-cared-for appearance. These leave me with the impression (perhaps a wrong one) that because they are so many they should be real little hellions with dirty faces and torn clothes, looking as if they could do with a good solid meal.

After such people have dealt with the children, the next remark usually is, "You are such a small thing, too. How do you manage without help?"

I am small, but what is so remarkable about a small woman having children?

Next time you see the mother of several children, admire or scoff, as you like, but do it quietly and privately, and let her get on with the job of bringing them up.

For myself, I confess that we are kept poor feeding and clothing our brood, and there are times when I am ready to drop in my tracks with tiredness. But who cares, when there is so much happiness to be had from the little "monsters."

"Mother of Seven," Old.

WHY do friends and neighbors assume that if a mother has five or more children these babies are "mistakes"?

Apparently it is all right to have two or three children, but if you have more you are regarded as a fool or some kind of crank.

If it is the parents' right to choose to have a small family, surely they have the same right to choose to have a large one.

I'm tired of being told: "You have enough children," "Don't have any more," etc.

I have five children under seven years of age and have wanted and planned every single one of them. If I won the lottery tomorrow, I'd have another two at least.

I am not alone in this outlook. If you were to ask any of the mothers of large families, 99 per cent of them would give you the same answer.

Our critics assume that we are "more placid," "better managers," "more organised," and so on. We are always "different."

We are no different from the mothers of small families.

We scream and yell at our kids occasionally. We get tired, too. We are not fanatics who can't bear to pass other babies without wanting to cuddle them. We love our own, but are not "child mad."

Perhaps we have a better understanding of children. After you have had a few, you realise that often with the first two or three you have expected too much of them too soon, and consequently life is easier for the babies that come after that.

Next time you see a mother of several children who is obviously going to have another baby, don't say, "What, another!" Instead, tell her, "You're doing a good job."

Believe me, you'll never know how much that can help.

"No Mistake," Vic.

HERE'S HOW TO GIVE HIM

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matchless shaving

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ARE SOLD

Gillette — for a real man's shave

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● This is the time of year when you begin to think about summer clothes, when everything in your wardrobe looks to you like something no self-respecting cat would bring home, and when you go on wearing clothes that are too warm because anything that's cool enough has a hem that needs altering.

YOU want some help in planning what you'll buy to wear this coming summer? Allow me.

Voiles will rank as first favorites for making smart costumes. Next to these will come figured muslins and black grenadines, the latter made up over either white or a vivid color, being more effective and more durable in wear than delicately tinted fabrics.

So far as trimmings are concerned there is nothing absolutely new to report. In fact, it is a case of tucks and lace, lace and tucks on the dressy frock, and a case of boleros and wide bands for the costume of the simpler sort.

If you think it sounds a wee bit on the old-fashioned side, mark yourself ten out of ten for fashion sense. It comes from the summer fashion predictions of "The Australian Home Journal" for October, 1900.

It was sent to me by a reader from Willoughby, N.S.W., and it's illustrated by a model with an 18-inch waist, wearing a spotted voile blouse with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, a huge sailor collar with a voile bow, and some sort of frunt or under-blouse with a boned choker collar that props her chin in the air at a haughty angle.

The pattern for the blouse was available at 7d post free.

"How often," the fashion editor wrote, "has the death of the blouse been prognosticated? Really, I should be afraid to count how many years ago they came in. Long may they reign; for never was bodice contrived with such ideas of convenience."

Hear, hear! But I think we've made a few convenient improvements on it in the past 65 years.

It always astonishes me that Australian women could not only get through the summer wearing those four-inch boned lace collars but could even play tennis in them, teamed with an ankle-length cream serge skirt.

Some of the materials for summer 1900 seem to have disappeared from the draper's shelves.

Silks with shaded bouquets on a bright ground, silks with a delightfully ancient look about them (they sound surprisingly like some of the things in my wardrobe, but I guess the fashion editor had a different sort of ancientness in mind), muslins with a silk stripe, silks with a lace stripe, foulards, tussores, and grenadine.

Just think how madly up to date the readers who took this advice must have felt.

There must be a special atmosphere about the beginning of a new century — the New Year feeling magnified a thousand times (well, a hundred, anyway), so that up-to-date people must feel that nobody has ever been quite so up to date as they are.

If I live to see the turn of the next century (and I hope I do) I suppose I'll be tottering around mumbling to myself about the awful clothes my grandchildren are wearing, and mourning the days when decent women dressed decently to do their housework in skivvies and stretch slacks.

I particularly like the introduction to this fashion article, which says:

"One and all of the feminine gender have good reason this season to pray for fine weather, since should the fates be unpropitious, half the lovely things which have given us so much joy to purchase will see daylight so few times as to turn our purchases into extravagance—a vice no woman cares to be guilty of, or, at all events, accused of."

I like her sentiments and her style—she didn't go in for any of this nonsense of not ending a sentence with a preposition when a preposition was the only sensible thing to end it with.

Alfred Dampier —

Knight of the Southern Cross

ON the reverse side of the sheet is a list of theatres the smart reader could go to in her black-over-bright-green grenadine.

Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, had the Royal Comic Opera Company in "The Rose of Persia"; Miss Nance O'Neil was playing in the romance "Ingomar"; Mr. Arthur Crane was playing at the Tiv, together with Madame Cordelia, Little Baby Parkes, and Ferry, the human frog; the Palace Theatre had a show called "What Happened to Jones"; "New Babylon" was on at the Royal.

The Criterion had Lily Dampier as Lady Macbeth on its Shakespearean Fridays, while the rest of the week it

had Alfred Dampier in a nameless play portraying the horrors of drink. The dramatic critic had this to say about his performance:

"Admirers of Alfred will readily understand that that actor is fully capable of rising to concert pitch in both realistic and declamatory scenes. The play has been decidedly successful, and public opinion runs to the belief that our great Australian actor will shortly retire from the stage and purchase a mansion near Potts Point.

"As a retired millionaire he should be well qualified

for one of the first knighthoods of the Order of the Southern Cross which Lord Hopetoun is said to be bringing out in his portmanteau."

How's that for a dramatic critic joggling the G-G's elbow even before he was sworn in? This was Federation year, of course, and Australia's first Governor-General was on his way to take office.

I wonder what happened to the Knights of the Order of the Southern Cross idea, or was the critic just flying a hopeful kite for a friend he admired?

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BUDGET DINNERS . . .

● Weekly meal-planning for a family can be a problem — it is difficult to think of new, good-to-eat meals that will fit into the family budget. Here are seven menus that solve the problem, by providing high-quality, satisfying meals for four to six people.



**Seafood Gumbo
Savory Cheese Bread
Orange Sugar Sundaes**

RICH, satisfying Seafood Gumbo is the main dish. The Orange Sugar Sundaes can be made well in advance of serving time.

SEAFOOD GUMBO

One large onion (chopped), 1 green pepper (chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 2 rashers bacon (rind removed and chopped), 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 1lb. cooking tomatoes (chopped), 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 chicken bouillon cubes, 6 cups water, 1lb. smoked haddock, extra water, juice 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 cups cooked rice.

Saute onion, pepper, garlic, and bacon in heated fat or oil 5 minutes. Add chopped tomatoes, salt, sugar, pepper, bouillon cubes, and water. Cover, simmer gently 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Meanwhile, cover smoked haddock with cold water and bring slowly to the boil, pour off water, cover with fresh water; bring to the boil again, then simmer gently until tender (about 8 minutes). Drain off water, remove any skin and bones, break into large flakes. When tomato-mixture has cooked for the given time, add fish, lemon juice, butter. Reheat, taste, and, if necessary, add more seasoning. Fill into large soup plates, top each serving with a good spoonful or two of hot cooked rice.

Serve with buttered crusty bread or Savory Cheese Bread.

SAVORY CHEESE BREAD

Four ½-in.-thick slices day-old bread (or older bread can be used), 3oz. melted butter or substitute, ¼ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 1 tablespoon poppy seeds.

Cut crusts from bread, cut each slice into 3 strips. Brush lightly with melted butter, toss in mixture of grated cheese, chives, and poppy seeds. Place on lightly greased oven slide, bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes or until lightly browned and crisp. Serve warm or cold.

ORANGE SUGAR SUNDAES

Two-thirds cup sweetened condensed milk, ½ cup orange juice, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chilled evaporated milk.

Blend milk, orange juice and rind, and vanilla thoroughly, pour into freezing tray, and freeze until ice crystals form round sides of pan. Whip chilled evaporated milk until doubled in bulk and fold into orange mixture. Freeze until half frozen. Then once again take from tray, beat until thick and smooth. Return to trays, freeze until firm. At serving time, spoon into glasses, top with the following:

Golden Sugar Sauce: One and a half cups sugar, 1 cup boiling water.

Heat sugar in heavy frying pan or saucepan, stirring often with wooden spoon, just until melted into a gold-colored syrup. Remove from heat, slowly stir in boiling water. Be careful, because mixture will spatter. Return to heat, cook, stirring constantly, until sugar dissolves; cool. Sauce will be thin but will thicken as it cools.

...a week's economy menus



SUNDAY

UNUSUAL AND DELICIOUS rabbit dish forms the main course. Serve it with hot Creole Rice, and follow it with Marshmallow Ambrosia.

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

Crusted Rabbit
Piquant Fruit Sauce, Creole Rice
Green Salad
Marshmallow Ambrosia

CRUSTED RABBIT

One large rabbit, 1 onion (quartered), 2 pieces celery, 1 bayleaf, few peppercorns, salt, pepper, water, 1 cup flour, 1 egg (beaten with a little water), 1 cup dry breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, 1oz. butter.

Cut rabbit into sections, place in saucepan with onion, bayleaf, celery, peppercorns, salt; cover with water. Cover, simmer very gently about 40 minutes; cool. Combine flour, salt, pepper in paper bag, shake drained rabbit pieces in this mixture. Dip in beaten egg, then roll in breadcrumbs. Heat butter and oil in saucepan, add rabbit pieces, fry until golden brown. Drain well, arrange on serving dish. Serve with the following sauce:

Piquant Fruit Sauce: Two tablespoons brown sugar, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 small can pineapple pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Combine brown sugar, cornflour, and salt in saucepan. Stir in pineapple and syrup, fruit juices, and water. Place over heat, stir until sauce boils and thickens. Simmer 3 minutes.

CREOLE RICE

Three tablespoons oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ red pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper (chopped), 2 sticks celery (chopped), 3 cups cooked rice, salt, pepper.

Heat oil in pan, add chopped vegetables. Cook gently until softened but not brown, stir into cooked rice. Add seasoning. Stir over heat until thoroughly reheated. Serve.

MARSHMALLOW AMBROSIA

Half pound bought or home-made marshmallows, 2 oranges, 2 red apples, juice 1 lemon, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup shredded coconut, whipped cream.

Chop marshmallows, place in bowl, add peeled and sliced oranges, chopped apples (leave skin on and dip pieces in lemon juice to prevent discoloration), raisins, and coconut. Mix all lightly together, fill into sweets dishes. Top with a little whipped cream at serving time.

Marshmallows: Two ounces gelatine, 2lb. sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water, 1 cup cold water, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Add sugar to boiling water, bring back to boiling point. Stir in soaked gelatine, boil steadily 20 minutes. Cool to lukewarm, flavor with vanilla and lemon juice. Beat until very thick and white. Pour into wetted tin, chill until set. Cut into squares.

Continued overleaf



Vital accessories for dangerous men

Just off the secret list: a whole new range to groom a man for adventurous living. Tangy, refreshing after-shave; discreetly masculine talc; handsome, man-sized shaving bowl and, for the first time ever, push-button hair grooming ideal for those tough holding operations. All splendidly, unmistakably male, unobtrusively efficient. See Royal Guard at your nearest chemist or department store today, now!



ROYAL GUARD

FINE NEW PRODUCTS FROM Cussons



**IRISH LAMB STEW,
Lemon Meringue Pie.**

MONDAY

*Irish Lamb Stew
Spinach, Crumbed Marrow
Rings
Lemon Meringue Pie*

PACKAGED soup adds flavor quickly to the Irish Lamb Stew to make a hearty dish.

IRISH LAMB STEW

Six large lamb stewing chops, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 2 carrots (sliced), 3 potatoes (peeled and sliced $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick), 2

BUDGET DINNERS continued

onions (sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ packet soup powder (vegetable, mushroom, or onion are excellent), 2 cups water, salt, pepper.

Trim chops, coat with seasoned flour. Heat oil or fat in saucepan, brown chops well in it, then transfer to casserole. Add sliced carrots and potatoes. Saute sliced onions in remainder of fat in saucepan, sprinkle in soup powder, then add water. Stir over heat until mixture boils, season to taste, pour over meat and vegetables. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 1 hour or until chops are tender. Serve piping-hot.

CRUMBED MARROW RINGS

One marrow or 3 zucchini, 1 cup breadcrumbs, butter, salt, pepper. Slice marrow, remove seeds, season with salt and pepper, and sprinkle with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Place on greased oven slide, bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes or until tender.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Eight ounces sweet biscuit or shortcrust pastry, 1 egg, grated rind and juice 2 lemons, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 1oz. butter, extra 2 tablespoons sugar.

Line 8 in. pie plate with pastry, pinch frill, and prick base. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. In

saucepan, place lemon juice and rind, beaten egg-yolk, sugar and cornflour blended with the water. Stir over heat until thickened, add butter, pour into cooled pastry case, allow to become firm. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually beat in extra sugar, beat until of meringue consistency. Pile in centre of pie, place under hot grill for a few seconds to brown. Chill before serving.

Sweet Shortcrust Pastry: Eight ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, 4 tablespoons water, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Dissolve sugar in the water, add lemon juice; add to dry ingredients, mix to dry dough. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead very lightly, roll to size and shape required.

TUESDAY

*Spaghetti Bolognese
Apricot Lemon Dessert*



**SPAGHETTI BOLOGNAISE,
Apricot Lemon Dessert.**

SPAGHETTI with a versatile meat sauce is the hearty main dish on this menu. The delicious Apricot Lemon Dessert makes its own sauce, can be served hot or cold.

SPAGHETTI BOLOGNAISE

One pound minced steak, 3 cloves, 1 large onion, 1 stick celery, 1 bay-leaf, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 clove garlic (crushed), salt, pepper, oil for frying, 1lb. spaghetti, beef stock, tasty cheese, parsley.

Heat oil in saucepan, add finely chopped onion and celery, cook until golden. Add minced steak, cook until meat is well browned. Add bayleaf, cloves, and garlic. Season to taste with salt and pepper; mix in tomato puree. Cover, simmer 30 minutes, adding a little beef stock if mixture becomes too dry. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, place in hot serving dish. Spoon sauce over (remove cloves), sprinkle with tasty cheese. Garnish with parsley.

Note: This savory meat sauce is also a good accompaniment to hot fluffy rice; mix some finely chopped parsley through the rice for added color.

For a luncheon or supper dish, spoon the meat sauce over thick slices of hot, buttered toast.

APRICOT LEMON DESSERT

Three eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup apricot puree, 1 tablespoon flour, grated rind and juice of 1 large lemon, pinch salt, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar.

Separate eggs, beat yolks with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar until light, beat in apricot puree, flour, rind and juice of lemon, and salt. Beat egg-whites with the extra sugar; fold into apricot mixture. Turn into deep 8 in. ovenproof dish, set in pan of hot water, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes or until pudding is brown. Spoon into serving dish with the sauce ladled over; if desired, top with whipped sweetened cream and chopped nuts.

CHOCOLATE RECIPE IDEA FROM CADBURY'S



BAKED ALASKA-Chocolate Style

INGREDIENTS: SPONGE—2 ozs. shortening, 2 ozs. castor sugar, 1 egg, 4 ozs. S.R. flour, 1 oz. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, warm water to mix. **MERINGUE**—3 egg whites, 6 ozs. castor sugar, canned or fresh fruit, family brick of ice cream.

METHOD: SPONGE—Cream the shortening and sugar until fluffy, add the egg and beat well, then fold in the sifted flour and cocoa and sufficient warm water to make a dropping consistency. Place in an oblong tin, approximately 8" x 4", which has been greased and lined on the bottom with paper. Bake in a moderate oven 350° or Regulo 5 Gas, 400° Electric for approximately 25 minutes. Allow

to cool and when cold trim to the size of the ice cream brick. **MERINGUE**—Beat the egg whites with a pinch of salt until the mixture stands in peaks. Gradually add the sugar, beating until dissolved. **TO SERVE:** Place sponge on an ovenproof dish. Arrange the fruit on the sponge. Place the ice cream brick on top of the fruit then completely cover with meringue. Place in a hot oven 450° or Regulo 8 Gas, 500° Electric for approximately 3 minutes or until golden brown. Top with remaining fruit and serve immediately.



Surprise your family with this "dinner-out" dessert. It's not at all difficult to prepare. To give it chocolaty flavour and deep-down colour, use Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa. Ground to powdery fineness from carefully roasted beans, Bournville Cocoa has a strength and richness that's perfect for any chocolate recipe.

PUT THAT 'PERSONAL TOUCH' INTO ALL YOUR COOKING WITH

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA



66/PC/5

... Wednesday and Thursday

IN this menu, a family-style Cornish Pasty is served with green peas and a spicy mustard sauce. Apple-Sago Parfait is the creamy dessert.

FAMILY-STYLE CORNISH PASTY

One pound round steak, oil for frying, 1 onion, 1 carrot and 2 potatoes (peeled, cooked, and diced), 1 egg (slightly beaten), $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3 cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup milk, mustard sauce, cooked peas.

Finely chop the steak and onion. Heat oil in frying pan, add meat and onion, cook until meat is well browned; cool. Mix cooked potato and carrot, egg, pepper, parsley with the meat and onion mixture. Sift flour and salt into another basin, cut in butter or substitute until mixture is crumbly. Blend in the $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk with fork until just moist. Turn dough on to lightly floured board, knead gently, roll out to rectangle about 12in. by 10in. Spoon meat mixture into centre of pastry, brush edges with little extra milk, fold pastry over to form large turnover; pinch edges in attractive design and brush with milk. Place on greased oven slide. Cut several slits in top of pastry to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes or until pastry is golden; reduce heat and



CONTINENTAL BEEF and Apple Dumplings.

THURSDAY

Spiced Tomato Juice
Continental Beef
Apple Dumplings

TOMATO juice is followed by beef, cooked in the Continental style. A substantial dessert of apples in a lemon-glazed pastry is the perfect ending to the meal.

SPICED TOMATO JUICE

One large can tomato juice, 2 celery tops, 2 beef bouillon cubes, 2 cups water, 1 small bayleaf, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sugar, pinch pepper. 1-3rd cup chopped parsley, juice 1 lemon, lemon slices to garnish.

In small saucepan, combine 1 cup of the tomato juice with celery tops, bouillon cubes, bayleaf, salt, celery salt, sugar, and pepper. Heat to boiling, then simmer 5 minutes to blend flavors. Strain into large jug, add parsley, water, lemon juice, and remaining tomato juice; chill. Just before serving, pour into glasses; garnish with lemon slices.

CONTINENTAL BEEF

One and a half pounds minced beef, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, pinch ground cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup wine vinegar, 1 carrot (sliced), 1 large onion (sliced), 1 stalk celery (sliced), 1 bayleaf, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup wine vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 2 tablespoons brown sugar.

Continued overleaf

Level spoon measures and the eight - liquid - ounce cup measure are used in all our recipes.

APPLE-SAGO PARFAIT

Two tablespoons sago, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, piece lemon rind, 1 egg (separated), 4 cooking apples, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, water, nutmeg.

Place sago, milk, sugar, and lemon rind in saucepan. Bring to the boil and simmer, stirring occasionally until mixture is thickened and sago cooked. Remove lemon rind. Stir in beaten egg-yolk. Allow to cool, whip egg-white until stiff, then fold into sago mixture.

Meanwhile peel, core, and slice apples, place in saucepan with a little water, add the sugar, and cook until apples are just tender. Drain,

spoon layers of sago mixture and stewed apple in parfait glasses, finishing with layer of stewed apple. Sprinkle with nutmeg, serve.

Note: Other fruit can be substituted for the apple — bananas, sliced and dipped into lemon juice to keep their bright color, are good.

A small can of sliced peaches, apricots, pineapple, or cherries can also be used.

WEDNESDAY

Family-style Cornish Pasty
Green Peas
Apple-Sago Parfait



CORNISH PASTY and Apple-Sago Parfait.



Oh! Those Master Foods people!
They really live up to their name!

Mustard how you love it!
Four blends — from eye-watering to mouth-watering!

Why four blends? People have preferences in mustards, as in anything else. Some like it hot. Some like it mild. Some like it somewhere in between. So Master Foods make four different blends that match four different national attitudes to mustard. It's become a minor NATO!

There's the smiling blandness of the American: the quiet (but slightly spicier) German: the vivacious French, with its hint of herbs and wine: and the strength of character of the 'tried-and-true' English.

Spread American, German or French lavishly on any meat dish, in salads — in fact, you should use them just like tomato sauce!

But be careful of our English mustard. There's a fiery side to its nature that lasts to the last serve.

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FISH FILLETS and salad,
and a Wine Trifle.

FRIDAY

Buttered Chive Fish
Tossed Salad, Fluffy Rice
Wine Trifle

DELICIOUSLY savory fish fillets are baked in a chive-flavored buttery sauce and served on a bed of fluffy hot rice. A simple green salad is the right accompaniment. Wine trifle, with a good, old-

BUDGET DINNERS ... concluded

fashioned flavor has been chosen for dessert.

BUTTERED CHIVE FISH

One and a half pounds fish fillets (fresh or quick-frozen), 4oz. butter, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon snipped parsley, 1 tablespoon snipped chives, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Brush fish fillets with half the butter (melted), sprinkle with lemon juice. Arrange in greased ovenproof dish, cover, bake in moderate oven about 15 to 20 minutes or until tender. Combine remainder of butter with parsley, chives, and salt, heat slightly. Serve fish fillets on platter with warm

Fish for Friday's menu

savory butter poured over. Decorate dish with lemon wedges. Serve with tossed salad and fluffy boiled rice.

WINE TRIFLE

One swiss roll (or use any stale cake you have on hand), 2 tablespoons jam (if using cake), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sweet sherry, 2 sliced bananas, juice 1 lemon, 1 packet lime or strawberry jelly crystals, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water, 1 egg (separated), 2 tablespoons custard powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 pint milk, piece lemon rind, whipped cream and extra banana or glace cherries to decorate, chopped nuts.

Cut swiss roll into slices, arrange over base of lightly oiled shallow

tin. If using stale cake, cut into slices and spread with a little jam, then arrange in tin. Sprinkle over sweet sherry, top with sliced bananas, which have been dipped in the lemon juice. Make up jelly with boiling water, allow to cool until beginning to thicken. Pour over cake, place in refrigerator, and chill until firm. Meanwhile, prepare custard: Blend egg-yolk with custard powder, sugar, and a little of the milk. Heat remainder of milk with lemon rind until nearly boiling, blend in egg-yolk mixture, stir over heat until mixture thickens; simmer 1 minute. Remove lemon rind, allow mixture to cool a few minutes. Beat egg-white until stiff, gently fold into custard. When cool, pour over the jelly, return to refrigerator to chill. At serving time, cut trifle into squares, top each serving with dollop of cream, a banana slice or glace cherry half; sprinkle with chopped nuts.

THURSDAY MENU

... concluded.

Continental Beef ... continued from previous page.

Season beef with salt, pepper, cloves, and vinegar; mix well, shape into round loaf. Place in large frying pan, add sliced carrot, onion, celery, and bayleaf. Combine water with extra vinegar, add brown sugar. Pour over meat and vegetables. Cover, simmer gently about 1 hour, basting often. Remove meat to heated platter; keep hot. Remove bayleaf from gravy, pour over meat, and serve.

APPLE DUMPLINGS

One packet pastry mix, milk or water to mix, 1 or 2 tablespoons sugar, 6 medium-sized tart apples (peeled and cored), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 2oz. butter.

Mix pastry as directed on packet with water or milk, adding sugar to flavor. Roll out thinly on floured board and divide into 6 squares depending on size of apples. Mix sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg, place in centre of each apple. Place 1 apple on each pastry square, dot with butter, fold pastry up and round apples, moisten edges, then pinch a seal. Place dumplings (not touching) in buttered baking pan. Bake in very hot oven 10 minutes, remove from oven, reduce oven temperature to moderate. Brush apples generously with lemon sugar glaze. Return to oven, continue baking until apples are tender (about 40 minutes), brushing often with syrup. Top with whipped cream or custard.

Lemon Sugar Glaze: One cup sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 tablespoon butter, juice and rind 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Combine in saucepan the sugar, golden syrup, and water; heat to boiling, then simmer gently, stirring occasionally, 5 minutes or until slightly thickened. Stir in butter, lemon juice and rind, and vanilla.

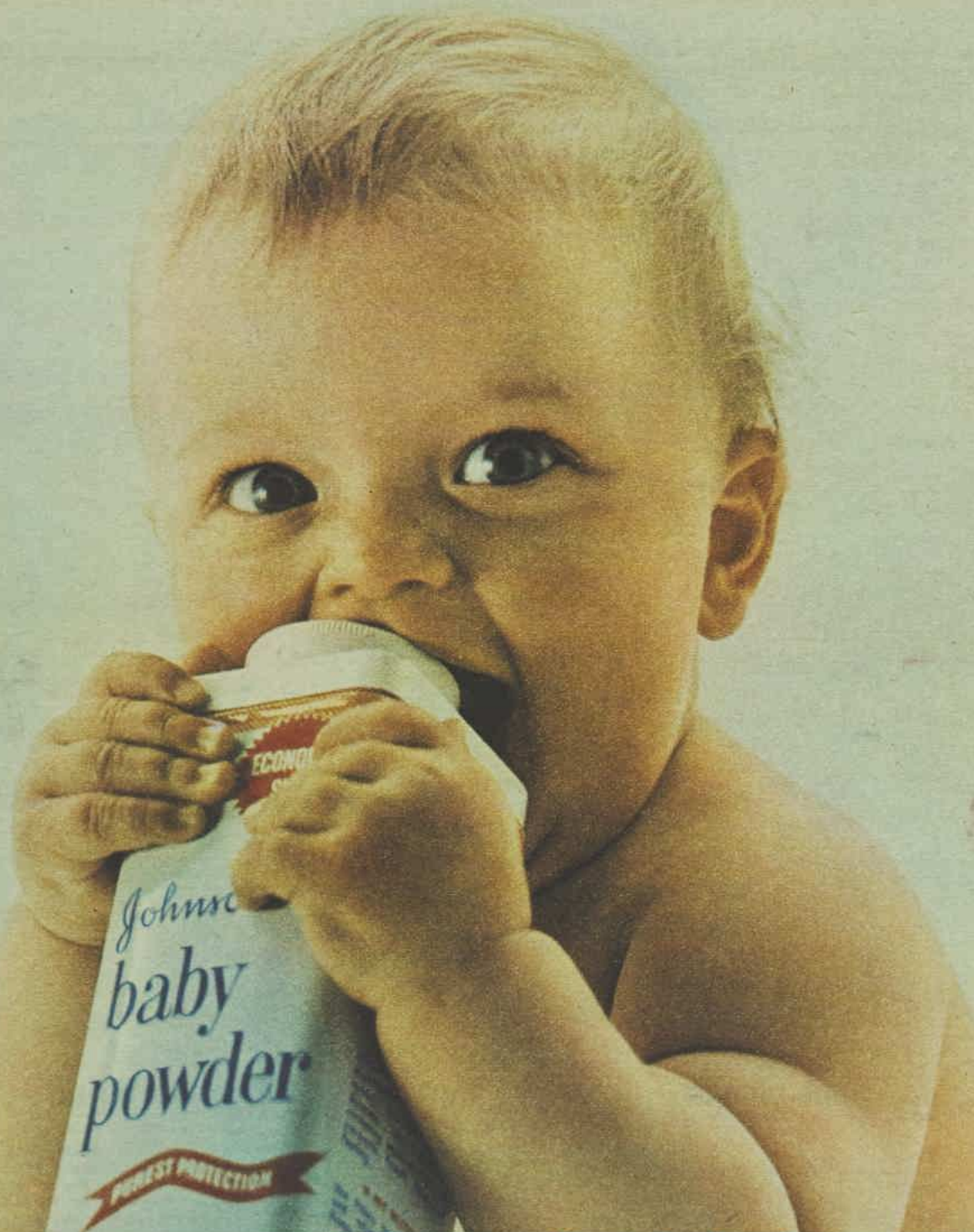
Cake for lunch

WHILE the oven is alight for the dumplings in Thursday's menu, mix up an economical bar cake for afternoon tea or to pack in cut lunches the next day.

SULTANA BAR CAKE

Two cups plain flour, pinch salt, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2-3rds. cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas.

Sift together flour, salt, and baking powder. Cream butter and sugar until light, add egg and vanilla. Fold in sifted dry ingredients and sultanas alternately with the milk. Turn into greased loaf tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.



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Johnson-Johnson Best for baby, best for you.

PAVLOVA WINS PRIZE

● A recipe for a big-sized pavlova wins first prize of £5 this week. It's so easy to make—all the ingredients are put into a bowl together and beaten. It's a lovely dessert.

CONSOLATION prizes are awarded for pizza pastry, savory spinach, and coconut biscuits.

ECONOMICAL PAVLOVA

Two egg-whites, 1½ cups castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon cornflour, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 4 tablespoons boiling water.

Place all ingredients in basin, beat until mixture is of meringue consistency. Spread on lightly greased heatproof plate. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes, then reduce heat to slow and bake further 30 minutes. Allow to cool in oven. Fill with strawberries or other fruit, top with whipped cream or ice-cream.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Littlejohn, 23 Granville Street, Launceston, Tas.

PIZZA PASTRY

Two cups plain flour, 1 tablespoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2-3rds cup milk, 1-3rd cup salad oil.

Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt into basin. Add the milk and oil all at once to the flour mixture, stir with fork until the mixture forms a ball. Knead about ten times without flour. Roll out between sheets of waxed paper. Line pizza plate, fill with your favorite pizza filling. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Watson, Cherry Tree Farm, Kangaroo Ground, Vic.

SAVORY SPINACH

Two cups chopped cooked spinach, 3 eggs, 2-3rds cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, ¼lb. cheese, salt, pepper.

Beat egg-yolks, mix with the milk,

melted butter, grated cheese, and seasonings. Stir over hot water until slightly thickened. Fold half this mixture into spinach. Then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenproof dish, stand in a dish of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes or until set. Serve at once with remainder of cheese sauce.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Smith, 6 Picton Crescent, Bunbury, W.A.

COCONUT HAYSTACKS

Six tablespoons coconut, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg.

Mix all ingredients together in basin. Press mixture into wetted eggcup, then turn out on to greased oven slide. Continue in this manner until all mixture is used. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Loosen with spatula, let cool on tray.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Wilkinson, "Cornforth," 10 Hertford St., Berkeley, N.S.W.

EASY-TO-MAKE PAVLOVA with strawberries and cream.



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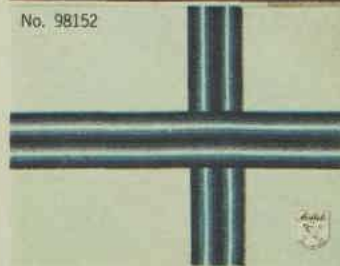
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HOME HINTS

● Readers win a prize of £1/1/- for each of these useful cookery hints.

A REALLY tasty way to cook corned beef is to put into the water while it is cooking one whole lemon, several cloves, and one tablespoon honey. Cook in usual way. — Miss D. Buckberry, 59 Lodge Rd., Kalinga N.16, Qld.

Use hot milk instead of cold when mashing potatoes and add a little baking powder (about a teaspoon to a large pot); beat well. The potatoes will be fluffy and will go further. — Miss G. Tomlinson, Blue Springs, Mullaley, N.S.W.

Add one tablespoon of treacle when making a curry. It greatly improves the flavor and gives a piquant taste. — Mrs. M. Griffith, 107 Clarinda St., Patches, N.S.W.

Foil ice-cream containers make excellent covers for steamed puddings, etc. They will mould to the shape of the basin and can be used many times. — Mrs. B. Hall, 6A Craigrossie Ave., Coburg N.13, Vic.

If baby will not take cooked vegetables readily, mash half a banana into them and you will have no further trouble in getting him to eat. — Miss B. A. Smith, 102 Faithfull St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Add a pinch of bicarbonate of soda when mixing a packaged cake mix for a real "home-made" taste. For a nice topping, sprinkle over with flaked coconut. — Mrs. B. P. Bulbrook, c/o P.O., Garradunga, via Innisfail, Qld.

Luscious Living with



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 1, 1966

Kelvinator Foodarama



First and only refrigerators with "No Frost"

Now Kelvinator introduces the most revolutionary advance in refrigeration — "NO FROST". Only Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama has it. No defrosting to do — ever — not even in the deep freeze section. "NO FROST" automatically locks frost out, giving faster freezing.

Foods you freeze yourself taste really delicious. And, there's no frost in the deep freeze section to make packages stick together; package labels are easy to read. Frost never builds up — thanks to an exclusive fan that circulates dry sub-zero air in the deep freeze. Only Kelvinator

2-door Foodarama has this big and important difference. The family-size separate refrigerator section, that defrosts automatically, is fabulous, too. It takes precise, perfect care of everything from dairy produce to fruit and vegetables. It's luscious living — with Kelvinator.

Illustrated: Kelvinator Foodarama — Model 993 — with "NO FROST" in the deep freeze and automatic defrost in the refrigerator section, 15 cu. ft. net capacity including 5 cu. ft. deep freezer. See the big range of 2-door and single door models at your Kelvinator retailer — and ask about the trade-ins that are higher than ever.

KL962R

THE LADEN SHIP

"Very — if you are thinking to separate them, you are wasting your time."

"On the contrary," Doone assured him. "Her sisterly devotion would suit me very well."

Captain Garth's interest was alerted. "What have you in mind, Troy? Do you think you might know of some family where they might be placed?"

Doone did not immediately reply. He had a momentary vision of a white house set back in sprawling grounds, and Vanessa's face as she had stared at it while he held her by the shoulders, forcing her to acknowledge that her need for that inanimate structure was greater than her need for him. Perhaps, thought Doone, here was the first

part of his answer . . . a girl in desperate enough circumstances to accept a proposition put to her by a stranger . . . she might be the instrument for his revenge . . .

Doone looked at Captain Garth. "I might be able to help you . . ." he hesitated. "When would it be possible for me to see Miss Stanton?"

"Immediately, if you would care to. She and her brother have remained confined to their cabin since we came into port. You would be doing me a great service, Troy, if you could find a way to relieve me of this responsibility."

"Don't thank me yet," Doone cautioned him. "I have still to persuade Miss Stanton to accept the situation I have in mind."

"I'll send her to you, at once," Captain Garth said.

A small sound behind him told Doone that Miss Stanton had arrived. He was relieved to see that the captain had not returned with her. Small, and rather thin, Miss Stanton was dressed in mourning. The paleness of her face was accentuated by the black cambric of her gown; not the tiniest ornament relieved its austerity. Her grey eyes were calm and steady, the dark smudges beneath them proclaiming her recent illness and sorrow. When she spoke, her voice was low and pleasant.

"I am Rebecca Stanton. Am I right in thinking I address Mr. Doone?"

Troy gave a bow. "You are."

He drew up a chair for her, while he remained standing, the resolve that had begun to form in his mind taking firm hold.

"Captain Garth was waylaid on our way here, by an urgent matter . . ." she began.

"I am glad he is not with you," said Doone. "What I have to say concerns only yourself."

Rebecca Stanton looked down at her hands, folded and still in her lap. "It is very good of you to offer to help us, Mr. Doone. Captain Garth has told me that you are an old and valued friend of his, and that you might be able to put me in the way of finding a position where I could keep my brother with me."

"The captain and I have been friends a long time," Doone conceded, "but whether or not I can help you, Miss Stanton, depends on how great your need is."

"I do assure you, sir, our need is fairly desperate . . ." she hesitated. "I think the captain may have told you that I have recently lost my father."

Doone nodded. "He did—and I should like to extend my sympathies to you in your bereavement."

"Thank you," answered Miss Stanton softly. "The fact is we have no friends here, and as all my father's savings went in procuring our passages to Australia it is impossible for us to return home."

"Have you no relatives that might send you the fare?" Doone asked her.

Miss Stanton shook her head. "None, I'm afraid. My father's only brother died some years ago, and there is no one on my mother's side. But I am not afraid of work," she assured him with some spirit. "I have had a fair education, and I am a tolerable seamstress. If someone like yourself could recommend me to a position in a household I feel sure I could give satisfactory service."

"Do you know anything about this country, Miss Stanton?"

"Only that it is rather wild and untamed."

IN spite of himself Doone smiled. "You may rid yourself of the idea that you are going to be attacked by blacks the moment you set foot off the ship — it is not quite as bad as that, but I had better tell you now that the type of employment you have visioned for yourself would be very hard to come by." He saw her face fall in dismay. "Servants are a penny a dozen — even those like yourself, who can offer a little more than mere labor."

"Then you are trying to tell me that, after all, you cannot help me." He caught the note of despair in her voice.

"I did not say that, Miss Stanton — I am pointing out that it may not be in the way you had expected. Have you ever thought of marriage, Miss Stanton?" he asked suddenly.

She looked up at him, surprised. "Ah, I see what you are thinking, Mr. Doone. That there may be someone who, with a little encouragement, would make me his wife." She shook her head. "No, there is no one like that. Besides, even if such an unlikely situation were to arise, there is my brother to consider."

To page 53

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
By RUD

JUNIOR, YOU'RE GOING TO FART TOO MANY BIRTHDAY PARTIES LATELY,



YOU CAN'T GO TO ANY MORE FOR AWHILE! BUT MUMMY,



I DON'T HAVE TO COUNT MY CALORIES!!



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This is the only electric razor that carries this guarantee and lives up to it — because its the world's finest — and a Ronson product. The Ronson '400' whirrs whiskers away with the 2 thou inch razor head Exclusive to Ronson — the surgical steel head that's thinner than a cigarette paper — the precision head that gives men the world over a shave as close as a stainless steel blade — or their money back.



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The Ronson '400' is the electric razor that any man (whether he's home around five, interstate or international traveller) would be proud to possess. Look at these features . . .

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- Built in side burn, moustache and neck trimmer
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THE LADEN SHIP

"You are very fond of your brother, Miss Stanton."

"He's all the family I have left."

"And the captain tells me he has been ailing since he had the fever."

"His recovery has been slow. But I assure you he would be no trouble — I could care for him and still do any work you might suggest."

"But the fact remains, his welfare is of great importance to you?"

"Of great importance."

Doone paced across the cabin.

"Miss Stanton," he said, making an abrupt turn, "you tell me you are educated and a good seamstress. Can you also run a household with efficiency?"

There was sudden hope in her eyes.

"I have looked after my father's house since I was a girl of sixteen, Mr. Doone. I'm sure I could give satisfactory service in that direction."

"Then I see no reason why I should not come straight to the point. I have a house — not a large one, but comfortable. My house needs a mistress, and I a companion on whom I can depend. Would you do me the honor of filling that position?"

Rebecca Stanton half rose from her chair. "What . . . what exactly are you suggesting, Mr. Doone?"

"I am suggesting that you marry me," Doone told her dryly. "It would be a marriage of convenience that I trust would serve us both. I would ask nothing more of you than that you would run my home, and in return I would provide you with all that I am able, and give your brother every comfort. What do you say?"

"I don't know what to say," Rebecca replied in some confusion.

"I cannot understand your reason for making this offer to me. There must be many young women of your acquaintance who would be more than glad to share your life with you. I am a stranger of whom you know nothing."

"The fact that you are a stranger, Miss Stanton, is the very reason why I seek you in preference to another I might be more familiar with. I have done with sentiment!"

HE spoke so

vehemently that she came to the conclusion he must have suffered some deep personal wound in the past.

"I see," said Rebecca. "Mr. Doone, I believe you have made this offer to me in all sincerity. You will understand that it has surprised me greatly. I could not possibly give you an answer now. I would like some time to think it over."

"Of course," he said. "I did not expect you to answer me at once. In your present circumstances it would be advisable if you could come to a decision as quickly as possible. If I came down to the ship tomorrow, would you consider that too early?"

Rebecca knew that he spoke the truth. In another day the Lady McDee was scheduled to sail on to the port of Melbourne. She would therefore have to come to some arrangement, whatever it might be, before then.

She drew a deep breath. "I will be ready with your answer tomorrow, Mr. Doone."

"I shall wait in anticipation, then." He held out his hand to her, and tentatively, doubtfully, she placed her own within its grasp. "I hope our association may be a long and fortunate one."

Rebecca was suddenly conscious of his steady gaze upon her. She withdrew her hand from his. "Until tomorrow, Mr. Doone." Then without a backward glance she left the cabin.

"Will? Are you awake?" Rebecca called softly. She hesitated at the door of her brother's cabin.

There was a movement over by the bed and a voice came to her through the gloom. "Becky . . . is that you?"

"Yes, Will. I wondered if you were asleep. Here, let me light the lamp."

Rebecca went about her task swiftly. In the bunk against the wall the boy lay inertly, his wasted body a long, narrow line under the coverlet. He turned his head toward Rebecca. "It's very hot, isn't it?"

Rebecca went across to the bed.

She leant over and brushed a strand of hair back from Will's forehead. Her heart contracted painfully at the sight of him. What he needed was a cool room; the open spaces of a garden and fresh winds.

"How are you feeling?" she asked him.

"Better," answered Will. He gave her a wan smile. "Where have you been, Becky? I got very lonely waiting for you. I've been lying here for ages, and the dark came so suddenly, it crept all round me . . . this is a funny place . . ."

"I've been with the captain," Rebecca told him. "I had to ask his advice about something . . . something very important to both of us."

"Was it about leaving the ship? I wish we could leave soon, Becky."

"I'm very tired of the ship . . . I think I would get better much more quickly if we could go somewhere else."

Rebecca's resolution strengthened in her. "Will," she began, looking seriously at him, "I have something very important to tell you. A man named Mr. Doone, an old friend of Captain Garth's, has asked me to marry him. If I say 'yes,' then we shall go and live with him. I feel sure he would be kind to us, and in no time you would be well again."

"Well, of course, Becky . . . if you want to."

"Then it is decided, I shall tell Mr. Doone — yes." She picked up a discarded nightshift and folded it neatly. "You know, Will, I feel we are going to settle here very well."

There will be any amount of new things to discover about the colony and much to learn. Perhaps we should think of it all as a great adventure."

Now that the moment had come for her to utter the words that would change both her own fate and Will's, Rebecca felt strangely unprepared.

"Well, Miss Stanton," Doone said, breaking the silence between them. "Am I to be honored with your acceptance, or have you decided that life with me would not be to your taste?"

"I have decided to accept your offer, Mr. Doone," Rebecca answered quietly, "and as you make no claim upon my affections, I think that in other ways, I can be a dutiful wife to you."

To page 54

RIVETS



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on September 5th

New zesty
CEDAR WOOD
for the
NEW BREED

Doone bowed to her. She noted that this morning he appeared to have dressed with more care than on the former occasion. His coat was of fine dark cloth, with a modish cut that showed to advantage his broad shoulders. The folds of his cravat had been arranged with a conscious art, and there was a gold fob chain glittering at his waist.

"Before we seal the bargain, Miss Stanton," he said to her, "it is appropriate that you know something of my financial position."

"Please, I don't wish..." began Rebecca with some embarrassment.

But Doone stopped her. "No, I prefer that we should be frank with one another, and after I have spoken, if what I tell you has put any doubts in your mind, then you still have time to withdraw."

"Some months ago, another gentleman and myself invested in a ship apiece and their cargoes. We had hoped that by importing those goods

Continued from page 53

most necessary to the colony we would make our fortune. But I regret to say that my companion in this venture received the news — not ten days ago — that his ship had been lost in a storm. In the case of my own... he spread his hands in an explanatory gesture, "its fate is not known. It may well be that she has fared no better than her sister vessel — I might point out that there are many people who hold this opinion — on the other hand, as I hope, it may still make port at some future date."

Rebecca regarded him steadily. "Why do you tell me this, Mr. Doone? I have not asked for an inventory of your finances."

"You misunderstand me," Doone hastened to explain. "I tell you this because, if my laden ship comes home, then you shall have all that any woman could desire in

THE LADEN SHIP

this world—but if not, then, while I swear you will never want, you will be obliged to live in moderate circumstances."

"I see from your words, Mr. Doone, that you imagine a woman's happiness lies in the direction of wealth. I can only assume that you have had little opportunity to know my sex, to have formed such an opinion. The things of value are not so easily acquired that they can be bought."

Doone was regarding her speculatively. "I am beginning to suspect, Miss Stanton, that you are going to surprise me." He raised a quizzical eyebrow. "I take it, then, that you are prepared to rise or fall with me, according to my fortunes?"

"What else should I do if I am to be your wife?" Rebecca asked him.

"A good question," Doone murmured softly. He could see by her manner that he had offended her with his talk of money matters. Whatever her character might prove to be, Troy told himself, Miss Stanton had a sense of her own dignity and apparently was prepared to honor her word.

He quickly changed the subject. "Have you spoken of this matter between us to your brother, Miss Stanton? I should not like the boy to be distressed at being confronted with a new brother-in-law."

"You need not worry in that direction," she assured him, "I talked to my brother last night, and he seems quite happy to accept the situation. He is too young to understand any of its deeper implications. To him it offers a release from this ship and its sad associations."

"I think it is appropriate that I meet him as soon as possible. Would he be too unprepared if we went to him now?"

"No, certainly we could go to him now."

"Then what are we waiting for?" Doone said as he offered her his arm.

ON entering the cabin, they found Will waiting expectantly. Rebecca had warned him that it was quite possible she might bring Doone to meet him that morning. Rebecca introduced them, "Will, this is Mr. Doone — the gentleman I have spoken to you about."

Doone held out his hand, "I hope we are going to be firm friends, Will. Your sister has done me the honor of consenting to become my wife."

Will answered with a hesitant smile, "Yes, Becky told me."

Doone looked down on him. How thin the boy was. He noticed the bony wrist above the hand he clasped. "I think you are going to like this new country, once you have become used to its different ways."

Doone appeared to be turning something over in his mind. "This is no place for a sick boy to be languishing. I shall take him up to my house — he will be much more comfortable there." He picked up a rug that had been folded at the foot of the bed and spread it out. "Will you trust me to carry you, Will?"

The boy nodded. He allowed Doone to wrap the rug around him. Rebecca hovered in the background. "Do you think there is any risk of a chill, taking him from a sickbed out into the air?"

"In this climate? In mid-summer? The sun and fresh air will do him good, Miss

Stanton." Without another word he swept Will up into his arms.

"Can you have the boy's things, and your own, ready and packed by four o'clock this afternoon?" Doone asked Rebecca.

"Yes, I believe so," she was aware of a surge of relief that this man had appeared so willing to take on the responsibility of her brother, and, at the same time, surprised that events could be moving so quickly.

"Then I shall come for you at four. Don't fret, Miss Stanton, I have an excellent housekeeper who will take it as a personal favor to be able to care for this young gentleman until your arrival."

Rebecca heard his footsteps recede into the distance. She glanced about the empty cabin. She felt like a ship that has been suddenly launched into the sea, and whose course is set irrevocably by the currents of wind and tide toward an unknown shore.

The house was of Georgian design in dark brick. Rebecca looked at it curiously as Doone handed her down from the carriage. It was a great deal larger than she had expected—far more imposing, and, judging from its neighbors, it stood in a select suburb.

"Here we are, Miss Stanton," Doone was saying. "I hope you are going to find everything to your taste."

"Thank you, Mr. Doone," Rebecca murmured, stepping down beside him. He led her up the steps. The door had opened and Rebecca saw a middle-aged woman, dressed in a stiff black gown, iron-grey hair pulled severely back, her only ornament a cameo brooch at the base of her throat.

"This is my housekeeper, Mrs. Armstrong," Doone told her. "I'm sure you will find her as invaluable as I do."

The woman dropped Rebecca a small, dignified curtsy. "May I offer you my warmest welcome, Miss Stanton — and express the hope that you and Mr. Doone will be exceedingly happy in your future life."

"Thank you, Mrs. Armstrong," answered Rebecca.

Doone had turned to her. "I dare say you are anxious to see how your brother has been faring. Shall we go up to him straight away?"

Doone started across the entrance hall in which they had been standing. The house was shadowed and cool. He ushered Rebecca before him, hardly pausing to allow the housekeeper to answer his remark before launching into a commentary on the house.

"You will find the library over there, and next to it the dining-room; the drawing-room is in the front, and further along the hall is a morning-room..."

Rebecca found herself ascending a narrow staircase, Doone beside her, and Mrs. Armstrong rustling along behind. She scarcely took in what he was saying to her, and it was a relief to know that he expected little or no reply. An occasional murmured "Yes" appeared all that was necessary.

Doone stopped at the head of the stairs. "I had Will installed in the guest-room, which is next door to your own — but these are only temporary measures, you may wish to alter things to your own arrangement." He gestured toward a closed door on their right. "In there is your room, and here..." he led the way over to a second door, "is the young gentleman."

Rebecca followed close behind him. She noticed that

Mrs. Armstrong had respectfully withdrawn.

Will lay in a big four-poster bed. His eyes were closed in peaceful sleep. Rebecca moved around the bed and gently dropped a kiss on the boy's forehead. "He seldom slept like this on the boat — he was always tossing and restless."

She was speaking more to herself than to Doone, but he was watching her ministrations. "It must be pleasant to have someone care for you so much," he observed, and there was a note of bitterness in his voice.

"No doubt your mother or sister cared as much for you, Mr. Doone," Rebecca suggested.

"I had no sister, Miss Stanton, and my mother is dead. She died when I was but a boy like Will," he answered flatly.

"I am sorry."

"You have no need to be. I am quite self-sufficient." He changed the subject abruptly. "As Will seems to be sleeping so peacefully, perhaps you would care to see your own room?"

"Yes, thank you," Rebecca was aware of a coldness in his voice, a closed look on his face.

AT the threshold of the second bedroom Doone stopped. He did not attempt to come in, even to show it to her. It was as if he felt it necessary to observe a severe propriety.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, glancing over her shoulder. "I see that Joseph has already installed your luggage. When you have arranged your things, then the trunks can be stored in the top room. But there is plenty of time for that. Is there anything you would like, Miss Stanton?" he asked her.

"No, thank you," replied Rebecca, "you have already been most considerate of my comfort. I can imagine nothing more welcome than a brief rest."

"In that case I shall leave you to enjoy it. Remember, you have only to ring and Mrs. Armstrong will oblige you with anything you might need," he gave her a slight bow. "I shall look forward to seeing you at dinner then, Miss Stanton."

She closed the door after him, grateful to be alone at last; the day had been exhausting. Then she turned to survey her new environment.

Rebecca caught her breath. A lovely room. Rosewood furniture and primrose drapery. A blue carpet spreading toward the windows, through which she could see the sunlit garden.

Rebecca took off her bonnet and gloves and moved across to the window. A small sound caught her attention and she turned to find Mrs. Armstrong just emerging from a curtained archway that revealed a tiny rectangular dressing-room.

"Ah, Miss Stanton," the housekeeper greeted her, "I have just been laying out some towels and soap for you." As she went about unlocking the trunks she paused to remark, "If I might venture to say, Miss Stanton, I am very happy that you are soon to be mistress here. The house needs a woman's touch."

"Why, thank you, Mrs. Armstrong. I thought you might feel that my appearance here was rather too sudden and unexpected."

"Not at all, Miss Stanton. To begin a new life is the best thing possible for Mr. Doone. He has been solitary too long."

Though outwardly composed, Rebecca entered the

long dining-room full of inner misgivings. Mrs. Armstrong had informed her that Doone observed some formality at the evening meal. For this reason she had been obliged to wear a gown of dark green silk—she possessed so few dresses—and until her black could be renovated her mourning would have to be broken.

As Doone turned to greet her he was pleasantly surprised. The soft candlelight washed over her face and throat. Above the bodice of the green gown her skin glowed like warm ivory. Her dark hair gleamed with burnished copper lights. Her eyes, limpid and clear, were quite beautiful — long-lashed and heavy-lidded. It occurred to him that perhaps with care and dressing and regained health she might very possibly blossom into something that was quite lovely. And should this prove to be the case, how much more telling it would be to flaunt her before society — which to Doone meant no one less than the Lowrys.

"Miss Stanton," Doone said, collecting himself, "please forgive my seeming rudeness. You caught me in a moment when my thoughts were very far away." He went forward and conducted her across to the chair at the foot of the table. They regarded each other down the length of dazzling white cloth. At each end of the table two silver candelabra bloomed with their waxen tapers, spilling golden light over the table appointments.

Doone smiled. "When one lives alone, one becomes established in one's habits, I'm afraid. But there may be something you would fancy altered," he indicated the candelabra, "I always prefer to dine by candlelight—I hope you agree."

"It is very beautiful," said Rebecca, "it reminds me of the candles in the church."

"Yes, of course, your father was a minister—I keep forgetting. Is that why you bear the biblical name of Rebecca?"

"Not entirely—it was a name my mother favored for me."

"Rebecca, the Fair," Doone mused, "who went to a strange land to marry a man unknown to her... You seem to be following the path of your namesake, Miss Stanton."

"You seem to be forgetting that Rebecca was also greatly loved," she retorted somewhat coldly.

"Ah, yes. But then love is merely an illusion of the young, don't you think, Miss Stanton? One outgrows it as one comes to view life more clearly."

"I cannot agree. My parents cared for each other deeply. When my mother died the light went out of my father's life."

Rebecca's words had found their mark. For an instant Doone was forcibly reminded of his own mother. That she had been passionately attached to his father he could not deny. "Well, perhaps I will concede it exists in some rare cases," he admitted.

Just then Joseph appeared silently at the door. "Shall I serve now, sir?" he inquired.

Doone gave him a brief nod. "Joseph is like my right hand, Miss Stanton. He has been with me since we served in the same ship."

"Then you have sailed yourself, Mr. Doone?"

"Many times."

At that moment Joseph himself reappeared bearing the dishes, and they fell silent during the formality of serving. The meal progressed at a leisurely pace. But at the conclusion of the meal Doone gave a sign to Joseph and the man withdrew.

To page 56



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make
mine
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● French clock

I ENCLOSE a photograph of a clock which I recently purchased. A plaque on the marble base reads *La Perle* and under this name is *Per L. & F. Moreau Mille d'or*. What date was it made?—*Mr. G. Gannon, New Hanover.*

This interesting French bronze clock with a figure representing *La Perle* with outstretched hand balancing the orb-shaped clock which moves with the sway of the pendulum was designed by *L. and F. Moreau*. It is about 60 or 70 years old.

I HAVE a clock set which has been in my family for at least 150 years, the china is very highly glazed and is a most beautiful shade of blue. The only marking on the clock and both vases is the number 3212. The clock still goes, and our watchmaker can trace the mechanism back for more than 150 years.—*Mrs. C. R. Coutts, Boort, Vic.*

The clock with a pair of double-handled vases to match is about 75 to 85 years old. It is not possible by your photograph to attribute the clock set to a particular potter. I do think your date is incorrect, as they did not make this kind of set as early as 150 years ago. Similar examples were made on the Continent and by some of the Staffordshire potters in England.

WOULD you please give me some information about a dinner plate? It is white with a pattern of blue roses and birds. The markings on the back are *B.W.M. and Co., Lorne Festoon, Cauldon, England. Rd. 264753.*—*Mrs. J. Rutherford, Camberwell, Vic.*

Your plate was made by *Cauldon Ltd.*, of *Hanley, Staffordshire*. The pottery was established by *Brown-Westhead, Moore and Co.*, of *Cauldon Place, Hanley*, in 1862—hence the *B.W.M. and Co.* mark on your plate. The firm subsequently became known as *Cauldon Potteries Ltd.* The imprint *B.W.M. and Co., Cauldon-England*, appears on pieces made about 1905. The imprint "*Lorne Festoon*" is the name of the pattern.

COULD you give me any data on a plate I have? It is about 10in. long by 8in. wide, with colorings of blues, reds, and golds. It has a fancy gold edging and a scene something like the "*Willow*." On the bottom are these markings: *Amherst Japan. No. 824, Stone china.*—*Mrs. W. Phin, Netley, S.A.*

The term "*Amherst*" Japan refers to the design which is said to be copied from a pattern of a set introduced into England by *Lord Amherst*. The mark "*stone china*" was used for ironstone-type earthenware used by many 19th-century manufacturers—*Staffordshire*, about 1840.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

WOULD you please give me some information about my vase? It stands 14in. high and is a beautiful old rose and gold in decoration. It has "*Old Hall*" on the bottom with "1790."—*Mrs. Gladys Gordon, Kew, Vic.*

Provided the word *England* does not appear on your unique ewer-shaped "*Old Hall*" porcelain vase it was made in 1891. The imprinted mark, I presume, depicts a triple turret over a semicircular escutcheon which encloses the imprint "*Old Hall*" in

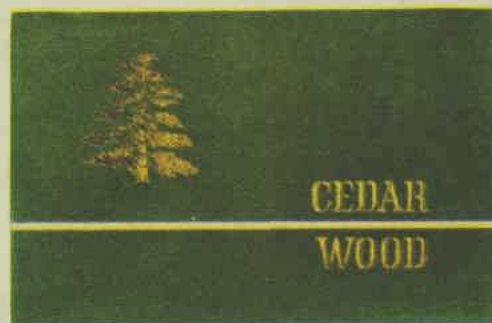
capital letters and underneath there appears 1790 in a looped cord. Formerly *Charles Meigh and Son*, the pottery subsequently became the *Old Hall Works Ltd.* in 1861. (*Old Hall Pottery, Hanley*.) This company was the first limited liability company in the *Staffordshire* potteries and was incorporated in March, 1861.

If the word "*England*" is imprinted on your example it indicates that it was made during the latter Victorian or early-Edwardian era.



● Ewer-shaped vase

Promote dad to the go-ahead grooming of Cedar Wood



The Prestige gifts of the season. Look for the deep green gift boxes with the golden cedar trees. 16 different Cedar Wood gift sets, from 25/- to 85/-.



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T'WAS CLEOPATRA



Said Mark Antony to the beautiful Queen,
"Being a governor makes me feel mean,
there's peasants to see, tax to renew
and I've got a horrible dose of the 'Flu!'"

"Never mind, love", said Cleo
to Mark,

"Here's some Woods'
to stop your bark."

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wheezing, coughing—lets you
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Continued from page 54

"There are a few things we must discuss, Miss Stanton," Doone began back in his chair. "To begin with, I suggest we cease this ridiculous formality of address." He said more gently, "My name is Troy."

"And mine, you know already," answered Rebecca.

"Yes . . . I learned it from Captain Garth." He twirled the stem of his glass absently between his fingers. "Then . . . he went on, 'there is the matter of your brother. How did you find him when he woke this afternoon?'"

"Much refreshed," replied Rebecca, "and interested in his new surroundings."

"I consider," said Doone carefully, "that he should be examined by a good doctor. I know of just the gentleman. He has not long been out from England. And now, Rebecca . . ." Doone leant upon the table. It was the first time he had used her name. "The matter of our wedding . . . I find, on inquiry, that a special licence may be had in three days. Can you be prepared in that time?"

She hesitated. "Why, yes, I think so."

"Excellent. Then I suggest that you take Mrs. Armstrong into your confidence and get her to help you select the things that you may need — clothes and other items — whatever it is that women need for such occasions."

"But it is going to be a very quiet wedding, is it not?"

"Quiet, yes — and legally binding," Doone did not quite know why he had added that last remark, unless, perhaps, it was to impress upon his own consciousness the fact that he was about to take an irrevocable step.

HE

watched Rebecca's eyes fill with a look that might have been despair, and Doone was moved suddenly to pity her. A young woman on the threshold of life about to enter a barren marriage.

"Rebecca," he said. His voice was kinder than she had ever heard it before.

"You must not feel embarrassed, or hesitate to accept all that I can now bestow on you. These things are your right. We have entered upon a bargain, you and I, you must take the rewards as well as the drawbacks." He rose from the table. "I have something for you."

She watched him come toward her. From the pocket of his jacket he withdrew a small, dark object, and when he reached her side he laid it upon the table in front of her. Rebecca saw that it was a jewel case.

"The ring inside is yours. It is a family heirloom. Once, it belonged to my mother — to a part of my life I prefer to forget. A friend kept it safely for me for many years, but for a long time now it has been in my possession."

He pressed the catch and the lid flew back. On a bed of white velvet lay an emerald like a great drop of frozen green water with a fire buried in its heart. Its beauty was suspended in a silver setting. On either side tiny diamonds winked and glittered like minute stars.

Very deliberately, he slipped the ring on to her third finger. It gave him a perverse satisfaction to know that Vanessa had never worn it—had never even seen it. He had been saving it for

her until after they were married — and now he had given it to another.

"I see that it is a little too big," he declared. "We must have the goldsmith alter it for you."

"I cannot . . . Mr. Doone . . ." began Rebecca, her eyes fascinated by the beautiful gem.

"Troy," Doone corrected her "Remember?"

"Troy," she repeated after him. Slowly, Rebecca stood up, pushing back the chair. She lifted her eyes to his. "I seem to be giving you so little in return," she stated. "This household is Mrs. Armstrong's . . . by Joseph. What more could my presence add? When you asked me to be mistress of your home—I fancied you with a modest bachelor establishment in which a woman might create some order and comfort. But here . . ." she glanced around the room, "you have no need of me . . ."

His face changed suddenly. Gone in an instant was the softness that had touched it a moment before. "Never think that Rebecca," he told

her, "but then I left, you see, and later on I married. My husband was a crofter, we had a very small holding — and from time to time I heard from Mr. Doone. He always kept in touch, because of . . . the old associations."

"I see," said Rebecca, but in reality she was a little puzzled. There were patent gaps in Mrs. Armstrong's story, yet she was reluctant to press her for details. Instead she asked: "Did you have any family, Mrs. Armstrong?"

"Alas, no. I married late in life, Miss Stanton, and we were never blessed with children. I'm sure that joy will not be denied yourself and Mr. Doone."

Rebecca was in the act of buttoning on her glove. She felt a hot wave of color flood her face and throat and drain away in a receding tide. For one terrible instant the full realisation of what she was about to do was opened up to her.

The pause had been infinitesimal. Rebecca went on buttoning her glove. "I seem to be ready," she announced.

"But I must first take leave of Will."

"Of course, Miss Stanton." Mrs. Armstrong went off to acquaint Joseph of his mistress's imminent departure.

A few minutes later Rebecca descended the stairs swiftly. All about her the house was silent. Doone had already gone ahead as custom dictated. The big front door stood open letting in the early afternoon. There was the carriage at the foot of the steps, and beside it, the dutiful Joseph waited, cap in hand, ready to assist her.

Rebecca took one last look at the cool house. When she came back to it, she would no longer be Rebecca Stanton — but Rebecca Doone.

Doone waited for Rebecca at the church. It was not like Joseph to be late, but then, perhaps Rebecca had held him back — women were invariably unpunctual. And he, himself, was full of impatience to have this thing over and done with, as quickly and as painlessly as possible.

He heard the wheels of the approaching carriage. He went forward. Joseph was reining in. Rebecca, he noticed, was dressed in a gown of blue.

At least, thought Doone, she would never shame him. He noted how gracefully she moved when he handed her down from the carriage, and her voice when she greeted him was soft and low. It had an immediate soothing effect upon his temper.

"I hope you have not grown impatient waiting for me," she was saying, "I had to

spend a few minutes with Will before I left."

"Not at all," Doone answered, tucking her gloved hand through his arm. "Anyway, it is a lady's prerogative to be late."

They walked up the path and entered the church.

Doone turned to her. "Are you ready, Rebecca?"

She raised her eyes to his. Perhaps it was the peace of the church, which, after all, was like a touch of home to her; a gentle reminder of her father — but at that moment all apprehension fled from Rebecca.

With perfect calm, she answered, "I am ready, Troy."

It was late afternoon when they returned to the house after the simple ceremony. Inside, the lamps were being lit to dispel the coming dusk.

THE LADEN SHIP



"He's getting too big for his britches!"

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DINNER

that night was a dismal affair. After a few desultory remarks, conversation flickered and died. Now and then Rebecca raised troubled eyes in Doone's direction. Her attention reluctantly drawn to the number of times the glass at his hand was filled and drained, and refilled again.

Suddenly, without preamble, Doone rose from his chair. As if to shake the melancholy silence from them, he asked, "Shall we go to the drawing-room, Rebecca? You promised to play for me one night and I am impatient to hear you."

The drawing-room basked in the amber glow from its numerous lamps. Rebecca went across to the piano and opened the lid. "What shall I play?"

"I will leave the choice to you," Doone replied. He was helping himself to a glass of brandy at a small table.

Rebecca ran her fingers over the keys. The familiar feel of the notes lent her a measure of comfort. Under her hands old melodies took life again. Doone had come across and stood watching her. He thought she made a graceful picture in her gown of black and gold; her skin wearing a translucent bloom in the lamplight.

Presently Rebecca brought her hands down on a concluding chord and stopped. "Perhaps you grow weary of these tunes? I do not know whether you are partial to music or not?"

"I like it very well," Doone replied, "though I have had little time for it in my life. You should play more often, Rebecca."

"I will if you have no objection."

"My dear," said Doone dryly, "you are now mistress of this house — everything within these walls is yours, to do with as you will."

Rebecca flushed. "I am not yet accustomed to the idea."

"I hope you will come to be." He came around the piano to her; picked up one of the hands in her lap, and drew her to her feet. "I have been in a rather silent mood tonight — and you have been very tolerant of it."

"I thought you were pre-occupied . . ." she hesitated.

"And you overlooked my churlishness? No, Rebecca . . . it was not worries . . . perhaps a stirring of conscience — they can be uncomfortable things. But I think that you listen to yours when it prompts you, whereas I consistently disregard mine."

"I find that hard to believe, when you have been so good to Will."

"Don't credit me with too much kindness," he warned her. "That was our bargain, wasn't it? That I would care for your brother and you would be mistress of my house."

To page 60

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 1, 1965



Very New from Puffin: Golden Butternut Cake

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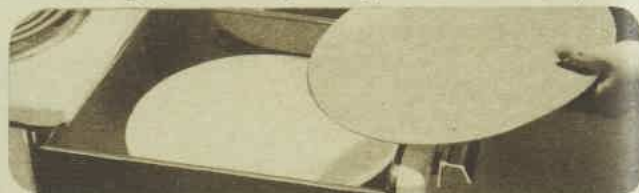
One that's faster than gas to the boil



with plenty of cooking room at the top (with a big, fast griller underneath)



an extra griller in the oven and space enough to bake dishes side by side



I'd like lots and lots of plate warming area, too



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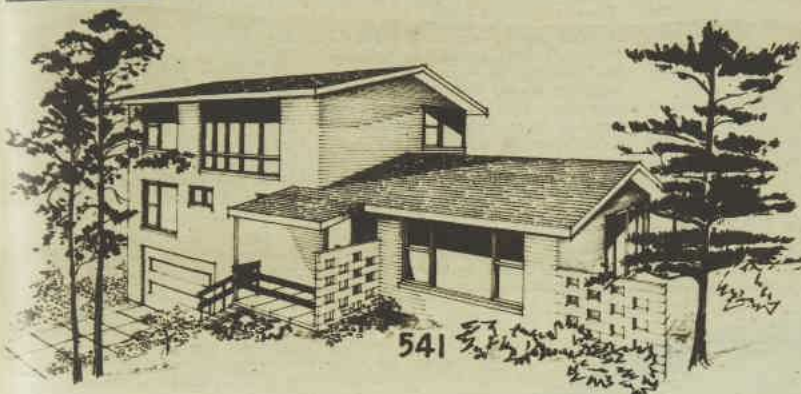
I wish I had a



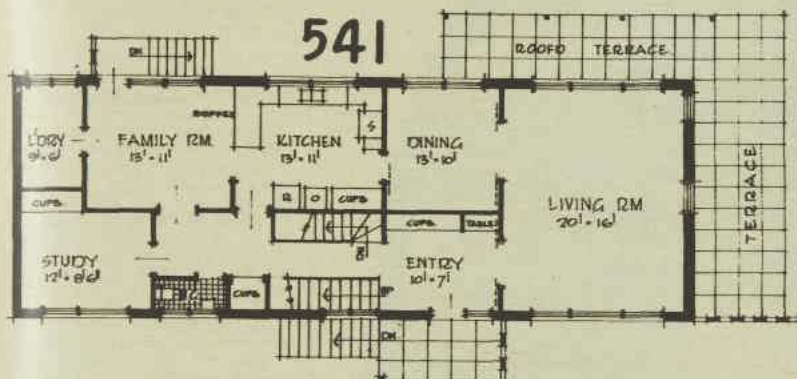
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Home Plans Service



SKETCH (above) shows two-storey design with double garage in basement. Note low-pitch tile roof, ideal for trusses.



**GROUND - FLOOR
PLAN (above)** shows
spacious living and
entertaining areas.

**UPPER-FLOOR PLAN
(right)** shows bed-
rooms with built-ins.

• This week's Plan No. 541 is for a two-storey house on a site with sufficient fall for basement garage.

AREA of the two main floors in brick construction and excluding terraces and porch is 21 squares.

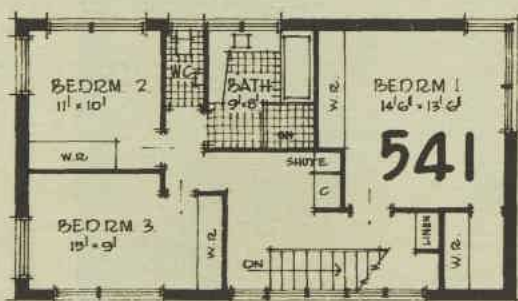
The upper floor comprises three large bedrooms, all with built-in wardrobes, a bathroom with shower recess and L-shaped vanity table, and a separate toilet. On the landing are linen and storage cupboards and a chute for easy transport of laundry to the ground floor.

The ground floor is designed for comfortable family living and entertaining.

The spacious living-room expands on to a double, roofed terrace, perfect for parties and sheltered outdoor living. The centrally situated kitchen provides easy meal service both to dining-room and family-room buffet.

Other ground floor features are a second toilet, cloak and storage cupboards, a built-in hall table, and a study which could be used as a fourth bedroom. An internal staircase leads from entry lobby to basement.

The house is designed to be built in brick with a low-pitch (16½ deg.) tile roof.



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Hobart: FitzGerald, 28 Criterion St. (2-7221).

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Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.) (22-691).

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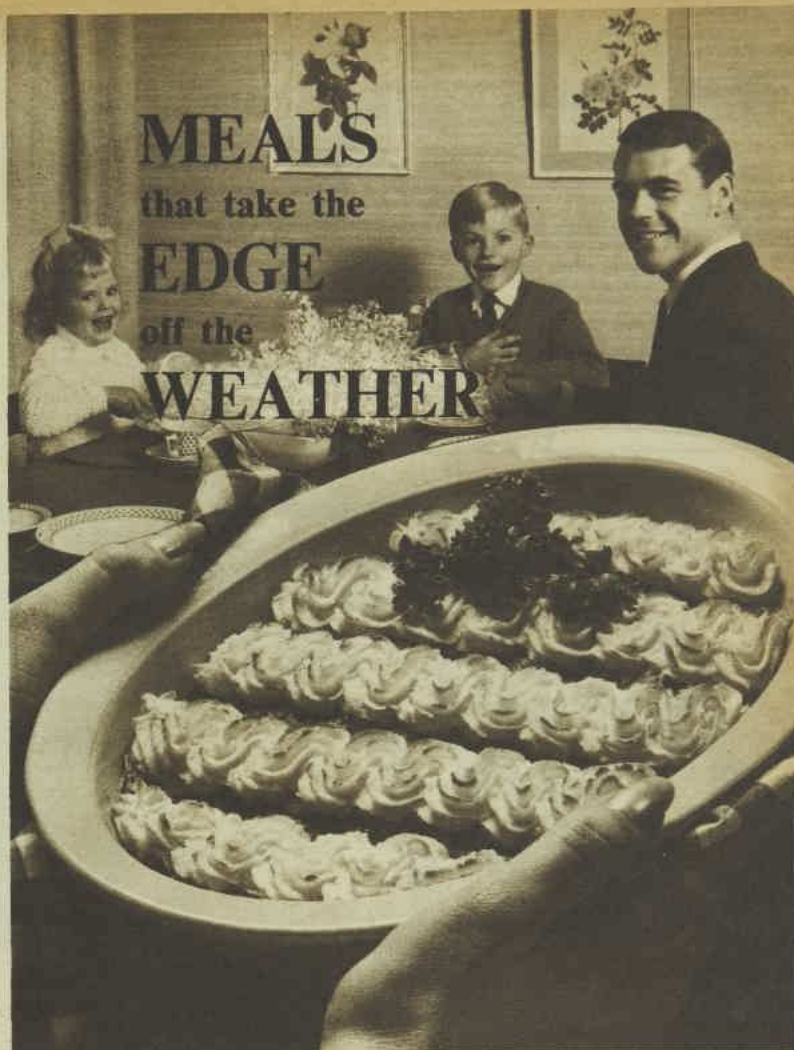
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POTATO CRUSTED LAMB PIE

INGREDIENTS:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1½ cups lean cooked lamb, diced | 4 level tablespoons "Bonlac" |
| 1 small onion, diced | 4 level tablespoons flour |
| Salt, pepper | |
| 1 teaspoon herbs | 1½ cups stock or water |
| 1 tablespoon chopped parsley | 1 lb. mashed potato |

METHOD:

Place "Bonlac" and flour in basin and blend with some of liquid. Heat remaining liquid in saucepan, add blended flour and "Bonlac"; stir till boiling. Mix in meat and all flavouring ingredients. Place in ovenware dish. Allow to partly cool before topping with potato. Glaze with liquefied "Bonlac". Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes to reheat and brown crust.

BAKED TOMATO HAMBURGERS

INGREDIENTS:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 lb. finely-minced lean steak | 2 tablespoons "Bonlac" |
| 1 onion, diced | 8 slices tomato |
| 1 teaspoon herbs | 4 tablespoons tomato sauce |
| 1 cup soft breadcrumbs | 1 tablespoon grated dry cheese |
| Salt, pepper | |

METHOD:

Place meat, onion, breadcrumbs, "Bonlac", seasonings in basin. Mix to combine evenly. Add sauce and work all together. Shape into 8 cakes and place in lightly-greased baking dish. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Top each with tomato slice and small quantity grated cheese. Return to oven and bake further 5 minutes. Serve with vegetables.

THE LADEN SHIP

And today we finalised our bargain. I hope you never come to regret it."

"If Will recovers, then I shall know that I have done right."

Doone drained the last of his brandy. He set down his glass thoughtfully. "You are a very unusual person, Rebecca. So very different from what I thought you would be. Tell me, what did you expect from marriage—before this happened?"

She met his searching gaze unflinchingly. "I had hoped to find a deep and lasting love," she confessed, her voice fading on the last word. More firmly she added, "It was a dream I have relinquished for more important necessities."

Doone gave a sudden bitter laugh which startled her. "I shall never cease to be amazed at the irony of life!" he exclaimed. "Here is one woman I seem to have robbed—because I have given her nothing but worldly goods, while most others would have considered it an insult had I offered them anything else."

She frowned in puzzlement. "I'm afraid I do not understand you."

"You are not meant to." He placed his hands upon her shoulders; his face was very serious. "I am going to make you a gift of words—it can be your wedding present—perhaps it is the only thing of value I can offer you. If ever this situation becomes unbearable to you, or

there is an important reason why you can no longer tolerate it—then I will release you, Rebecca—I will give you your freedom."

Doone turned away abruptly. "Come, Rebecca, we are a dismal couple—we should be gayer." He went and stood by the window. "Look, it is a beautiful summer night."

Rebecca joined him there. They stood side by side looking out into the garden. She searched her mind for some excuse to leave him. The day had drained all her emotional reserves.

As if he had sensed her need, Doone asked, "Well, Rebecca, have you had enough?"

She nodded, thankful that he had

saved her the necessity of a formal leave taking . . .

"You know," said Doone, "there is an old custom that says a man should carry his wife across the threshold. Am I right?" Without warning he bent and lifted her up with startling ease.

"Oh, please! What are you doing?" Rebecca cried.

"You are my wife, and I am fulfilling all the customs," he told her. She saw that he was lightly laughing, but it did not still the alarm that had risen in her. Across the room he went with her and into the hall. Surely he would set her down at the foot of the stairs? But no—he mounted them with ease. He reached the top and strode across to her door, where he stopped and quite gently set her down.

Perhaps he felt her trembling or saw some doubt in her wide eyes,

because he said softly, "You have no need to fear me." Then he took her hand, turned it over, and dropped a kiss into the palm. "Good night, Rebecca."

He left her leaning breathless against the door.

Clive Eldershaw waited in Doone's morning-room. He paced across the rug where the sunlight lay in yellow bars, and came back to stand before the mirror above the mantel. He could not help noticing how the outdoor life he had been following these past weeks had tanned his complexion—had even bleached a little his brown hair.

At that moment he heard the door open behind him, and swung around to face Doone.

"Troy!" he exclaimed. "Here I am just back from the diggings and impatient to see you."

"Come," Doone motioned to a chair. "Sit down. Of course you'll have a drink?" His hand pulled the bell cord for Joseph.

"Make it anything but rum," Eldershaw told him. "The goldfields fairly run with it. I tell you, Troy, the hotelkeepers must make as much again as half the diggers do."

"When did you get back, Clive?" "Only a few days ago."

TROY smiled. "And did you find the proverbial fortune down there?"

"I have established a system that might very well bring it! A number of the prospectors have no luck, and then, of course, their licence runs out and they are left high and dry. Now, the thing is—if you happen to have some capital you take up their licences for them—let them pan the area for a share—and you end up with about four or five leases."

"Is it legal?" asked Doone, amused by his friend's enthusiasm.

"Oh, it's legal enough—and damned profitable into the bargain. But enough of that. You know, Troy," he said, "I have only just got back, and I hear the most alarming stories about you. They are really the reason I presented myself here so promptly. To begin with, I have been told that you lost the Heron and the delectable Miss Lowry along with it. Am I right?"

"To be precise," Doone replied smoothly, stretching his long legs and leaning back in his chair, "the Gull was lost—and the Heron not sighted since. But as to her having shared the same fate as her sister ship—I have my doubts on that! Now to the second point. Vanessa and her father decided that, under these circumstances, I was not a good prospect with whom to embark on the matrimonial seas. Have I answered you?"

"I am sorry to hear about the Heron," Eldershaw spoke seriously. "If she fails to turn up, Troy, why not join in with me?"

"I might accept your offer—although I have my eyes turned in another direction."

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OUR TRANSFER



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THE LADEN SHIP

"I shall not make any comments about Vanessa," Clive hesitated. "Perhaps it's a little too soon . . . what I really want is to hear you deny the other preposterous story with which I was confronted. To put it bluntly—that you have taken up with some little trollop from a ship and brought her to your house. The whisper is, Troy—that you have done this thing out of pique over Vanessa."

Doone stood up angrily. "It may sadly disappoint the scandal-mongers, when they learn that the young woman now residing in my house—happens to be my wife!"

"Your wife!" Eldershaw looked aghast. "Troy, it can't be true! You wouldn't have been such a fool! Whatever possessed you, man? To marry some nobody . . . some fortune hunter . . . Didn't you give a thought to your future children?"

"There will be no children," Doone retorted coldly.

ELDERSHAW knew Doone too well to take much note of his anger. "I can't understand you," he began. "I simply can't . . ."

"Wait!" Doone commanded. Eldershaw's eyes followed his glance. The doors of the morning-room opened on to a flagged terrace that had steps leading down to the lawn and massed flowerbeds. Coming up the steps was a young woman. It was apparent that she had not yet seen the two men. She moved lightly and gracefully, unconscious of their attention upon her. The breeze stirred the skirt of her gingham dress and turned over the ruffles of lace on the neck and sleeves. Over one arm was a basket of chrysanthemums. The sunlight washed her ivory skin with a faint golden glow, struck glints of copper from the coils of her dark hair.

"It is Rebecca," Doone told him, and stepped forward and ushered her through the door. "May I present a very good friend of mine—this is Clive Eldershaw . . . Clive, my wife."

"I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Eldershaw," Rebecca smiled at him.

"Ma'am," Clive murmured. He took the small hand extended to him. He could not tear his eyes away from her face. At best, he had anticipated a cheap adventuress, and instead he had found—but what had he found? Everything! And too late.

"You must forgive Clive if he appears overly surprised to find you here, Rebecca," Doone said. "He has been away trying his luck in the goldfields, and when he left me I was a bachelor."

Rebecca favored Clive with a warmer smile than before. Enchanting, he thought, and watched her set the basket of flowers on a nearby table. "What are the goldfields like,

Mr. Eldershaw?" she asked him. "I have heard that they are an exciting place to be."

"It is very rough and ready there," he answered, disassociating anyone as gentle as herself from them.

"I am not long from England," she explained, "and as yet I know very little about this country."

"Did you travel out here with your family, Mrs. Doone?"

"My brother . . ." she hesitated. "and my father. But my father died upon the voyage."

"Oh, my sympathies," murmured Clive. "But you mentioned your brother. Is the young man about?"

A shadow crossed her face. "My brother is an invalid, Mr. Eldershaw. But I am hoping that the warmth of this climate and good care will cure him."

"I see," Eldershaw glanced at Doone, who had been silently watching him during this exchange. He could not help wondering what the purpose was behind this strange marriage? If Troy had not made that implication

bor had failed to elicit any news of the fate of the Heron, and with his credit beginning to run low there loomed the unwelcome prospect that he might be forced to put up the greys for sale to meet immediate expenses.

Doone mentioned nothing to Rebecca. He took the black mare—which he used for saddle riding—and went off early in the morning, leaving the household stirring to the activities of a new day.

Doone pressed through the crowd and was brought up against the railing fence. For a while he stood there, his eyes on a chestnut colt circling the ring with graceful promise. The animal was something of a temptation to him. He had offered Will a pony, and he had not yet kept his word. But there was nothing to be done about it today.

Doone turned to move away and was brought face to face with George Lowry. He gave a brief nod, which Lowry barely acknowledged.

Striding across the dusty turf Doone came to the place where he had tethered his black mare under a shady

direction and turned his horse for home.

With shaking fingers Vanessa lowered her parasol. She was determined not to lose this moment, but how to attract his attention?

She leant forward with determination, the parasol gripped firmly in her hand, its bright metal point glinting in the sun, then with a sharp thrust she gave a vicious jab into the rump of the pony dozing between the shafts.

The animal's reaction was far more violent than she had anticipated. With a snort of pain it reared into the air in terror, the force of the movement throwing Vanessa back against the seat and causing her to drop the reins from her lax fingers, so that they went sliding down between the shafts, where it was impossible for her to reach them.

The horse, startled into panic, careered off toward the open stony ground beyond the sale-yards. Vanessa's scream, following upon the neighing of the terrified animal, wafted over the heads of the sale-yards and was drowned by the voice of the auctioneer. A few caught it distantly and turned slowly to look; were surprised to see the bolting horse and the swaying surry with the woman's figure crouching on its seat.

A quarter of a mile down the road, Doone heard and turned in his stirrups. He saw the charging vehicle and the crazed animal, the bright pink dress that denoted Vanessa.

With a muttered curse Doone pulled the reins hard and sent the black mare plunging after the runaway. Vanessa's horse had a head start, but it was somewhat impeded by the weight of the vehicle behind it and in its fear it swerved and turned and started at shadows. Presently the mare drew alongside and, as they galloped neck and neck, Doone leaned far out in the saddle to grasp the runaway's bridle. With all his strength he pulled back on it; their hoofs ringing against the stony surface. When at last they slowed and drew to a standstill, Doone tried to soothe the terrified horse. Then his eyes roved speculatively over the girl crouching in the seat, and rested for a brief instant on the crumpled parasol that had fallen to the floor and been trodden under her feet.

VANESSA began to sob hysterically, and as he drew level with the surry she flung herself against him.

"For heaven's sake, Vanessa," he told her with some sternness, "try to calm yourself or you will startle both the horses. Are you hurt anywhere?"

"No . . . no . . . I don't seem to be hurt . . ."

"Come," Doone held out his arms to her. "How did this happen?" he asked.

But, for an answer, Vanessa simply shook her head and wrung her hands. Then, with a cry that was half groan, half wail, she fell toward him. Doone caught her in his arms and lifted her down. She lay inert against him, her head fallen back, her body limp.

He stood there wondering how best to proceed. Raising his eyes he saw that some of the men from the sale-yards were moving toward them. Struggling at their head was George Lowry. "Vanessa . . . he was saying, 'my poor Vanessa . . .'"

As the men came level with him Doone said, with

***** AS I READ *****
THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Aug. 25

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, red, violet.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, blue.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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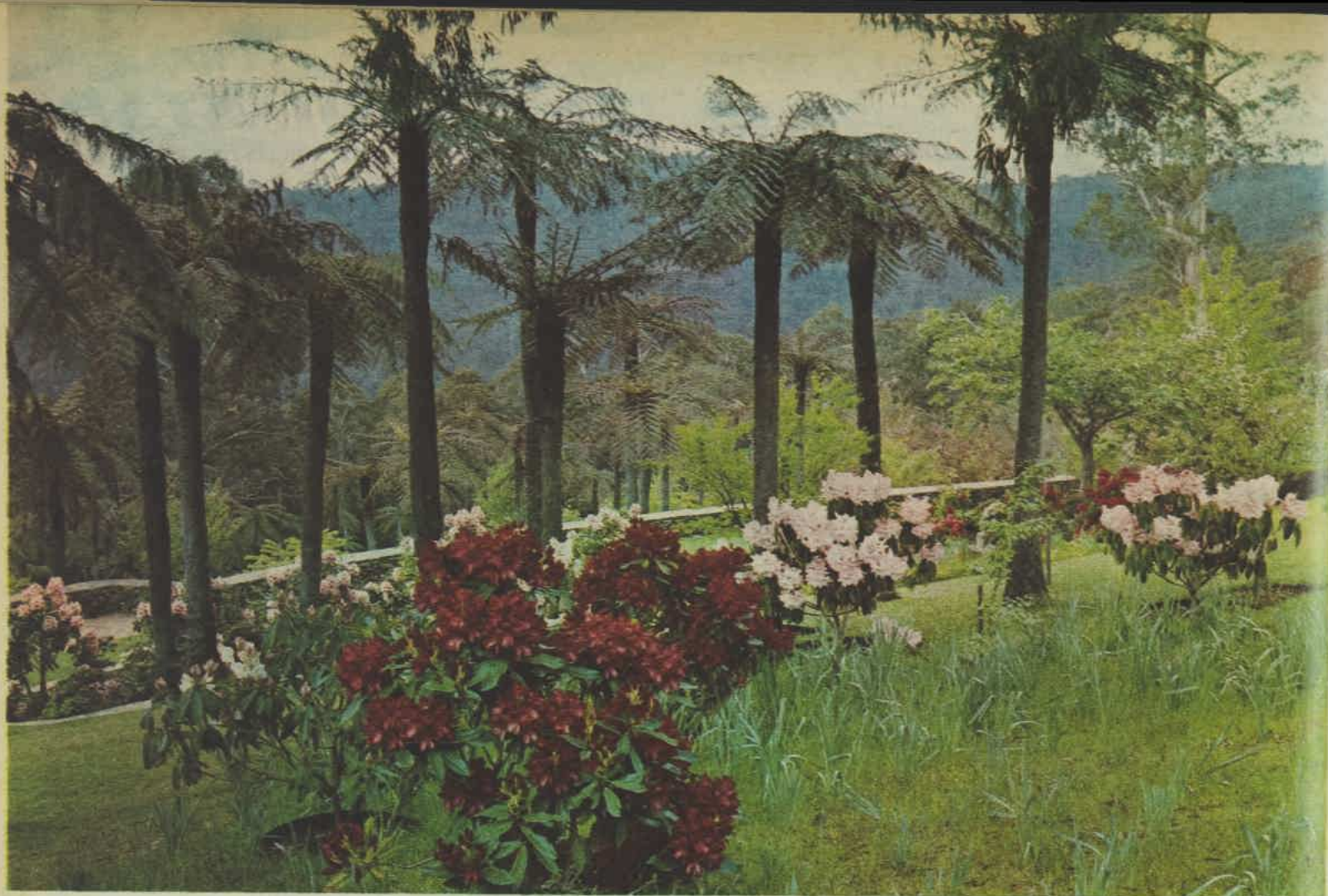
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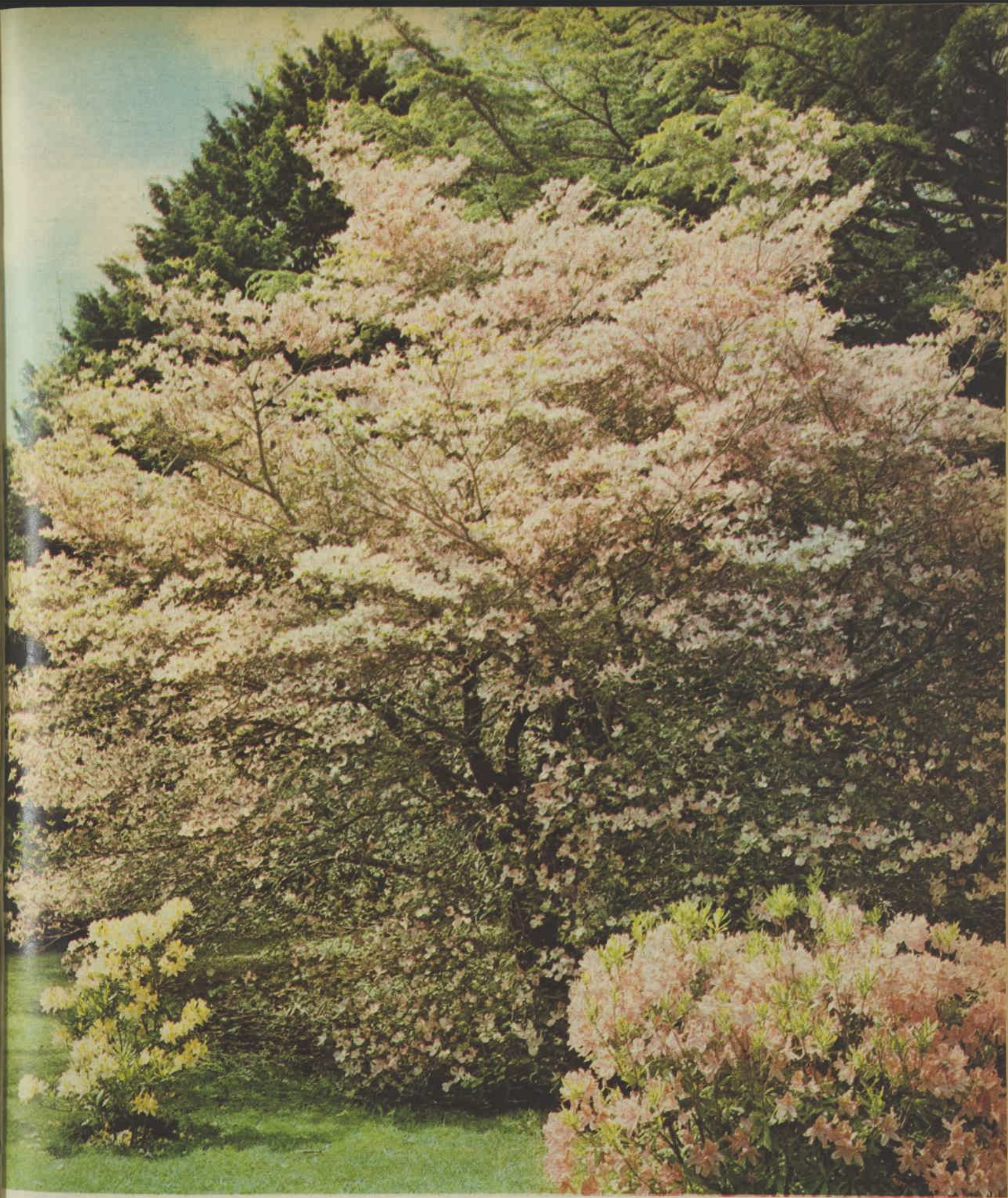
Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4085W, G.P.O., Sydney.



SLOPING LAWNS with bulbs and rhododendrons (above) in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Fisher at Mount Wilson, N.S.W. Tall native tree ferns (*Cyathea australis*), the red *Rhododendron Edith Praed*, and the pink *Rhododendron Loderi Venus* are shown in foreground.

ANOTHER lovely Mount Wilson garden (below) is that of Mr. and Mrs. George Valdor. This corner has *Clematis montana rubens* trained on a native fern, *Cyathea australis*, azaleas, rhododendrons, bulbs, and alpinas. These two pictures are also by staff photographer Ron Berg.





SPRINGTIME AT MOUNT WILSON

—Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 1, 1965

PINK DOGWOOD (Cornus florida rubra) in its spring dress with banks of mollis azaleas in the foreground in the garden of "Bebeah," Mount Wilson, N.S.W., the home of Miss M. H. Sloane. Mount Wilson, about 78 miles from Sydney, is a showplace for gardens in both spring and autumn, and visitors travel miles to see its beauty. It is one of the few places in the Blue Mountains with basalt soil. Most other areas are sandstone. Because of this better soil, the area, which was opened up for settlement in 1880, has rain forests and generally more-developed vegetation.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Ma! Where did you put Mrs. Wife's leg?"

Continued from page 61

detached calm. "Your daughter is unharmed Mr. Lowry—she has merely fainted."

Someone was spreading a coat upon the ground. Doone stepped over and, bending, gently laid Vanessa on the outspread coat.

Lowry cast him one wild grateful look, and knelt down to his daughter. A man who had come up with him grasped Troy's arm.

"Well done, sir, well done. If anything had happened to the young lady... I don't like to think. How can we thank you? Your name, sir?"

Doone regarded him levelly. "I did no more than any other man, had they been at hand. As to my name—you must ask Mr. Lowry for it, we have been acquainted, he and I, in the past." Then, without a backward glance, he mounted the black mare and rode away.

Rebecca was startled by Doone's sudden appearance at the door of the morning room.

"Rebecca, can you spare me a moment?" he asked her without preamble. "There is something I wish to discuss with you."

Rebecca lay down her sewing and looked up at him. "Of course, Troy—what is it?"

"I suggest we go into the library," he told her. He glanced at the bright cottons and scissors in her lap, "bring your work if you wish—I did not mean to interrupt you."

She began to gather up her things, and Doone went ahead of her to wait. He was frowning. Was it really no less than an hour ago that he had held the trembling Vanessa in his arms? Already the memory seemed remote and unrelated to him. Her golden beauty had failed to stir him; he had remained aloof. He was amused by what he shrewdly surmised had been an attempt to draw attention to herself and which had succeeded beyond her expectations—had almost, in fact, brought serious injury to her.

DELIBERATELY he sought to fan the flickering embers of his revenge. He could not allow indifference to supersede that first wild hate, or his plans might come to nothing.

His thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of Rebecca. She closed the door behind her and chose a comfortable chair, spreading out her silks and cottons once more.

Doone turned to her. "I thought it would be more private in here. Clive seems to be forever dropping in unexpectedly these days—and what I have to say concerns only ourselves."

Rebecca smiled. "He is a constant friend to have. How long have you known him?"

"Oh, ever since I came here. But I no longer flatter myself that he comes to see me any more—I think you have made a conquest, my dear."

"What nonsense, Troy! You exaggerate. What is it you wished to talk to me about?"

Defeated, Doone accepted her prompt. "It is about our financial position," he told her. "It has reached a critical condition and something must be done at once. You are aware, of course, that my inquiries of the Heron continue to be fruitless?"

"Yes." She put aside her sewing. "What are you suggesting? That we economise?"

"That would be the last thing I would ever ask of you," he answered. "No—I've a mind to go down to Melbourne. I have connections there, and one or two ideas

that might prove profitable. It would mean that I may be gone some weeks."

Rebecca was startled by the sense of desolation that passed over her. She found it a shock to realise how much she had come to rely on his presence, his strength—the feeling of enfolding protection that he had surrounded her with and that she had come to accept.

"You do not think then... she faltered, "that the ship will come to harbor?"

"I really cannot say..." Doone spoke thoughtfully. "I still hope, of course, and in the unlikely event of the Heron turning up while I am away—I intend to take legal steps that will make it possible for you to sign certain documents in my stead."

"It is rather a heavy responsibility—I know nothing of business matters. What if I should make some error?"

"I trust your good sense," Doone assured her. "Besides, you will have the sound advice of my lawyer, Mr. Hoskin, to fall back on, should you have any doubts. He is a kindly man, as well as an astute one. You will meet him when these things come to be arranged."

Rebecca made no reply. "You have no questions, Rebecca?" he prompted her. "You are not anxious to know whether I am going to be the reliable provider I promised you I would?"

She caught his quizzical smile. "Why should I doubt you? You have shown your trust in me—I can do no less for you."

Doone gave a sudden laugh. "Ah, Rebecca, you would be a comfortable person to have beside one in a crisis. You are often serious with me, but I have observed you to be equally gay with Will. Before I go, I shall get him his pony, even though he is not up to riding it. At least Joseph can walk it before his window every morning, and it will give the boy something to look forward to."

"When do you plan to leave?" Rebecca asked, returning to their former subject.

"As soon as arrangements can be made. I intend to finalise all I can within the next few days." He was watching her fold away the sewing in her lap.

"I shall miss you," he said suddenly.

During the following week Doone became involved with the preparations for his departure. There was so much that required his personal attention that he was frequently absent from the house, and Rebecca experienced a foretaste of what it would be like when he was no longer there.

Two nights before he was due to leave, Doone himself experienced a fall of interest in his coming journey. Standing before the window in his room, smoking, and looking into the dark garden, he thought he would have liked it better had he been able to take Rebecca and Will with him—a suggestion he knew to be impossible—yet why did he have this uneasy feeling about their welfare during his impending absence? At last he knocked out his pipe and went to bed.

It was late when Rebecca woke. For a moment she lay in that confusion between sleeping and waking, until she heard again that faint voice, and knew at once that it had been a call from Will that had brought her to consciousness. Will had slipped back from that precarious ledge of health on which he seemed to have balanced since leaving the ship, into the

valley of illness. Looking with alarm on his pinched lips and pallid color, Rebecca thought instinctively of Doone.

With beating heart she went down the hall, her suppressed feet whispering over the carpet. On the threshold of that room she hung for a moment in uncertainty; then she stretched out her hand and found the handle of the door; it opened before her into quietness.

"Troy!" she called. There came no answer.

Going forward, Rebecca went over to the bed. Under the gentle pressure of her hand he opened his eyes and looked up at her. "Rebecca?" he murmured wonderingly. "What is it?"

"Oh, Troy!" she gasped. "It is Will. I am sorry to disturb you, but he seems very sick—I'm sure he needs a doctor."

"Go back to Will," he told her, "and I will come at once. And, Rebecca..." he picked up her hand and held it reassuringly for a moment. "You did right to waken me."

Some hours later, as the doctor was leaving the house, Doone drew him aside.

"Tell me, doctor," said Doone seriously, "just what do you consider that boy's chances to be?"

The doctor hesitated. "To be frank, sir," he confessed. "I don't hold out a great deal of hope. There is so little vitality in him, if you take my meaning? The life seems to have gone out of him, before the spirit has left the body."

"I had planned to go away for a few weeks," Doone told him. "Do you think that I should delay my trip? I would not like to see my wife suffer any grief alone."

"I do not see any reason for postponing your trip. The boy did show some improvement over the past few weeks. This relapse has set him back, but not dangerously. I do not see him going suddenly—but rather..." the doctor spread out his hands, "withering slowly like a flower on its stem."

"I see..." Joseph materialised like a shadow from the hall to conduct the doctor to his carriage.

Doone looked up to see Rebecca at the landing. "My dear, you should be trying to get some sleep. Will is safely resting now."

"I know." She stretched out her hand to him in a pleading gesture, and he clasped it in his own.

"Your hand is quite chill, Rebecca. You must go to bed at once."

She bowed her head. "But, Will?" she persisted softly.

TROY did not know if it was her supplicating movement, the crown of her dark head bent toward him, or the smallness of that hand within his own, but suddenly and without warning Doone was seized by a great tenderness for her, a desire to protect her from any more misfortune. Barely aware of what he did he folded her against him. "You must not lose courage, Rebecca."

Doone left on his journey two days later, as he had planned. It was a grey chill morning, the first touch of autumn in the air. Rebecca stood at the door to bid him farewell, a shawl thrown over her shoulders, and close behind her was Clive Eldershaw—who had come over to offer his own good wishes for a safe trip. Doone could well have done without his presence.

Clive was holding out his hand. "The best of luck

Troy. Have no fears about your household—I shall keep an eye on them."

"The devil you will," thought Doone with an irritable glance. But he accepted the hand offered to him and Clive's well-intentioned motives. He turned and went down the steps to give some last minute instructions to Joseph. Then, with a ring of authority in his voice, Doone said, "Rebecca, I am ready to leave." It was a command for her to come to him, and he waited to see if she would obey.

Rebecca lifted her skirts and descended the steps. As she approached him Doone felt a sudden lighthearted recklessness.

"Well?" he murmured when she came level with him. His glance passed over her head to Clive and an unobtrusive Mrs. Armstrong hovering in the background, and came back to her face. "It seems a pity to disappoint our audience, Rebecca—I think we should give them the benefit of a fond farewell." He took her face between his hands, and, with deliberate intent, kissed her full upon the mouth. It was a kiss without question or apology—a kiss of possession and demand.

Then he released her and turned swiftly to the carriage.

IT was almost two weeks after Doone had gone that Rebecca received two visitors. Joseph approached her when she was in the study going over some accounts.

With some curiosity, Rebecca picked up the cards reposing on the silver tray he held out to her. "Thank you, Joseph."

Her eyes dropped to the elaborate gold lettering—Miss Vanessa Lowry—she murmured to herself, frowning. She could not recall Troy ever having mentioned the name to her.

"Very well, tell them I shall be there in one moment. And Joseph... should I know Miss Lowry?"

A cloud crossed the manservant's usually sanguine face. "Miss Lowry is merely the daughter of a gentleman Mr. Troy once had business dealings with."

When she entered the drawing-room, Rebecca was confronted by a charming tableau. A young woman in a blue velvet gown, with an exquisite Dresden face beneath a feathered hat; and with her a middle-aged gentleman.

Rebecca went forward to greet them. "Good afternoon," she said. "Is it Miss Lowry?"

"It is," Vanessa inclined her head graciously. Her eyes in that brief instant had swept Rebecca from head to foot. "And at last I have the pleasure of meeting Troy's wife. It is too thoughtless of him not to have introduced us before this—don't you agree? But then, of course, he can be so exasperating in many ways, as you must have found." She gestured toward her companion. "May I present Mr. Neville Haughton—my fiancé."

Rebecca received a sweeping bow from the gentleman in question, and concealed her surprise at his relationship to Vanessa.

"Of course," Vanessa fluttered. "I can really be no stranger to you, Mrs. Doone. Troy must have spoken of me many times—and my father," she added. "You knew they were partners in that ghastly venture of the ships?"

To page 65

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 1, 1965

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THE LADEN SHIP

Rebecca gave a graceful nod, and managed to convey the idea that indeed she had been aware of that fact.

Vanessa, hoping to have surprised her with the information, was disappointed. "We were very sad to think Troy lost everything in that terrible disaster — my father, being a man of caution, was so much better off."

Rebecca could not sit and hear Doone patronised in this manner. With perfect calm, she replied, "Oh, but you must have been misinformed, Miss Lowry. Troy was far from ruined by the loss of one ship. And besides, there has been news that the vessel should be in harbor within the month."

"But it has been said . . ." began Vanessa, suddenly caught in her own snare.

"Yes, gossip is so misleading, don't you think?" said Rebecca turning her attention to the gentleman.

Neville Haughton agreed with her at once, "Yes, indeed it is, Mrs. Doone."

"Perhaps you will have tea?" suggested Rebecca turning to the bell cord.

"Oh, we cannot stay very long," Vanessa interposed.

"No, certainly, we had no intention of imposing on you," began Mr. Haughton. "As a matter of fact, Mrs. Doone, our visit today was to thank your good husband for his gallant rescue at the horse sales recently. I hate to think what might have been the consequences had he not acted so promptly when he did. I tried to express my admiration to him at the time, but he brushed it aside with undue modesty."

This time Rebecca failed to conceal her astonishment.

"Oh, but surely he told you?" Vanessa cried with a gay laugh, "He saved me from a runaway horse."

"Knowing Troy," replied Rebecca carefully, "he would have considered it the least he could have done — and therefore not worth commenting on."

"Well, I would like to shake his hand all the same," Neville Haughton told her. "Many might have hesitated in his place."

"I'm afraid I must disappoint you," Rebecca said. "Troy is away at present."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Vanessa, who would not have dared to show herself at the house except in Doone's absence. "But, never mind, there will be other times. I feel sure you and I are going to be very good friends. I think we have a great deal in common, Mrs. Doone."

REBECCA doubted it, but made no comment. She found Vanessa entrancingly lovely to look upon, but thought her singularly lacking in character, and was not altogether sorry when the couple, true to their earlier statement of intending a short visit, took their leave of her.

Rebecca was surprised, a few days later, by the vehemence with which Clive denounced Vanessa when he learned of her visit. He had called in — as had become his habit since Troy's departure — to inquire if all was well with Will and herself.

"She came here?" he expostulated. "To this house? Really, Rebecca, the effrontery of that woman!"

Rebecca looked at him in puzzlement and Clive checked himself. He had to remember that, after all, Rebecca was unaware of all the facts that lay behind Vanessa — and Troy had cautioned him not to reveal the truth. In a milder tone he said: "Well, perhaps you are right. I may have been somewhat hasty in my judgment. I know that George Lowry and Troy have not spoken since the disaster to the ships. You say she was accompanied by her fiancé? Tell me, what is he like?"

Rebecca smiled. "A very mannered gentleman. I must confess I was surprised when Miss Lowry introduced him — he is very much older than she is."

"And very rich," added Clive with meaning. "He has investments in sheep. I believe there is a big property with a beautiful homestead. Personally, I cannot see Vanessa

forsaking the pleasures of town life for the hazards of the bush. I dare say they will continue to live here after they are married."

"You seem to know her quite well, Clive."

"Oh, I am familiar enough with Vanessa," he replied offhandedly.

They were seated together in the morning-room. Mrs. Armstrong had, not long before, brought in afternoon tea, and Rebecca now turned her attention to pouring it. Clive watched her hands above the cups — her movements always delighted him.

Suddenly he asked: "Why did you marry Troy? No, please don't think me impertinent for asking. You are young . . . beautiful . . . many men

would give the world to marry you."

"Since you already seem to know so much . . . I married Troy because he promised me he would care for Will — and he has kept his word." "And since you have been married — have your feelings changed toward him?"

"I have grown to respect him for the man he is."

Clive set down his cup. "Just one last thing," he persisted. "You know, don't you, that there is nothing in this world I would not do for you?"

Rebecca looked at him steadily; there was a quelling expression in her grey eyes. "I know that you are my very good friend," she said quietly and with finality.

To be concluded

THE BOYFRIEND



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Continued from page 33

"Don't you think it's just a teeny weeny bit young for you, darling? Let's try on some more."

Eve tried to hide her annoyance by saying, "I was just thinking the same thing."

They spent longer in the millinery department than Eve had taken to do all her shopping, and, in the end, decided that really neither of them needed a new hat. The saleswoman smiled frostily as she gathered up the formidable number they had tried on and discarded, and they collected their parcels from underneath. Susie told her she had seen a darling cocktail frock in one of the little arcades and would like Eve's opinion.

They admired it in the window before going in. "It looks a bit small for you," Eve remarked.

"Nonsense, it's marked SSW. That's my size."

Eve said nothing, but looked sympathetic when the frock proved to be at least an inch and a half too small.

"It must be wrongly marked," Susie complained crossly, and Eve could not resist saying, "Well, I think perhaps you have put on a little bit of weight, dear."

THEY found a small table at an espresso bar where there was an empty chair for their parcels, and lit cigarettes while waiting for their coffee.

Susie picked up the chat. "No, this is on me," Eve insisted, reaching for her bag.

"Susie, my bag. It's gone! It was my good lizard—the one Tom gave me for my birthday."

"It must be here somewhere," said Susie, lifting up their parcels and searching the floor under the table.

"Where did I have it last? Was it in that frock shop? No, I held yours as well as mine while you were in the fitting-room."

"It must have been in the millinery department. We had all those hats around us, and it was probably buried under them."

A return to the department proved unsuccessful. The saleswoman had put all the hats away herself, and would have noticed it on the table.

They retraced Eve's steps back through the various counters of the store and then went to the Lost Property. There the girl took the par-

ticulars of the bag and assured them that Eve would be notified if it were handed in.

"Oh, Susie, my diamond brooch! It was pinned to the lining," Eve wailed.

"Try not to worry, darling," Susie consoled her. "It will probably turn up on Monday. Did you have much money in it?"

"Only a few pounds. You'll have to lend me my fare home."

"How will you get in? Is anyone at home?"

"Probably not, but we keep a key hidden in the laundry."

While Eve was foraging in the peg-bag in the laundry for the spare latchkey, she could hear the telephone ringing inside the house, but by the time she had let herself in it had stopped.

She dropped her parcels dispiritedly on the bed and began to sort them out. There was a soft nylon negligee which she had been tempted

FROM THE BIBLE

● Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.

—Romans 1:2.

to buy at a small lingerie shop, and she shook it out of its tissue wrappings.

"There would have been six guineas more in my bag if I hadn't bought it," she thought with satisfaction.

The telephone rang again just as she was about to try on the negligee.

"Mrs. Maple? This is Miss Watson speaking, from Jeasop's Lost Property. We have a handbag belonging to you."

She felt weak with relief. "How wonderful! Is everything there?"

Miss Watson began to itemise the contents. "One wallet containing two pounds, three charge discs and a driver's licence, one cheque-book, one change purse, one

diamond brooch, three letters —"

The letters! The ones Tom had asked her to post yesterday without fail! He had said something about their being urgent — he had overlooked paying his insurance premiums. He had been home with a cold, and she had promised to post them on her way out to a luncheon. Then she had put them in a side compartment of her bag and forgotten all about them.

"I'll be in first thing Monday morning," she told Miss Watson. "The store is closed now, isn't it?"

"We're just about to close, but I'll be here for some time myself if you'd care to come to the staff entrance."

SHE thought quickly. She had planned to play golf on Monday morning, and then there were Tom's letters.

"Thank you, Miss Watson. Yes, I'll come in now."

She paused only long enough to put some loose change and her key in another bag, and caught the next bus.

The store had already settled down to its weekend quiet, and she went to the staff entrance and rang the bell.

"I'd like to see Miss Watson in the Lost Property," she said to the uniformed attendant who opened the door.

"Miss Watson?" He ran his finger down a printed list. "There's no one here at all as far as I know."

"There must be. She rang me only half an hour ago and said she'd be here."

"Miss Watson?" He repeated. "I don't recall a Miss Watson. Would it be Miss Stimson now? She's been in Lost Property for years."

Watson or Stimson, what did it matter?

"And Miss Stimson left some time ago. I saw her go myself."

Eve scathed inwardly. The trip all for nothing. No doubt Miss Stimson had had a sudden change of plans and hadn't bothered to leave a message.

There was nothing to do but go home, and she would have to tell Tom about his letters.

When she walked up the drive she saw that her car had gone from the garage. It was the last straw! One or

both of the boys must have come home and borrowed it. She had told them emphatically that they must always ask her permission. It was her own fault for giving them a spare set of keys when they got their licences. Now she would have to stay home instead of joining Tom at the golf club later in the afternoon, as she had intended.

What a beastly day it had turned out to be! She went straight to the kitchen and made herself a sandwich, which she carried into the sitting-room. Kicking off her shoes, she sank on to the settee and began to chew disconsolately. As she did so, her eye caught the china cabinet in the window recess and she was instantly struck by its bareness. Where was the Dresden figure—and the gold ormolu clock—and the fan of inlaid pearl?

Then she noticed that the drawers of her hutch chiffonier were slightly open, and she jumped up. Yes, the best silver cutlery was gone and the Queen Anne cruet—and

the Waterford crystal goblet! She flew to her bedroom, where the chaos was indescribable. Her furs were gone — and her lovely, lovely jewellery! She seized the telephone book and, with shaking hands, dialled the police number.

The voice that answered was matter-of-fact and businesslike, and she tried to control the hysteria in her voice as she answered his questions.

Yes, she had been out for only an hour—an hour and a half at the most. And no, there was no sign that anyone had forced an entry. No broken window or anything like that.

Then suddenly she thought of the car. Had that, too, been stolen? And then a further dreadful thought. Tom's letters, containing the insurance premiums he had forgotten to pay!

And with the thought came the realisation that she had been duped. For why would anyone bother to force a window when a key in possession of a key?

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 1, 1965

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● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Frocks, Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

STARS' BEAUTY SECRETS

Teenagers
WEEKLY

● Keeping up appearances is very important for Australia's top singing stars . . . they have to look their best ALL the time. They all have their own special ways of making the most of their hair, their skin, their eyes . . . tricks which help them to look just right for their fans. Here eight of Australia's prettiest stars pass on their secrets to you . . .



● LYNNE RANDELL credits her flawless complexion to the food she eats and skin care. Favorite foods are milk, orange juice, salads, and apples. She uses no lipstick, concentrating on eyeliner, mascara, and a light touch of pancake make-up. Lynne uses a cleansing cream at night, takes her eye make-up off with special cleansing pads, washes her face in hot water, without soap.



● ROBYN ALVAREZ, a trim 7 stone 4lb., has no weight problems. She says teenagers should be careful about dieting, adding: "If you are really enormously overweight you should see a doctor, who can suggest a diet." She eats lots of fresh fruit, vegetables (no potatoes), and drinks orange juice. "Lay off the sweets," says Robyn, who never takes sugar in tea or coffee.

● LITTLE PATTIE'S long, blonde hair is always so silky and shiny. She washes it twice a week in shampoo for dry hair, and always rubs in a cream conditioner while it's wet. Then Pattie brushes it dry — in the sun if there's any — and it turns up on the ends without any curling. Her mother trims the ends and fringe every few weeks, but Pattie has been wearing it shoulder-length for as long as she can recall.



● NOELEEN BATLEY says she owes her lovely fingernails to the special nail cream she rubs in every night and the "full treatment" she gives them every Saturday. She removes her old nail polish, scrubs with soap and water, and pushes back her cuticles. Then she files her nails into perfect almond-shapes with an emery board and rubs in nail cream before applying new polish. She uses a base coat, two of polish and sealer.



● SHARON O'BRIEN drinks a glass of lemon juice and warm water before breakfast every day. She finds it keeps her skin smooth and clear. With make-up, she pays special attention to making the most of her blue eyes. She uses blue eyeshadow blended with a brown one, and then with a thin brush she applies brownish-black eyeliner above — and BELOW — her eyes.

● JACKI WEAVER makes-up to make it look as though she's not wearing any at all! She wears a light base, a little rouge on her cheeks, and a light dusting of powder. With a colorless lipstick she achieves a shiny effect on her lips as well as a no-lipstick look. She makes her eyes her best feature with the help — lightly — of grey eyeliner and pencil.



● JANICE SLATER always powders her eyelashes before she applies black mascara — it helps to make them look thicker and longer. She doesn't use much make-up except on her eyes, which she highlights with grey eyeshadow and eyeliner. Janice finds the grey toning is better than black because it gives her eyes a softer look, with her blonde hair.



● THE TAYLOR SISTERS: Annette (right) wears three lipsticks at once. For an orange-toned dress, she first applies an outline of dark orange, fills in her lips with medium-orange, and then goes over that with paler orange. When Marilyn removes make-up and before she puts it on, she rubs with an ice-cube, wrapped in a tissue, for tingly skin.



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English teens do know Australia

AS a British girl who has just come to Australia, I would like to reply to the letter written by a misinformed Australian. She wrote that she was shocked by the fact that the English did not know that Australians have records, mod clothes, and proper roads.

How utterly ridiculous! Any teenager in England knows that Australians buy and make jolly good records, and Australian top-ten records are regularly featured in the English pop magazines.

As for mod clothes. Well, we never thought for a moment that the Australians went about in century-old rags. We do have television, see pictures of typical Australians, and closely follow the tours of our groups through Australia.

We also study your country in geography, and realise that Australia is a modern and progressive country whose people do not go around riding on emus. — Margaret Innes, Oxley, Qld.

Pop with meaning

I MUST disagree with the reader who wrote that pop music is the wrong medium for songs with a message.

Just because most pop songs of the moment are empty, and often have extremely amateurish lyrics, it doesn't mean that they all must be degraded to the same low standard. Can't a song have a good lyric as well as a good sound?

Bob Dylan's "With God On Our Side" is a folk-song of protest, worthy, in my opinion, of being played by disc jockeys more often than some of the trash passed off as music.

If pop songs are never to have a message, however are serious song-writers to reach the teenage public, which never seems to want to listen to anything except empty "yeah yeah" songs?

The only way some are going to broaden their outlook is by the use of protest in their own kind of music—pop. — R. Payne, Swan-bourne, W.A.

Young councillors

WE in Glenorchy have found the perfect solution to loneliness and boredom. We have organised two groups, the Glenorchy Junior Councillors (for children attending primary schools) and the Glenorchy Intermediate Councillors (for those attending secondary schools). The groups are organised and sponsored by our municipal council.

We hold dances and barbecues, and in the monthly newsletter issued free to councillors, there are always quizzes with fabulous prizes.

We can boast of being the first such group, not only in Australia but in the world. However, as the result of two films currently circulating overseas, municipalities in England and elsewhere have adopted Glenorchy's idea.

Vandalism has decreased by 75 percent in Glenorchy, and Tasmania's recently declared third city is now a tidier and better place to live in, thanks to the Intermediate and Junior Councillors. — "Intermediate Council-lor," Glenorchy, Tas.

Hateful apathy

I WOULD like to place on record my views regarding what I feel is the most soul-destroying aspect of our modern society.

I refer to apathy which, for those who do not understand the word, indicates a "couldn't-care-less" attitude. I experience a feeling of disgust every time I hear some-body say "I couldn't care less" or "I couldn't be bothered."

What has happened to the spirit of adventure which was supposed to be such a prominent feature in the personality of all young Australians? I would suggest to all readers of this page that the next time something which is a little out of the ordinary comes up, they take an interest rather than dismiss the idea. Wake up and live! — G. Chapman, Queens-cliff, N.S.W.

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



Realisation

AT school we have been shown a film about the spastic men, women, and children of Australia. I, like many others, did not realise exactly what a spastic is.

A spastic is not a person who is mentally retarded, but a person whose brain has no control over the move-ments of his or her body. It affects people in different ways, ranging from speech to the movement of arms or legs.

The film showed an aboriginal boy unable to walk, who rolled his way round the hospital. We saw adults typing with only one finger, and some with their toes, these being the only parts of the body over which they had control.

The ordinary things we take for granted sometimes come to these people only after months of hard work.

This film made me realise just how fortunate I am, and whenever I feel miserable

I have only to think of these spastics and my troubles seem relatively small. — Anne, Rosanna, Vic.

Not a queery!

HOW many people think I'm crazy? Because I love watching a sunset of deep pinks and purples against a blue sky, with the silhouette of a mountain range in the foreground, I am looked upon as a queery. What is wrong with a sun-set?

Another sight beautiful to me is the sunrise at a beach. I think that if people spent more time enjoying the simple things of life they would be easier to get on with, and would then realise that money isn't everything. — Cheryl Henry, Euramo, Qld.

Stepfather not wicked

SIX months ago when I told my friends that my mother was remarrying,

their reactions bewildered me. One said, "I think I'd run away if anything as horrible as that happened to me."

At the time I admit I had my doubts, but after six months I have found my stepfather terrific, and very easy to get along with. He does not interfere with my life, and it is my mother who corrects me, while he corrects the younger children. Once in a while we have a disagreement, but on the whole we are all very happy.

I hope any teenagers who have the doubts I had six months ago will realise that stepfathers are not as bad as Hans Andersen made them out to be. — J. Eccles, North Innaloo, W.A.

Sheepish

HAS anyone else noticed how like sheep people really are? Last week, while travelling to night school by bus, my friend and I decided to alight two stops earlier than usual.

We did this for two reasons: Firstly, to use the 20 minutes before our lecture, and secondly to see just how many other students would follow us. Sure enough, we were followed by four others, who promptly accused us of misleading them.

All this makes me think that I had better become a shepherdess instead of a politician as I had intended. Then again—perhaps the work is basically the same. — Helen Campbell, Adelaide.

One behind

YOU just can't win. During the ponytail stage parents wanted their children in ringlets. They wanted ponytails AFTER everyone had changed to beehives. Now they disapprove of the long fringes and straight hair which are popular.

Take the duffle coat situation. Mum said they are for boys. But a boy I know was made to return his, as his parents thought they were effeminate! — G. Martin, Floreat Park, W.A.

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



Curing the blues—hang the expense

● *Drab and dreary — that's how staff reporters Jude Ainsworth and Jenny Irvine felt on a recent chilly winter afternoon. What to do? A film? Dinner out? No. A night at a really elegant hotel! Jude wrote the story and Jenny did the drawings.*

"BATHS. That's what I want to do, take baths and baths," said Jenny.

"Sit up in bed and read magazines!" I said.

"And butter-balls for breakfast," Jenny added.

Into a cab, off to the flat for toothbrushes, nighties, curlers, hairbrush, and clothes for the next day. And half a rum cake from our Leila Howard Test

Kitchen. And a huge pile of fashion magazines.

"No, you don't need to take soap," Jenny reminded me. "They GIVE you soap at hotels. No — they give you towels, too!"

It had been so long since I'd done anything but youth hostel, I nearly took my sleeping-bag as well.

But what we set out for — and just what we got — was one night of utter luxury, that marvellous feeling of "to the manor born."

With one (battered) suitcase, we stepped out of the cab under the nose of a tall, rather imposing doorman. We even indulged ourselves to the extent of tipping him. After all, it isn't often that such handsomely garbed gentlemen have to struggle through the lobby with a stack of magazines and half a rum cake.

We booked into a twin room on the tenth floor, with a fantastic view of the harbor.

Keen to look at and try everything in the room, we pulled curtains, opened drawers and closets, switched switches, listened to the hotel's closed-circuit music, and turned on the gold bathroom taps.

Deciding to settle in for the night, we agreed to have dinner right away, and went down to the hotel's ground-floor smorgasbord room. It was even more popular than we'd realised — an enormous



"... a twin room on the tenth floor."

Jenny had an avocado pear to start, while I had oysters. She ordered a ham steak, and I fell for lobster thermidor. By the time we'd polished off all this we felt quite weak, and totally unable to order dessert — yet.

So into our nighties: Jenny into a short pink one and me into a long white French nightgown, handmade for my great-aunt in Paris. I'd always wondered what occasion would be sufficiently grand to merit wearing it, and this seemed just right.

"There, don't I look like Camille?" I asked, leaning back on to the pillows in my lacy, embroidered nightgown, trying to look interestingly pale and wan—very

service. We didn't really want anything in particular, just the fun of ringing. We sat up in bed watching TV, changing channels madly by remote control the second anything boring came on.

"Oh, put your shoes out. They'll get cleaned if you put them out before morning!" Jenny remembered. So out they went — two little pairs of shabby shoes on the ultra-plush carpet outside our door.

Fifteen minutes later we heard a knock at the door. We thought it was some of our friends calling in to see if we really were spending the night there. We opened the door to find two visiting businessmen from interstate. "We just wondered what two charming young ladies fit into these shoes — would you like to come to a discotheque?"

After a round-the-door conversation just long enough to turn them away feeling we'd quite LIKE to go, but thought it would be dangerously indiscreet, we shut the door and fell all over each other laughing. The pitfalls of wanting shiny shoes!

Next morning a right-on-time operator rang us to get up shortly before a friend arrived for breakfast — a scrumptious feast of orange juice, coffee, hot chocolate, raisin rolls, danish pastry — and butter-balls.

Even the final encounter with the desk clerk wasn't too painful; all those goodies, phone calls, and the lush room came to just less than £8 each.

Pretty cheap for what seemed like a month's holiday, especially when that privileged queen-for-a-day feeling lasts and lasts.



"... enchanted by the big modern tub."

mous queue stretched right round the dining-room.

Now, normally, we are two of the humblest queue-standers around — meek, frugal, patient. But that night, "I'm not standing in a queue. Why should I stand in a queue?" I said grandly. "Indeed not!" Jenny agreed: "We'll have dinner in our room."

We felt like Eloise — you know, "Who is the little girl who lives in the Plaza in New York? It's me, Eloise. I'm six and I live on the very top floor."

I rang room service, and placed our long order — hoping that I sounded as though I did this sort of thing every day.

difficult on a tummy full of lobster thermidor.

Jenny finally wandered out of the bath—she was enchanted by the big modern tub, because she lives in an antiquated flat where the hot-water system is always giving out. So it's either boiling kettles or taking showers during lunch hour in the Women's Amenities Centre—both pretty tiresome.

"I'm going to ring up everybody I know and tell them where I am tonight!" So I sat reading while Jenny rang everyone; she was most upset because some friends weren't at home to be told.

Like kids with a new toy, we couldn't get our minds off the idea of ringing room



"Like children with a new toy..."

NOT MANY 'HULLO' DOLLIES?

ROUND ROBIN

● I see that a U.S. study has decided that women do NOT talk more on phones than men do.

A TEAM of efficiency experts say they found out this while studying the workings of a large firm.

The team became so wrapped up in the sidelight that they carried their investigations into all aspects of females' telephoning.

Some of the data they gathered about girls' phone habits is very interesting.

For instance, it seems that women get their reputations as really "gas" talkers not because of their actual output but because of the noise they make.

The pitch of their voices gives the impression of talking more.

As I said earlier, it's very interesting. But, of course, it's all bunk. Under Australian conditions, anyway.

I found this out when I interviewed—by phone—girls here on the subject. Here's a typical encounter:

"Alice, it's Robin here. I—"

"I should think so. I waved to you from the bus yesterday and you ignored me."

"I'm sorry. Actually—"

"Oh, it doesn't matter, really. Anyway, I wanted to ask you who was that fantastic man you were talking to?"

"But, look, I wanted to—"

"Oh, you men! Talk about jealousy! I told you who the girl in the lift was the other day."

"Alice! Just wanted to ask if you thought women talked a lot on phones."

"Heavens, why ask me?"

No wonder that, in the 1870s, Alexander Graham Bell said, "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you—to get that woman to hang up so I can get on with inventing the telephone."

—Robin Adair

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 1, 1965

SIX PARTY GAMES

APPLE RELAY

Divide guests into teams of four and give the first in each line an apple and a small knife. At the word go, No. 1 has to peel the apple and pass it and the knife on to No. 2, who quarters it, and passes the knife and pieces to No. 3, who cores it and drops it into a bowl of water. No. 4 (who should always be a boy) must get the pieces of apple from the water with his mouth only and then eat them as quickly as he can. The first team to finish wins the prize.

MEMORY TEST

This old-fashioned game is always fun. Place twenty objects on a tray — hairpin, matchbox, cigarettes, comb, etc. — and show to guests for two minutes. Then cover with a tea-towel. Guests have to write down as many as they remember.

DOTTY PICTURES

Provide guests with plain postcards and pencils and ask them to draw seven dots in any position. Collect the cards, shuffle them, and then redistribute. Choose a subject such as "Joy" or "Misery" and everyone has to draw a picture, using the dots, representing the subject. Best drawing wins.

WHO SAID IT?

Write down ten well-known quotations or current catch-phrases. Players have to guess the name of the author or originator, e.g., "What a good boy am I?" (Jack Horner); "Yeah, yeah, yeah" (the Beatles).

WORDS

Choose a long word (like Mary Poppins' favorite—SUPERCALIFRAJALISTICEXPLALIDOCIOUS) and ask the guests to write it down. Then give them ten minutes in which to discover all the words they can make. No letter may be used more than once in one word unless it appears more than once in the original word.

BOBBING APPLES

Provide a tub filled with water and float apples in it—with good long stalks if possible. With hands held behind, each guest is allowed four long tries to grasp an apple with his teeth.

THE CLASSICS

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2

FEW composers have been as earnest about their work as Brahms was. He waited until he was past 40 before he dared to write a symphony, and he made sure that the symphony he wrote then was a profoundly serious statement.

Having written this work he apparently felt it was in order to relax. His second symphony, which appeared within a year of the first, was in quite a different vein, for the most part graceful and cheerful.

Only in the very beautiful slow movement of this Symphony No. 2 does Brahms return to a more serious and self-searching mood; the rest is "outdoor" music without emotional complications. (It is incredible to read that some early critics found it "turgid" and "artificial.")

RCA has issued a new recording of the Second Symphony by the brilliant Boston Symphony Orchestra under its permanent conductor, Erich Leinsdorf.

It is a performance of great vitality and technical perfection, though Leinsdorf's interpretation of the last movement is a little too fast and furious for my taste.

—MARTIN LONG

Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Critical friends

"I HAVE a wonderful boyfriend who, in my opinion, is a gentleman and I wouldn't trade him for the world. My friends don't like him all that much and are always criticising him. Maybe you don't think that's much, but they say it in front of me, and naturally I get really upset. I have even over-boiled and blown a gasket a couple of times and told them to stop, but it doesn't seem to help. Please can you help me, because I love him so much and it hurts me terribly."

"Hurt," Vic.

Ignore your "friends'" comments. They will soon get tired of being unkind if you don't react.

Everything's all wrong

"I AM fairly attractive and an average teenager, but I am unpopular with the boys round where we live. I've held parties and they all seem to enjoy themselves, but they go and tell everyone what an awful party it was. I was going with this boy whom I liked a lot and then suddenly he got sore at me and started spreading stories about me. Ever since then things have gone all wrong. If I do make it with a boy, some of my friends decide they will try for him and when they have broken it up between us they leave the boy. My girlfriend has a boy and he goes to her place for weekends. We get on all right until he brings some of his mates and then we

start fighting over nothing at all. Because of these problems and others I get irritable at home."

"Worried Teenager," N.S.W.

Are you sure you aren't unduly sorry for yourself? Could you by any chance be imagining some of these slights? If you look for ways to be hurt you will find them, twisting meaningless remarks into something unpleasant. Have you a very close friend you could talk things over with? It should be someone who knows the group. Tell her (or him) how upset you feel and ask her to tell you honestly whether there is a good reason for your friends' attitude. If there is you must not be hurt, but must resolve to change things. If you fix up your troubles with your friends the home situation will solve itself. Explain to your mother why you are irritable.

They've ganged up

"THERE are about seven girls I sit with at lunchtime at work and enjoy their company very much. Recently, one of the girls (my best friend) found out a secret about me which I didn't tell her. She got very mad and said I wasn't a good friend for not trusting her. I explained, apologised, and did everything to bring her back, but she wouldn't listen. Now all the other girls snub me and I have no one to sit with at lunch. I wrote them a note trying to explain and in the note admitted that I didn't trust them. I feel miserable. Everyone's against me and I can't even ask them a question without them jumping down my neck."

"Unwanted," Qld.

Don't apologise any more. Be pleasant and polite, but don't make any attempts to join their group. Don't show them that they are making you miserable. As soon as they see that their attitude is not worrying you they'll come round. Then take up the friendship again if you still want to.

Silly sisters

"MY sisters, aged 11 and 15, were either born without minds or they've hidden them away and can't find them. Here are a few examples: If I don't like something, neither do they! If I bring home a faddish expression, they copy it! (And after you hear an 11-year-old say it, you aren't likely to say it again yourself!) If there's a song on the radio they can't wait two minutes to hear its title announced, they ask me—it becomes terribly tiresome. I suppose you think this is petty and childish coming from a 16-year-old, but it can't be good for them to be leaning on me as much as they do."

"Distracted," Qld.

This sort of thing is exasperating, but I get so many letters from sisters who say they argue all the time and hate each other that I think that you should be thankful that they seem to admire you so much. Anyway, they'll grow out of it.

If it really annoys you, why don't you turn the tables? Say everything they say, like everything they like, do everything they do. Ask them silly questions. They may get so annoyed they'll stop.

Too much tummy

"I HAVE a very serious problem. I am a teenager with too much tummy. I have tried exercises, but none of them seem to work. I get embarrassed, specially during summer, when I have to go around looking out of shape. I don't want to ask my doctor about this, and my mother thinks it's funny and won't take any notice."

"Too Much," N.S.W.

I'm sure you'll grow out of it, but in the meantime go to a trained corsetier and be fitted for a pantie girdle. You can even wear it under your swimming costume.

Live it up with 'Live Colour'



Live it up with DARK GRAPE

For the deepest shades of vintage wine on brown or black hair.



4 fabulous new shades!



Live it up with SUMMER MOON beams a romantic glow to all shades of light brown or blonde hair.

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You simply cream Live Colour into your hair. It's so easy to use—it can't drip or run—and the colour stays true through weeks of shampooing. Live Colour contains lanolin, too, to give your hair sheen, silky softness and manageability. Why don't you live it up with Live Colour soon.



THE NATURAL LOOK FROM
napro

NOW THERE ARE 12 FABULOUS APPLY-IN-A-MINUTE SHADES. JUST 4/- EACH!

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

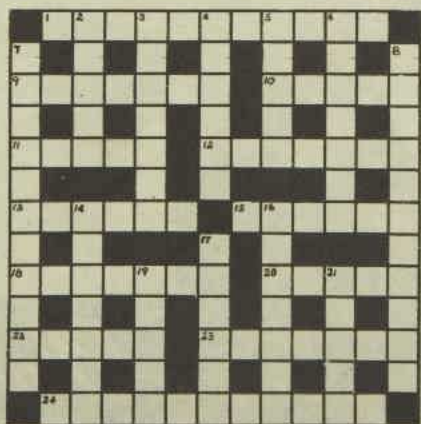
MANDRAKE has hypnotised the strange man. The stranger's thoughts of his homeland were projected on to a screen and seen by the people watching. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Quaint seers on horseback (11).
9. Eastern (anagr., 7).
10. Agave fibre in sails from Yucatan (5).
11. A group of eight (5).
12. If it is fever, it is typhus (7).
13. Assent (6).
15. In cricket, three needed at each end of pitch (6).
18. Devises in the flues of chimneys (7).
20. Man's name highly valued in Hollywood (5).
22. Belgian city S.E. of Brussels (5).
23. Map sent for imprint (7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Sequence of four cards containing two pints (5).
3. Corrected, placing the end in the middle (7).
4. A loose, hanging rag (6).
5. A piece let into a dress (5).
6. Favorite remedy is no playing noisily on a stringed instrument (7).
7. Outbursts of applause at the hotel produces novelties (11).
8. Intensely dark bands make inferior port wines (11).
14. Prehistoric human (7).
16. Tailors sew on this kind of button (7).
17. View starting from a trembling poplar (6).
19. The cardinal point opposite the sun at noon (5).
21. Wading bird used for hoisting heavy load (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3468.—Pretty dress and coat ensemble, the dress semi-fitted and sleeveless with slightly extended shoulders. Coat is lined to edge and has three-quarter length magyar sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 7/- includes postage.

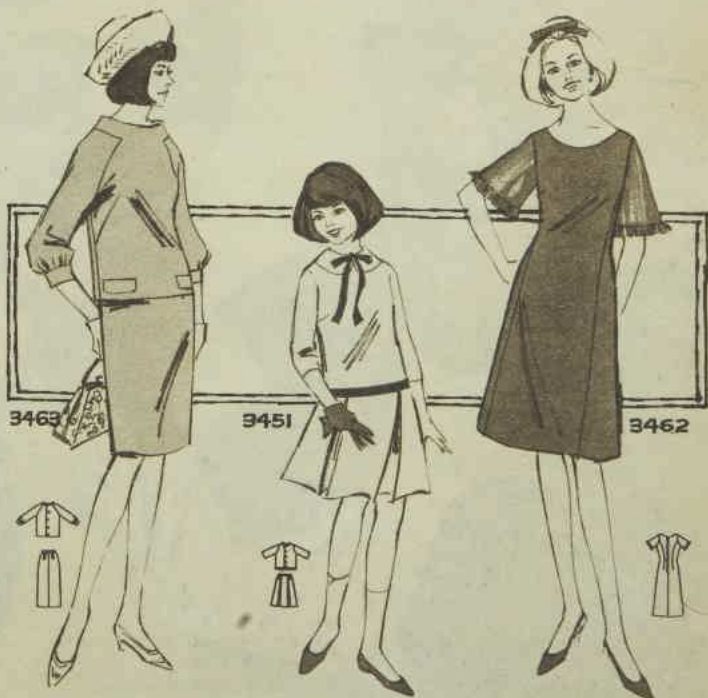
3464.—Attractive dress for all age groups, has a fitted bodice with shallow, scooped neckline. Three-quarter length sleeves also provided in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3466.—Useful one-piece. Semi-fitted, slightly A-line dress has inverted V-seaming detail. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

3451.—Girl's two-piece. Back-buttoned over-b blouse and swinging pleated skirt. Sizes 7 to 14 (25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

3463.—Back-buttoned, raglan-sleeved over-b blouse and slim skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 7/- includes postage.

3462.—Quick 'n easy, lined, semi-fitted princess seamed dress with short, wide sleeves, self-ruffle. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.A.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME _____	DESIGN _____	SIZE _____
ADDRESS _____		

Rothmans King Size Filter *the cigarette for today's modern, active world*

Look around and you'll see that today's modern, active people choose Rothmans King Size Filter. Now, more than ever, Australians enjoy the smoothness, mildness and satisfaction only Rothmans offers you because of its better tobacco, finer filter and true King Size flavour. These are the reasons why Rothmans King Size Filter is Australia's—and the world's—largest-selling King Size Virginia cigarette.



Smooth
and mild
**ROTHMANS
KING SIZE
REALLY
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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
presents

30 NEW BABY KNITS

• A complete
wardrobe of
new designs
for baby's
first year.

DIRECTIONS for outfits at
right are on pages 4 and 5.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 1, 1965



BABY HANDKNITS — Page 1



Ribbons trim dainty vest

● Knit it in pink for a girl, blue for a boy, or white trimmed with lemon for either sex.

Materials: 2 balls Emu 3-ply Baby Bri-Nylon, 1 pr. No. 11 needles, 2 yards narrow ribbon.

Measurements: Underarm, 17in.; length from top, 11in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; rep., repeat; w.r.n., wool round needle; beg., beginning; cont., continue.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 70 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 6 rows. Cont. thus:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd and Alternate Rows: Purl (when working over the w.r.n. twice in following rows p as 1 st.).

3rd Row: K 2, * (k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice) 3 times, k 6, rep. from * to last 8 sts., (k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice) 3 times, k 2.

5th Row: K 3, * (k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice) twice, k 8, rep. from * to last 7 sts., (k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice) twice, k 3.

7th Row: K 4, * k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice, k 10, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice, k 4.

9th Row: Knit.

11th Row: K 8, * (k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice) 3 times, k 6, rep. from * to last 14 sts., (k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice) 3 times, k 8.

13th Row: K 9, * (k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice) twice, k 8, rep. from * to last 13 sts., (k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice) twice, k 9.

15th Row: K 10, * k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice, k 10, rep. from * to last 12 sts., k 2 tog., w.r.n. twice, k 10.

16th Row: Purl.

These 16 rows complete pattern. Cont. in pattern, when work measures 8in., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. When armholes measure 2½in. shape neck thus:

Next Row: Pattern 20 sts., leave on spare needle, cast off 22 sts. loosely, pattern to end.

Cont. in pattern on these 20 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until dec. to 16 sts. When armhole measures 3in. cast off. Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 1in. Shape neck thus:

Next Row: Pattern 26 sts., leave on spare needle, cast off 10 sts. loosely, pattern to end.

Cont. in pattern on these 26 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until dec. to 16 sts. When armhole measures 3in. cast off. Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

NECK EDGING (BACK)

With right side facing using No. 11 needles, pick up and k about 47 sts. across back of neck. P 1 row.

Next Row: K 1, * w.r.n. twice, k 2 tog. rep. from * to end.

Next Row: Purl (working w.r.n. twice of previous row as 1 st.). Cast off.

NECK EDGING (FRONT)

Work as for back picking up about 55 sts.

ARMHOLE EDGING (2)

Join shoulder seams. Work as for neck edging picking up 55 sts.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements. Press with warm iron over dry cloth on wrong side of work. Sew up side seam. Thread ribbon through eyelet holes and tie as illustrated.

Lacy dress with collar

• Easy pattern stitch adds a pretty scalloped edge to collar, cuffs, and hem.



Materials: 4 balls Emu 3-ply Baby Bri-Nylon, 1 pair each Nos. 9, 10, and 12 needles, 4 small buttons, fine crochet hook.

Measurements: Underarm 20in.; length from top of shoulder, 15½in.; length of sleeve seam, 6in.

Tension: 7 sts. to lin. over moss-stitch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog., together; dec., decrease; inc., increase; w.r.n., wool round needle; t.b.s., through back of stitches; g-st., garter-stitch; m-st., moss-stitch (k 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end, rep. this row throughout); d.c., double crochet; ch., chain.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 132 sts. Work in g-st. for 4 rows. Work in following pattern.

1st Row: * K 2 tog., k 3, w.r.n. twice, k 1, w.r.n. twice, k 3, k 2 tog. t.b.s., rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: Purl, working w.r.n. twice of previous row as 1 st.

Rep. these 2 rows. When work measures 11½in. dec. across row thus:

Next Row: K 5, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5 (71 sts.).

Work in m-st. for 3 rows, then shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 3 rows. When armholes measure 3½in., cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work as for back until work measures 11½in., divide for opening.

Next Row: Work 66 sts. in pattern, leave remaining sts. on spare needle.

Continue in pattern on these 66 sts. until work measures 11½in., dec. thus:

Next Row: K 3, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1 (35 sts.). Work in m-st. for 3 rows, then shape armhole by casting off 3 sts. at armhole edge of next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows.

Continue in m-st., when armhole measures 2½in., shape neck by casting off 7 sts. at neck edge of next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of next 4 rows. When armhole measures 3½in., cast off. Join yarn at centre front, continue in pattern until work measures 11½in., dec. thus:

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3. Work to correspond with other side, working shapings and dec. at opposite ends.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 44 sts. Work g-st. for 4 rows. Work pattern as for back until 6 patterns have been completed. Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, then work in st-st. for ½in., inc. 1 st. on last row (45 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles, cont. in m-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 14th and every following 8th row until 55 sts. When sleeve seam measures 6in., measured from commencement of st-st., shape top by casting off 8 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 94 sts. Work in g-st. for 4 rows. Continue in patt. as for back, keeping 3 sts. at each end in g-st. When 8 patterns have been completed, change to No. 12 needles, dec. 1 st. and work in rib of p 1, k 1 for 4 rows, keeping 3 sts. each end in g-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements and press on wrong side with warm iron over dry cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves round armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Work 2 rows of d.c. along left front opening and 2 rows on right front, making 4 ch. loops at even intervals down front for buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Ease collar into position round neck on wrong side of work, overstretch and allow to roll back to right side.





Baby's topcoat with helmet

Materials: Villawool Speediknit—Coat: 6 (7, 7) balls. **Helmet and Bonnet:** 2 balls each; 1 pr. No. 8 needles; crochet hook; 5 buttons; 1 yd. ribbon.

Measurements: To fit 19 (21, 23) in. chest; length, 13 (13½, 14) in.; sleeves, 6½ (7, 7½) in.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2 in.

Abbreviation: Y.fwd., yarn forward.

PATTERN

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: P 1, * sl. 1, keeping yarn to front of work, p 1, rep. from * to end.
4th Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.
5th Row: Knit.
6th Row: Purl.
Rep. these 6 rows inclusive.

COAT

Note: Work buttonholes on Left Front of Coat for boy. Right Front for girl.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 73 (79, 85) sts. and work in garter-stitch for 6 rows, then cont. in patt. Dec. 1 st. each end of 7th, then every 6th row thereafter until 57 (63, 69) sts. rem. Cont. until work measures 7½ (8, 8½) in., ending on wrong side of work.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 (2, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: Purl.
Rep. the last 2 rows until 21 (23, 23) sts. rem., ending on a purl row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 42 (44, 46) sts. and work in garter-stitch for 6 rows, then cont. in patt., keeping 5 g-sts. for front border and dec. 1 st. at beg. of 7th and every 6th row thereafter until 34 (36, 38) sts. rem. Cont. until front measures same as back to raglan, ending at side edge.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (2, 3) sts. at beg. of next row.

Next Row: K 5, purl to end.
Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end. Rep. last 2 rows until 19 sts. rem., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 15 sts. at beg. of next row and cont. raglan shaping until all sts. are worked off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 42 (44, 46) sts. and work to correspond with left front, reversing border sts. and all shapings, until front measures same as back to raglan, ending at front edge.

Next Row: K 2, cast off 2 sts. (for buttonhole), knit to end.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (2, 3) sts., purl to border sts., k 1, cast on 2 sts., k 2.
Next Row: Knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: Purl to last 5 sts., k 5.
Rep. last 2 rows until 19 sts. rem., ending at front edge, at the same time working 3 more buttonholes on 8th and 9th (9th, 10th) rows (for two larger sizes) from previous buttonhole.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 15 sts., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Cont. raglan shaping until all sts. are worked off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 28 (28, 32) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. and evenly inc. 9 sts. on last row. Cont. in patt. until 4 patterns worked. Change to stocking-stitch and inc. 1 st.

each end of next and every 4th row thereafter until 41 (45, 51) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 6½ (7, 7½) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row. Shape raglans as back until 5 sts. rem., ending on a purl row. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 59 (61, 61) sts. and work in garter-stitch for 4 rows. Change to patt. and work patt. twice, keeping 4 sts. in garter-stitch each end. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using flat seam, sew up 4 raglan seams and all ribbing. Using small back-stitch sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Attach collar neatly to neck edge, leaving border sts. of fronts free. Sew on buttons.

HELMET

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 9 sts.
1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows 3 times.

9th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, pick up horizontal loop between next stitch and knit into back of it (this will be termed inc.), p 1, inc., k 1, p 1, k 1.

10th Row: K 2, p 2, k 1, p 2, (k 1, p 1) twice.

11th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, inc., k 1, p 1, k 1, inc., k 1, p 1, k 1.

12th Row: K 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

13th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, inc., p 1, (k 1, p 1) twice, inc., k 1, p 1, k 1.
14th Row: K 2, p 2, (k 1, p 1) 3 times, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1.

15th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, inc., (k 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, inc., k 1, p 1, k 1.
16th Row: K 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

17th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, inc., (p 1, k 1) 4 times, p 1, inc., k 1, p 1, k 1.

18th Row: K 2, p 1, (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 2, (k 1, p 1) twice.

19th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, inc., (k 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, inc., k 1, p 1, k 1.

20th Row: K 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

21st Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, inc., (p 1, k 1) 6 times, p 1, inc., k 1, p 1, k 1.
22nd Row: K 2, p 1, (p 1, k 1) 7 times, p 2, (k 1, p 1) twice.

23rd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, inc., (k 1, p 1) 7 times, k 1, inc., k 1, p 1, k 1.

24th Row: K 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

25th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, inc., (p 1, k 1) 8 times, p 1, inc., k 1, p 1, k 1.

26th Row: K 2, p 1, (p 1, k 1) 9 times, p 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1.

27th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, inc., (k 1, p 1) 9 times, p 1, inc., k 1, p 1, k 1.

28th Row: Cast on 7 sts., work in rib to end.

29th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, inc., (p 1, k 1) to last stitch, p 1.

30th Row: (K 1, p 1), rep. to last 5 sts., (p 1, k 1) twice, p 1.

31st Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, inc., (k 1, p 1) to end.

32nd Row: (K 1, p 1) to end.

Slip these 38 sts. on to holder and work another piece exactly the same.

33rd Row of 2nd Piece: (K 1, p 1) 19 times, cast on 26 sts., then work first piece in rib of k 1, p 1 to end. Work 6 rows in rib and dec. 1 st. at end of last row. Work 2 complete patterns as for coat, ending on wrong side of work.

1st Row: (K 2 tog., k 4), rep. to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 3. (84 sts.)

2nd Row: (K 2, p 1) to end.

3rd Row: (K 1, p 2) to end.

Rep. last 2 rows twice.

8th Row: (K 2 tog., p 1) to end.

Work 4 rows in rib.

To Shape Crown:

1st Row: K 2 tog. to end.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 2 tog. to end.

6th Row: Purl.

Break yarn and thread through rem. sts. Draw up and fasten off securely.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Join back seam. Make loop at one end of chin strap and sew button to correspond on other strap.



... or bonnet

Materials: See opposite page.

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 72 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 22 rows, then work 6 rows in stocking-stitch. Cont. in patt. as for coat and work 2 complete patterns. Proceed thus:

1st Row: (P 2, k 1), rep. to end.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 2), rep. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows twice.

7th Row: (P 2 tog., k 1), rep. to end.

Work 3 rows in rib of k 1, p 1.

To Shape Crown—1st Row: K 2 tog., rep. to end.

2nd Row: Purl. 3rd Row: Knit. 4th Row: Purl. 5th Row: K 2 tog., rep. to end. 6th Row: Purl.

Break yarn, thread through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off securely.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side. Seam back of bonnet from crown to 2nd row of patt. Fold ribbing in half to right side. With right side facing, neatly pick up and knit 40 sts. on neck edge.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: (K 1, y.fwd., k 2 tog.), rep. to last stitch, k 1.

3rd Row: Knit. Cast off on next row.

TO FINISH OFF

With crochet hook, make cord and thread through holes, leaving both ends of cord free for tie.

Pullover and leggings set

Materials: Villawool Baby Wool and Nylon Yarn—Sweater: 2 balls (both sizes); Leggings: 2 balls; 1 pr. Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 3 buttons; 1½ yds. ribbon.

Measurements: To fit 18 (20) in. chest; length from shoulder, 10 (10½) in.; sleeves 7½ (8½) in.; leg seam from centre seam to lower edge, 8 in.; front seam, 8 in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in.

PULLOVER BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 82 (90) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in stocking-stitch. Cont. until work measures 6 (6½) in. (or length required) to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every foll. alt. row until 52 (54) sts. rem., ending on right side of work.

To Make Placket: P 24 (25), turn, leaving rem. 28 (29) sts. on holder, work on these 24 (25) sts. only.

Next Row: Cast on 4 sts. (underlap), then knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl to last 4 sts., k 4.

Next Row: Knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. last 2 rows until 16 (17) sts. rem. Cast off.

Place 2 markers for buttons along placket edge, allowing for 3rd button in neckband. Ret. to 28 (29) sts. on holder, join yarn at placket edge and work as follows:

Next Row: K 4, purl to end of row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., knit to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows until 16 (17) sts. rem., making buttonholes opposite markers as follows:

With right side of work facing, work to last 3 sts., yarn forward, k 2 tog., k 1.

FRONT

Work as back, shaping armholes until 38 (42) sts. rem.

To Shape Neck: With right side of work facing, k 2 tog., k 11 (12), cast off next 12 (14) sts., k 11 (12), k 2 tog. Working on last 12 (13) sts. only, place rem. sts. on holder. Cont. to dec. 1 st. every alt. row at armhole edge, and at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 7 rows.

First Size: K 2 tog. and end off.

Second Size: Work 1 more dec. at armhole edge, then k 2 tog. and end off.

Ret. to sts. on holder, join yarn at neck

edge and work to correspond with other side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 46 (50) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½ in., ending on right side of work.

Next Row: Purl, inc. evenly along row to 54 (58) sts.

Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 7th row and every foll. 5th row until 70 (76) sts. on needle. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 7½ (8½) in. (or length required) to underarm. Cont. in st-st., casting off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next row and every foll. alt. row until 12 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Using small back-stitch neatly sew up four raglan seams. Press seams.

Neckband: Using No. 12 needles, beginning at left side of back placket, pick up and knit 88 (94) sts. evenly round neck edge to right side of back placket. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, having 4 sts. each end every row in garter-stitch and making last buttonhole on 4th row. Cont. until band measures ½ in. Cast off ribwise.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work lightly on wrong side. Using small back-stitch sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Flat seam all ribbing. Sew on buttons.

LEGGINGS

RIGHT LEG

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 72 sts. 1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st row 3 times.

5th Row: K 2, y.fwd., k 2 tog., * work 2 sts. in rib, y.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st row 11 times **.

To Shape Back—1st Row: K 6, turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 12, turn.

5th Row: K 18, turn.

Cont. thus until row "k 30, turn" has been worked.

Next Row: Purl. Proceed as follows:

*** 1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Cont. in st-st. and inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every foll. 6th row until 90 sts. on needle. Cont. without shaping until work measures 8 in. from beg. (measured at short side). Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 52 sts. rem., then every foll. 4th row until 46 sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until work measures 6½ in. from crutch (measured at centre of work), ending with a purl row.

Next Row: K 1, (k 1, y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 6 times, k 8, (k 1, y.fwd., k 2 tog.) 6 times, k 1.

Next Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Divide for foot as follows:

1st Row: K 30, turn.

2nd Row: K 1, p 12, k 1, turn.

Work 2½ in. in st-st. on these 14 sts., ending on purl row. Break yarn.

With right side facing and 16 sts. on right-hand needle, pick up and knit 10 sts. along side of foot, knit across 14 sts. at top of foot, pick up and knit 10 sts. along side of foot, knit rem. 16 sts. (66 sts.). Work 10 rows in garter-stitch without shaping.

To Shape for Foot—1st Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 24, k 2 tog., k 8, k 2 tog., k 24, k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 22, k 2 tog., k 8, k 2 tog., k 22, k 2 tog., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 20, k 2 tog., k 8, k 2 tog., k 20, k 2 tog., k 1. Cast off.

LEFT LEG

Work to correspond with right leg to **.

Next Row: Knit.

To Shape Back—1st Row: K 1, p 5, turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: K 1, p 11, turn.

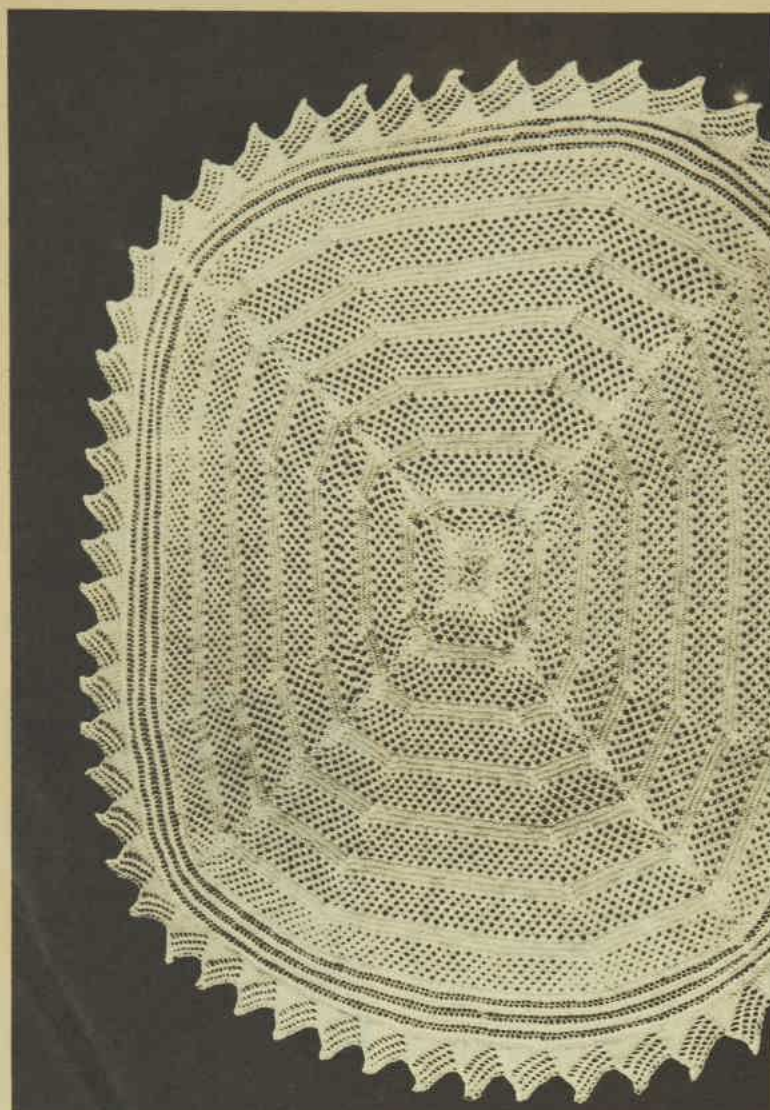
5th Row: K 1, p 17, turn.

Cont. in this way until row "k 1, p 29, turn" has been worked. Finish to correspond with right leg from *** to end.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side. Using small back-stitch sew up back, front, and leg seams. Press seams. Thread ribbon through ribbonholes at waist and ankles.





Page 6 — BABY HANDKNITS

Cobweb shawl

• This filmy beauty measures approximately four feet across.

Materials: 8 balls Patons Beehive Baby Wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 6 needles.
Measurements: Approximately 48in. in diameter.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in. over garter-st.

MAIN PART

(4 sections alike)

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 168 sts. and work in patt.:

**** 1st Row:** K 2, * w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o. the 2 k sts., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o. the 2 k sts., w.fwd., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

4th Row: Knit.

Rep. these 4 rows twice. **

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 36, k 3 tog., k 82, k 3 tog., k 36, k 3 tog., k 1. (160 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 34, k 3 tog., k 78, k 3 tog., k 34, k 3 tog., k 1. (152 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 32, k 3 tog., k 74, k 3 tog., k 32, k 3 tog., k 1. (144 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. from ** to ** once.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 30, k 3 tog., k 70, k 3 tog., k 30, k 3 tog., k 1. (136 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 28, k 3 tog., k 66, k 3 tog., k 28, k 3 tog., k 1. (128 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 26, k 3 tog., k 62, k 3 tog., k 26, k 3 tog., k 1. (120 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. from ** to ** once.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 24, k 3 tog., k 58, k 3 tog., k 24, k 3 tog., k 1. (112 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 22, k 3 tog., k 54, k 3 tog., k 22, k 3 tog., k 1. (104 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 20, k 3 tog., k 50, k 3 tog., k 20, k 3 tog., k 1. (96 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. from ** to ** once.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 18, k 3 tog., k 46, k 3 tog., k 18, k 3 tog., k 1. (88 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 16, k 3 tog., k 42, k 3 tog., k 16, k 3 tog., k 1. (80 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 14, k 3 tog., k 38, k 3 tog., k 14, k 3 tog., k 1. (72 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. from ** to ** once.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 12, k 3 tog., k 34, k 3 tog., k 12, k 3 tog., k 1. (64 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 10, k 3 tog., k 30, k 3 tog., k 10, k 3 tog., k 1. (56 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 8, k 3 tog., k 26, k 3 tog., k 8, k 3 tog., k 1. (48 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. from ** to ** once.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 6, k 3 tog., k 22, k 3 tog., k 6, k 3 tog., k 1. (40 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 4, k 3 tog., k 18, k 3 tog., k 4, k 3 tog., k 1. (32 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, k 3 tog., k 2, k 3 tog., k 14, k 3 tog., k 2, k 3 tog., k 1. (24 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. from ** to ** once.

Next Row: K 1, (k 3 tog.) twice, k 10, (k 3 tog.) twice, k 1. (16 sts.)

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: (K 2 tog.) to end.

Rep. last 2 rows once (4 sts.).

Next Row: (K 2 tog.) twice. Cast off. Join the 4 sections together. Pin out shawl to a circle, diameter about 38in. Press lightly with a warm iron over a damp cloth.

LACE BORDER

With No. 6 needles, cast on 9 sts.

1st Row: K 2, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, w.fwd., k 1.

Matinee jacket

• An appealing and handy addition to any baby's wardrobe.

Materials: 4 balls Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 knitting needles; 1 small button; $\frac{1}{4}$ yd. ribbon.

Measurements: To fit 20in. chest (actual measurement); length from shoulder, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; sleeve seam, 6in.

Tension: 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ sts. and 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ rows to lin.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog., together; w.fwd., wool forward; w.r.n., wool round needle; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass sl-st. over; g-st., garter-stitch; k every row; rep., repeat.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 67 sts.

COBWEB SHAWL

... continued

2nd and every Alt. Row: Knit.

3rd Row: K 3, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, w.fwd., k 1.

5th Row: K 4, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, w.fwd., k 1.

7th Row: K 5, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, w.fwd., k 1.

9th Row: K 6, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, w.fwd., k 1.

11th Row: K 7, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, w.fwd., k 1.

13th Row: K 8, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, w.fwd., k 1.

15th Row: K 9, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, w.fwd., k 1.

17th Row: K 10, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, w.fwd., k 1.

18th Row: Cast off 9 sts. loosely, k to end (9 sts.).

Rep. last 18 rows 55 times. Cast off loosely.

INSERTION

With No. 6 needles, cast on 14 sts.

1st Row: Sl. 1, (k 2, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.) 3 times, k 1.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, (p 2, w.r.n., p 2 tog.) 3 times, k 1.

Rep. these 2 rows until the insertion is same length as straight edge of border. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join border to insertion, then run gathering thread along outer edge of insertion and join to outer edge of shawl.

Work 6 rows in g-st. Work in following pattern.

1st Row: P 2 tog., * w.r.n., p 3, w.r.n., p 3 tog., rep. from * to last 5 sts., w.r.n., p 3, w.r.n., p 2 tog.

2nd and Alternate Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, rep. from * to end.

5th Row: P 2, * w.r.n., p 3 tog., w.r.n., p 3, rep. from * to last 5 sts., w.r.n., p 3 tog., w.r.n., p 2.

7th Row: P 1, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1.

8th Row: Purl.

These 8 rows complete pattern.

Continue in pattern. When work measures 7in., shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 3 rows. When armholes measure 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., work across all sts. in g-st. When armholes measure 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows. Cast off loosely.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 37 sts. Work 6 rows in g-st. Work as follows:

Next Row: Work in pattern as for back to last 6 sts., k 6.

Continue in pattern, keeping the 6 border sts. in g-st. When work measures 7in., shape armhole by casting off 3 sts. at armhole edge of next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of next 3 rows. When armhole measures 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., work across all sts. in g-st. When armhole measures 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., shape neck as follows:

Next Row: K 6, leave on spare needle, cast off 3 sts., k to end.

Continue in g-st., k 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., shape shoulder by casting off 9 sts. at armhole edge of next and following alternate row.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border and shaping at opposite ends. Make buttonhole on border $\frac{1}{2}$ in. above start of armhole as follows:

Next Row: K 3, w.r.n. twice, k 2 tog., work to end. (Work w.r.n. twice as one st. on following row.)



SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 36 sts. Work in g-st. for 8 rows. Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: K 5, * k twice into next st., k 1, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5. (49 sts.)

Work in pattern as back until sleeve seam measures 6in. or required length. Shape top by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, using No. 11 needles, k across

the 6 sts. left on spare needle from right front, pick up and k 56 sts. round neck, k across 6 sts. left on spare needle from left front. (68 sts.) K 1 row.

Next Row: K 3, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to last 5 sts. w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3. K 3 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to correct measurements. Press with warm iron over dry cloth. Stitch sleeves into position. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch on button. Thread ribbon through ribbon-holes and tie into a bow.

EIGHT-PIECE LAYETTE

Materials: Sirdar Baby Nylon 4-ply or Sirdar Sunshine Baby Wool, 4-ply, 5 ounces for dress, 3 for cardigan, 1 for booties, or 9 for set. Five ounces for pram coat, 4 for leggings, 1 for either bonnet or helmet, 1 for mitts, or 10 for pram set; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; cable needle; 4 buttons for dress, 4 for cardigan, 6 for pram coat, 1 for either bonnet or helmet; elastic for leggings.

Measurements — Dress: Width all round underarms, 20in.; length, 16in.; sleeve seam, 14in. **Cardigan:** Width underarms, 21in.; length, 10in.; sleeve seam, 6½in. **Booties:** Foot length, 4in. **Pram Coat:** Width underarms, 21in.; length, 14in.; sleeve seam, 6½in. **Leggings:** Front seam, 8½in.; inner leg seam, 8½in. **Bonnet:** Round face, 13in. **Helmet:** Round head, 16in. **Mitts:** Wrist to fingertip, 3½in.

Tension: 7 sts. to lin. over st-st. on No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); st-st., stocking-stitch; tog., together; t.b.l., through backs of loops; dec., decrease by working 2 sts. tog.; inc., increase by working twice into 1 st.; sl., slip; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; patt., pattern; ml, make 1 by passing wool round or over needle.

PATTERN PANEL

Consists of 6 sts., worked thus:
1st Row: P 1, k 2, m 1, k 2 tog., p 1.
2nd Row: K 1, p 2, m 1, p 2 tog., k 1.
3rd and 4th Rows: As 1st and 2nd.
5th Row: P 1, place next 2 sts. on cable needle and leave at front of work, k 2, then k 2 from cable needle, p 1.

6th Row: As 2nd.

7th and 8th Rows: As 1st and 2nd.

DRESS

FRONT

Cast on 133 sts. with No. 10 needles. K 6 rows. Proceed thus:

1st Row: K 51, patt. 6 as above, k 19, patt. 6, k 51.

2nd Row: P 51, patt. 6, p 19, patt. 6, p 51.

Work 9 more rows in this manner.

Next Row (Wrong side): K 51, patt. 6, k 19, patt. 6, k 51.

Rep. these 12 rows.

Continue in st-st. with 2 patt. panels as set. Work 4 rows. (28 rows patt. worked in all.)

Dec. in next and every following 16th row thus:

29th Row: K 48, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 1, patt. 6, k 1, k 2 tog., k 13, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, patt. 6, k 1, k 2 tog., k 48.

45th Row: K 47, k 2 tog., t.b.l., k 1, patt. 6, k 1, k 2 tog., k 11, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, patt. 6, k 1, k 2 tog., k 47.

61st Row: K 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, patt. 6, k 1, k 2 tog., k 9, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, patt. 6, k 1, k 2 tog., k 46.

77th Row: K 45, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, patt. 6, k 1, k 2 tog., k 7, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, patt. 6, k 1, k 2 tog., k 45. (117 sts.) Work 15 rows without shaping.

To Dec. for Waist: Change to No. 12 needles.

(K 2 tog.) 13 times, (K 2 tog., k 1) 7 times, patt. 6, k 1, k 2 tog., k 5, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, patt. 6, (k 1, k 2 tog.) 7 times, (k 2 tog.) 13 times. (75 sts.)

Next Row: K 27, patt. 6, p 9, patt. 6, k 27.

Work 5 rows, working central sts. as set, and 27 each side k on every row.

Change to No. 10 needles. Keeping patt. panels as set and working remainder in st-st., proceed until work measures 12in., ending after wrong side row.

To Shape Armholes—1st Row: K 2, p 2 tog., work to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: K 1, p 1, k 2 tog., work to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., p 1, k 1.

3rd Row: As 1st.

4th Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, work to last 3 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1.

Rep. these 4 rows until 45 sts. remain.

Keeping continuity of shapings correct, work 1 row, dec. at both ends.

To Shape Neck: Work 16 sts turn, leaving remaining sts. unworked. Proceed on this set of sts. for right side of neck, thus:

1st Row: K 2 tog., work to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, work to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until 4 sts. remain.

Dec. at neck edge of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. Fasten off.

Place central 11 sts. on a safety-pin.

Rejoin wool to remaining sts. and work to end. Complete left side to correspond with right, reversing shapings.

BACK

Cast on 133 sts. with No. 10 needles.

K 6 rows. Work 10 rows st-st. K 2 rows.

Rep. the last 12 rows. Work 4 rows st-st.

Next Row: K 48, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 8, k 2 tog., k 13, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 8, k 2 tog., k 48.

Keeping continuity of shapings correct, as on front, dec. thus every 16th row until 117 sts. remain. Work 15 rows.

To Dec. For Waist: Change to No. 12 needles. K 2 tog., * k 1, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (70 sts.) K 5 rows. Change to No. 10 needles. K 1 row.

To Divide For Opening: P 33, cast on 4 sts. Proceed on these sts. for left side, knitting the 4 sts. at centre edge in every row. Continue to 12in., ending after a wrong side row.

To Shape Armhole: Dec. at side edge of 1st 3 rows out of every 4, as for corresponding side of front armhole, until 22 sts. remain, then of every alternate row until 14 sts. remain, ending after a p row. Leave sts. on spare needle. Rejoin wool to remaining sts. K 4, work to end. Complete to correspond with left side, making 3 evenly spaced buttonholes, allowing for 4th on neckband. Buttonholes are worked thus: Work to last 3 sts., m 1, k 2 tog., k 1.

SLEEVES (Both alike)

Cast on 38 sts. with No. 12 needles. K 6 rows. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 1, (k 2, inc. in next st.) 11 times, k 4. (49 sts.) Beg. with a p row, work 9 rows st-st.

To Shape Top: Dec. at both ends on 1st 3 rows out of every 4, as for back armhole until 25 sts. remain, then on every alternate row until 7 sts. remain. Work 1 row.

Next Row: K 2, p 3 tog., k 2. Work 1 row. Leave sts. on a spare needle.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly, omitting patt. Join raglan seams. With No. 12 needles k sts. of left back, and sleeve, pick up and k 13 along left front neck, k central 11, pick up and k 13 along right front neck, and k sts. of right sleeve and back, at same time making final buttonhole. K 4 rows. Cast off knit-wise on wrong side.

Join and press side seams. Sew down underwrap at base of opening. Sew on buttons.

CARDIGAN

BACK

Cast on 73 sts. with No. 12 needles.



● Two sets in one — a dress, cardigan, bonnet, and bootees to wear on important visits; a coat, helmet, and leggings for outings in the pram.

Work 10 rows k 1, p 1 rib, beg. and ending right side rows with k 1. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st. until work measures 6in. ending after a p row.

To Shape Armholes: Rep. 1st 4 rows of dress armhole shaping until 43 sts. remain, then dec. at both ends of every right side row only until 25 sts. remain. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 43 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work 10 rows k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K 30, patt. 6, rib 7.
2nd Row: Rib 7, patt. 6, p 30. Proceed thus until work measures 6in., ending on wrong side.

To Shape Armhole and Neck—1st Row: K 2, p 2 tog., k to last 15 sts., k 2 tog., patt. 6, rib 7.

2nd Row: Work to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., p 1, k 1.

3rd Row: As 1st.
4th Row: Work to last 3 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1.

Rep. these 4 rows until 18 sts. remain. Keeping shapings correct, dec. at side edge only every alternate row until 10 sts. remain, then dec. at side edge on next 3 rows. Work 1½in. on remaining 7 sts. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front to armholes, reversing position of border and patt., and making 4 buttonholes, 1st on 5th row of ribbing, remainder at 1½in. intervals, thus: K 1, p 1, k 2 tog., m 1, work to end.

To Shape Armholes and Neck—1st Row: Rib 7, patt. 6, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to last 4 sts., p 2 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: K 1, p 1, k 2 tog., work to end.

3rd Row: As 1st.
4th Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, work to end.
Rep. last 4 rows until 18 sts. remain. Complete to correspond with left front.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 38 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work 10 rows k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles. Working central 6 sts. in patt. and 16 each side in st-st., work 6 rows. Inc. at both ends of next and every 4th row following until there are 52 sts. Proceed to 6½in., ending after a wrong side row.

To Shape Top: Dec. at both ends on 1st 3 rows out of every 4, as for back arm-

hole, until 28 sts. remain, then on every alternate row until 6 sts. remain. Work 1 row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly. Join raglan seams, side and sleeve seams. Join ends of neckband and sew to back neck. Press seams. Sew on buttons.

PRAM COAT

BACK

Cast on 111 sts. with No. 10 needles. K 6 rows. Work 12 rows st-st.

Dec. in next and every 12th row following, thus:

13th Row: (K 9, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 45, (k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 9) 3 times.

25th Row: (k 8, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 45, (k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 8) 3 times.

37th Row: (K 7, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 45, (k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7) 3 times.

Continue thus until 75 sts. remain, ending after 73rd row. Proceed until work measures 9½in., ending after a p row.

To Shape Armholes: Dec. at both ends on 1st 3 rows out of every 4, as for dress armhole shaping, until 45 sts. remain, then at both ends of every alternate row, keeping shapings correct, until 25 sts. remain. Work 1 row. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 68 sts. with No. 10 needles. K 6 rows. Proceed thus:

1st Row: K 23, patt. 6, k 12, patt. 6, k 21.

2nd Row: Sl 1, k 5, p 10, k 5, patt. 6, p 12, patt. 6, p 23.

Continue thus until 12 rows have been worked. Dec. in next and every 12th row following, thus:

13th Row: (K 9, k 2 tog.) twice, k 1, patt. 6, k 9, k 2 tog., k 1, patt. 6, k 21.

25th Row: (K 8, k 2 tog.) twice, k 1, patt. 6, k 8, k 2 tog., k 1, patt. 6, k 21.

Continue thus until 50 sts. remain. Proceed to 9½in., ending after a p row.

To Shape Armhole: Dec. at side edge of 1st 3 rows out of every 4, shaping as corresponding side of back, until 32 sts. remain, then of every alternate row until 30 sts. remain, finishing at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row, work to end. Work 10 rows, continuing to dec. at side edge on every alternate row as before, and dec. at neck

edge on every row. Dec. at neck edge on next row. Work 1 row without dec., k 2 tog. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 68 sts. with No. 10 needles. K 6 rows. Proceed thus:

1st Row: Sl 1, k 20, patt. 6, k 12, patt. 6, k 23.

2nd Row: P 23, patt. 6, p 12, patt. 6, k 5, p 10, k 6.

Proceed until 12 rows worked.

Next Row: Sl 1, k 20, patt. 6, k 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 9, patt. 6, k 1, (k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 9) twice.

Complete to correspond with left front, working shapings as set, reversing neck and armhole shapings, and making 3 buttonholes, 1st on last row of skirt shaping, last 1in. below neck edge, 2nd midway between. Buttonholes are worked thus: Sl 1, k 1, k 2 tog., m 1, work to end.

SLEEVES

(Both alike)

Cast on 40 sts. with No. 12 needles. K 14 rows, inc. at both ends of last row. Change to No. 10 needles. Work 8 rows, having central 6 sts. in patt. and 18 each side in st-st. Inc. at both ends of next and every 4th row following until there are 56 sts. Proceed to 6½in., ending after a wrong side row.

To Shape Top: Dec. at both ends on 1st 3 rows out of every 4, as for back armhole, until 26 sts. remain, then on every alternate row until 6 sts. remain. Work 1 row. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 90 sts. with No. 12 needles. K 6 rows, slipping 1st st. in every row. Proceed thus:

1st Row: Sl 1, k 5, patt. 6, k 1, k 2 tog., k to last 15 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, patt. 6, k 6.

2nd Row: Sl 1, k 5, patt. 6, p to last 12 sts., patt. 6, k 6.

Rep. these 2 rows until 68 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly. Join raglan seams, side and sleeve seams. Sew collar to neck edge. Press seams. Sew on buttons. Fasten neck under collar with a press stud.

Continued overleaf

EIGHT-PIECE LAYETTE

(Continued from previous page)

BOOTEES

(Both alike)

Cast on 40 sts. with No. 12 needles. K 4 rows. Change to No. 10 needles. K 7, patt. 6, k 4, patt. 6, k 4, patt. 6, k 7. Continue with 3 patt. panels and intervening sts. in st-st. until 18 rows patt. have been worked.

Change to No. 12 needles. Make eyelet holes: K 1, (m 1, k 2 tog.) 8 times, patt. 6, (k 2 tog., m 1) 8 times, k 1.

Next Row: P 17, patt. 6, p 17.

Now work 27, turn, work 14. Work 12 more rows on central 14 sts., then work a further 4 rows, dec. at both end of every alternate row, finishing after cable row. Break wool. With 13 sts. on right-hand needle, pick up and k 15 along 1st side of instep, k 10, pick up and k 15 along 2nd side, and k remaining 13. K 13 more rows on these 66 sts.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 28, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., k 28, k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 26, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., k 26, k 2 tog., k 1. K 3 more rows, continuing to dec. thus in every row. Cast off remaining 46 sts.

Join seams. Press. Thread twisted cord through holes at ankles and trim with tassels.

LEGGINGS RIGHT LEG

Cast on 80 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work 4 rows k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: K 1, (m 1, k 2 tog.) to last st., p 1. Rib 11 rows. Change to No. 10 needles.

To Shape Back: K 11, turn, p back. K 19, turn, p back. K 27, turn, p back. K 35, turn, p back.

Next Row: K 37, patt. 6, turn, patt. 6, p to end.

Next Row: K 37, patt. 6, k 8, turn, work back.

Proceed on all sts., working central 6 sts. in patt. and remainder in st-st. Inc. at both ends of 3rd and every 10th row following until there are 92 sts. Proceed to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. along shorter edge.

To Shape Leg: Dec. at both ends every alternate row until 58 sts. remain, then

every 4th row until 46 sts. remain. Proceed to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from beg. of leg shaping, measured on straight, ending after wrong side row.

Next Row (eyelet holes): K 1, (m 1, k 2 tog.) to last st., k 1. P 1 row. **

To Shape Foot: K 38, turn, k 12, turn. K 32 more rows on these 12 sts. Break wool. With 26 sts. on right-hand needle, pick up and k 15 along 1st side of instep, k 12, pick up and k 15 along 2nd side and k remaining 8. K 11 more rows on these 76 sts.

To Shape Sole—1st Row: K 7, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., k 30, k 2 tog., k 8, k 2 tog., k 23.

2nd Row: K 23, k 2 tog., k 6, k 2 tog., k 29, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., k 6.

3rd Row: K 5, k 2 tog., k 2 tog., k 28, k 2 tog., k 4, k 2 tog., k 23.

Knit 2 more rows, dec. at same points in every row. Cast off remaining 56 sts.

LEFT LEG

Cast on 80 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work ribbing as right leg. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 37, patt. 6, k 37. Reversing back shaping by beg. on a p row, proceed as right leg to **

To Shape Foot: K 20, turn, k 12, turn, k 32 more rows on these 12 sts. Break wool. With 8 sts. on right-hand needle, pick up and k 15, k 12, pick up and k 15, and k remaining 26. K 10 rows on these 76 sts. Shape sole as right leg. K 1 row on 56 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press under a damp cloth. Join back, front, leg, and foot seams. Thread elastic through holes at waist and twisted cord through ankles. Trim cord with tassels.

BONNET

Cast on 92 sts. with No. 12 needles. K 11 rows.

Next Row: K 29, (k 1, inc. in next st.) 3 times, k 20, (k 1, inc. in next st.) 3 times, k 31. (98 sts.)

Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 31, patt. 6, k 24, patt. 6, k 31.

Working 2 patt. panels as set and remaining sts. in st-st., proceed until work measures 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., ending after a wrong side row. Proceed thus:

1st Row: Cast off 5 sts., k 25, p 2 tog., work 34, p 2 tog., k 30.

2nd Row: Cast off 5 sts., p to end.

3rd Row: Cast off 5 sts., k 19, p 2 tog., work 34, p 2 tog., k 24.

4th Row: Cast off 5 sts., p to end.

Proceed thus until 38 sts. remain. Work 4 rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 1, patt. 6, k 2 tog. t.bl., k to last 9 sts., k 2 tog., patt. 6, k 1.

2nd Row: P 1, patt. 6, p to last 7 sts., patt. 6, p 1. Rep. these 2 rows until 20 sts. rem. Work 6 rows without shaping. Cast off.

Join back seams. Press lightly. With No. 12 needles, right side of work facing, pick up and k 60 sts. along neck edge, then cast on 22 sts., k 1 row.

Next Row: K to last 5 sts., cast off 2 sts. for buttonhole, k 2. In next row, cast on 2 sts. over buttonhole. K 1 row. Cast off knitwise on wrong side. Sew on button to correspond with buttonhole.

HELMET

Begin with right strap. Cast on 8 sts. with No. 12 needles. K 4 rows.

Next Row: K 3, cast off 2 sts. for buttonhole, k 3. In the next row cast on 2 sts. over buttonhole. Proceed straight for 2in.

Next Row: K 2, inc. in next st., k 1, inc. in next st., k 3. K 1 row.

Next Row: K 3, inc. in next st., k to last 5 sts., inc. in next st., k 4. K 1 row. Rep. last 2 rows until there are 16 sts.

Next Row: K 3, inc. in next st., k 1, patt. 6, inc. in next st., k 4.

Next Row: K 4, p 2, patt. 6, p 2, k 4. Working central patt. as set, border of 4 sts. each end knitted throughout, and intervening sts. in st-st., continue to inc. 2 sts. every alternate row as set until there are 26 sts. Proceed until work measures 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., ending after a right side row. Leave sts. on a spare needle.

Work left strap in same way, omitting buttonhole.

With No. 12 needles, cast on 15 sts., work sts. of right strap, cast on 38 sts.,

work sts. of left strap, cast on 15 sts. (120 sts.). Work 6 rows, knitting cast-on sts. and working remaining sts. as established. Change to No. 10 needles. Keeping patt. panels as set, work remaining sts. in st-st. Proceed until work measures 3in., ending after a wrong side row. Shape thus:

1st Row: Work 48, k 2 tog. t.bl., work 20, k 2 tog., work 48. Work 1 row.

3rd Row: Work 48, k 2 tog. t.bl., work 18, k 2 tog., work 48. Work 1 row.

Continue to dec. thus every alternate row until 112 sts. remain, ending after 8th row. Continue decs. every alternate row, thus:

9th Row: *(K 6, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 1, patt. 6, k 1, (k 2 tog. t.bl., k 6) 3 times, rep. from *.

11th Row: *(K 5, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 1, patt. 6, k 1, (k 2 tog. t.bl., k 5) 3 times, rep. from *.

Continue thus until 28 sts. remain, ending after 21st row. Work 1 row.

23rd Row: K 2 tog. all along row. P 1 row. Break wool, thread through sts. and draw up firmly.

Join seam. Press lightly. Sew on button. Trim top with pompon.

MITTS

(Both alike)

Cast on 40 sts. with No. 10 needles. Work 16 rows k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: K 1, (m 1, k 2 tog.) to last st., k 1. P 1 row. Proceed in st-st.

To Shape Thumb—1st Row: K 18, inc. in next st., k 1, inc. in next st., k 19. P 1 row.

3rd Row: K 18, inc. in next st., k 3, inc. in next st., k 19.

Continue to inc. thus every alternate row until there are 52 sts. P 1 row.

Next Row: K 32, turn, p 12. Work 8 rows on these 12 sts. K 2 tog. all along next row. P 1 row. Break wool, thread through remaining sts. and draw up.

With 20 sts. on right-hand needle, k remaining 20. Beg. with a p row, work 11 rows st-st. on these 40 sts.

To Shape Top of Hand—1st Row: (K 1, k 2 tog. t.bl., k 14, k 2 tog., k 1) twice, P 1 row.

3rd Row: (K 1, k 2 tog. t.bl., k 12, k 2 tog., k 1) twice.

Continue to dec. thus every alternate row until 20 sts. remain. Divide sts. between 2 needles, fold mitt in half and graft.

Join seams. Press. Thread twisted cord through holes at wrists.

Sugar plum

● Pink, white, and feminine
— a delightful moss-st. design
for a new baby girl.

Materials: 15 balls pink (main color); 2 balls white (contrast color) of Patons Turbo Orlon (this is the only yarn which should be used); 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 and set 4 No. 13 knitting needles; length elastic; 3 buttons; 3 stitch-holders.

Measurements: Jacket—chest, 22in.; full length, 12½in.; sleeve seam, 7½in. Leggings—length of leg seam, 11in. Bonnet—14in. round face.

Tension: 16 sts. to 2in. on No. 11 needles.

Abbreviation: T.b.l., through back of loop.

PATTERN

1st Row: With pink yarn * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1. Rep. 1st row once.

** With white yarn rep. 1st row 4 times.

With pink yarn rep. 1st row 4 times. **

Rep. from ** to **.

JACKET

SLEEVES

(Both Alike)

With No. 13 needles, cast on 40 sts. Work 17 rows in g-st., inc. 15 sts. along last row (55 sts.).

Change to No. 11 needles and work in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of the 7th and every foll. 6th row until there are 71 sts. on the needle. Work straight until 9 white stripes have been worked from beg. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 55 sts. rem. Work 1 row straight. Break off yarn, slip sts. on holder.

BACK

With No. 11 needles and pink yarn, cast on 137 sts. Work 7 rows in garter-st. Cont. in patt. until 9 white stripes have been worked from beg. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every alt. row to 121 sts.

In Next Row: * P 6, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., p 1 (106 sts.). Break off yarn, slip sts. on holder.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 11 needles and pink yarn, cast on 79 sts. Work 7 rows in garter-stitch.

Next Row: Work 1st patt. row to last 6 sts., place these sts. on holder. Cont. straight in patt. until 9 white stripes worked from beg. Keeping patt. straight dec. 1 st.

at beg. of next and every alt. row until 65 sts. rem.

Next Row: * P 3, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 5 sts., p 5 (53 sts.). Break off yarn, slip sts. on holder.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 11 needles and pink yarn, cast on 79 sts. Work 7 rows in g-st.

8th Row: K 6, place these sts. on holder and work in patt. on rem. sts. until 9 white stripes have been worked from beg. Keeping patt. straight, dec. 1 st. at end of next and every alt. row until 65 sts. rem.

Next Row: P 5, * p 2 tog., p 3, rep. from * to end of row (53 sts.).

Front Borders: With No. 11 needles, pick up 6 sts. left for front borders and with pink yarn work in g-st. until band is sufficient length to fit along front edge.

Yoke: With pink yarn work across 6 border sts. of right front, then across right front as follows: K 3, (k 2 tog.) twice * k 1, (k 2 tog.) 3 times, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 1, k 3 tog. (37 sts.).

Proceed for yoke as follows: Slip sts. from stitch-holders on to No. 11 needle in following order, first left front, then first sleeve, back, and finally second sleeve.

Using needle holding 37 sts., with right side facing, work across rem. sts. as follows: (K 2 tog., k 2) 13 times, (k 2 tog.) 23 times, (k 3 tog.) 6 times.

(K 2 tog.) 24 times, (k 2, k 2 tog.) 13 times, k 1, k 3 tog.

* (K 2 tog.) 3 times, k 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., (k 2 tog.) twice, k 3, k 6 border sts. of left front (205 sts.). Work 13 rows in g-st., making a buttonhole in right front border on the 10th and 11th rows.

To Make Buttonhole: K 3, cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Cast on 2 sts. where cast off in previous row.

14th Row: K 8, * w.fwd., k 3 tog., k 2, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7 (167 sts.).

Work 13 rows in g-st., making a buttonhole in 10th and 11th rows.

28th Row: K 8, * w.fwd., k 3 tog., k 1, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 7 (129 sts.).

Work 13 rows in g-st., making a buttonhole in 10th and 11th rows.

Continued overleaf





Sugar plum

(Continued from previous page)

42nd Row: K 10, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 11 sts., k 11 (75 sts.). Work 3 rows in g-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Using fine back-stitch seam sew side, sleeve, and underarm seams. Sew front bands in position. Work round buttonholes and sew on buttons.

BONNET

With No. 13 needles and pink yarn, cast on 99 sts.

Work 11 rows in g-st. Change to No. 11 needles and cont. in patt. until the 8th white stripe from beg. is worked.

To Shape Back: With pink yarn proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 7, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: * K 6, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Cont. dec. in this manner every alt. row until the row k 1, k 2 tog. is worked.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Break off yarn, run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join back seam. With right side facing, using No. 13 needles and pink yarn knit up sts. round back of bonnet divisible by 4. Work 3 rows in g-st.

4th Row: K 2, * k 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. Work 2 rows in g-st. Cast off. Make a cord with pink yarn and thread through holes.

MITTENS

With No. 13 needles and pink yarn, cast on 50 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 20 rows.

21st Row: * K 1, p 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., rib 2.

Work 2 rows in rib.

24th Row: * P 2 tog., p 3, rep. from * to end of row (40 sts.).

Change to No. 11 needles and work 20 rows in st-st.

To Shape Top—1st Row: (K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 14, k 2 tog., k 1) twice.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: (K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 12, k 2 tog., k 1) twice.

Cont. dec. in this manner every alt. row with 2 sts. less between dec. until the row (k 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1) twice is worked.

Next Row: Purl. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew up seams. Make a length of cord and thread through holes at wrist.

LEGGINGS

RIGHT LEG: With No. 13 needles, cast on 80 sts. Work 2 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

3rd Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., p 1. Work 9 rows in rib. ***

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. shaping back as follows:

1st Row: K 16, turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 22, turn.

5th Row: K 28, turn.

Cont. in this manner working 6 more sts. on every k row until the row k 58 turn has been worked.

Next Row: Purl.

** Cont. in st-st. on all sts., inc. 1 st. each end of the 3rd and every foll. 10th row until there are 94 sts. on the needle.

Cont. on these sts. until work measures 8½ in. (measured at short edge of work), ending with p row.

Shape leg by casting off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 50 sts. rem., then in every foll. 6th row until 42 sts. rem. Work straight until leg seam measures 9 in. from beg., ending with k row.

Next Row: Purl, dec. 4 sts. along row.

Using the 4 No. 13 needles work 10 rounds in k 1, p 1 rib, working 12 sts. on each of first and third needles and 14 on second needle (38 sts.).

Divide for heel as follows: Knit first 10 sts. of round on to one needle, slip last 10 sts. of round on to other end of same needle (these 20 sts. are for heel). Divide rem. sts. on 2 needles and leave for instep. On heel sts. work 13 rows in st-st., beg. with p row (always slipping first st. in each row).

To Turn Heel: K 12, k 2 tog., turn, p 5, p 2 tog., turn, k 6, k 2 tog., turn, p 7, p 2 tog., turn. Cont. in this manner until all sts. are worked on to one needle, k back 6 sts. (thus completing heel). Slip all instep sts. on to one needle again. With a spare needle k rem. sts. of heel, k up 12 sts. at side of heel with a 2nd needle, k across 20 instep sts., with a 3rd needle k up 12 sts. at side of heel and other 6 sts. of heel.

To Shape Instep—1st Round: Knit.

2nd Round: 1st needle, k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2; 2nd needle, k; 3rd needle, k 2, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rounds until 11 sts. rem. on each 1st and 3rd needles.

Cont. without shaping until foot measures 2½ in. from where sts. were knitted up at side of heel.

To Shape Toe—1st Round: * K 2 tog., k 5, rep. from * to end of round.

2nd and Alt. Rounds: Knit.

3rd Round: * K 2 tog., k 4, rep. from * to end of round.

5th Round: * K 2 tog., k 3, rep. from * to end of round.

7th Round: * K 2 tog., k 2, rep. from * to end of round.

9th Round: * K 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to end of round.

11th Round: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round.

Break off yarn, run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off. **

LEFT LEG: Work as given for right leg to ***.

Change to No. 11 needles and shape back as follows:

1st and Alt. Rows: Knit.

2nd Row: P 16, turn.

4th Row: P 22, turn.

6th Row: P 28, turn.

Cont. in this manner until the row p 58, turn, has been worked.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.

Work as given for right leg from ** to **.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Using flat seam sew up back, front, and leg seams. Thread elastic through holes at waist.

Snuggle bag

● Tuck him, or her, safely away in this chill-proof sleeping bag for bedtime warmth.

Materials: Sirdar Baby Nylon 4-ply; 6oz. main color (m.c.); 1oz. contrast (c.c.); 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 9 knitting needles; 1 slide fastener 20in. long.
Tension: 7 sts. to lin. after pressing.
Measurements: All round at under-arms 22in.; length, 23in.; sleeve seam 6½in.
Abbreviations: W.s., without shaping; r.s.f., right side facing.

MAIN PART

With No. 9 needles and m.c. cast on 191 sts. K 2 rows. Commence patt.
1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: As 1st. **4th Row:** Knit. These 4 rows form the patt. Work 16 rows more in patt.

21st Row: (K 1, p 1) 23 times, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 46 times, p 1, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 23 times. Work 11 rows patt.

33rd Row: (K 1, p 1) 22 times, k 1, p 3 tog., (k 1, p 1) 45 times, k 1, p 3 tog., k 1, (p 1, k 1) 22 times. Cont. working in patt. and dec. every 12th row as follows:

45th Row: (K 1, p 1) 22 times, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 44 times, p 1, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 22 times.

57th Row: (k 1, p 1) 21 times, k 1, p 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 43 times, p 1, k 3 tog., k 1 (p 1, k 1) 21 times.

69th Row: (K 1, p 1) 21 times, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 42 times, p 1, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 21 times.

81st Row: (K 1, p 1) 20 times, k 1, p 3 tog., (k 1, p 1) 41 times, k 1, p 3 tog., k 1, (p 1, k 1) 20 times.

93rd Row: (K 1, p 1) 20 times, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 40 times, p 1, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 20 times.

105th Row: (K 1, p 1) 19 times, k 1, p 3 tog., (k 1, p 1) 39 times, k 1, p 3 tog., k 1, (p 1, k 1) 19 times.

117th Row: (K 1, p 1) 19 times, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 38 times, p 1, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 19 times.

129th Row: (K 1, p 1) 18 times, k 1 p 3 tog., (k 1, p 1) 37 times, k 1, p 3 tog., k 1, (p 1, k 1) 18 times.

141st Row: (K 1, p 1) 18 times, k 3

tog., (p 1, k 1) 36 times, p 1, k 3 tog., (p 1, k 1) 18 times (147 sts.). Work 10 rows patt.

To Divide for Armholes — Next Row: K 35, cast off 4 sts., k 69, cast off 4 sts., k 35.

Finish Right Front First: Keeping patt. correct, dec. at armhole edge on next and every alt. row until 26 sts. remain. Work 1 row patt.

To Shape Neck — 1st Row: Cast off 4 sts., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Keeping patt. correct, dec. at neck edge on next 12 rows, at the same time dec. at armhole edge every alt. row until 3 sts. remain.

Next Row: K 3 tog. Fasten off. With r.s.f. rejoin m.c. to centre 69 sts. and, working in patt., dec. both ends of 1st and every alt. row until 39 sts. remain, then dec. both ends of next 5 rows. Cast off. With r.s.f. rejoin m.c. and work left front on remaining 35 sts. to match right front.

RIGHT SLEEVE

** With No. 11 needles and c.c. cast on 32 sts. Work 4 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Join in m.c. Work 2 rows m.c., 2 rows c.c., in k 1, p 1 rib twice, inc. 1 st. at end of last row. Break off c.c. and cont. with m.c. Change to No. 9 needles and work in patt. as for main part inc. both ends of every 4th row until there are 49 sts. on needle. Cont. in patt. w.s. until 11 complete patts. worked from beg.

Start Raglan Shaping: Keeping patt. correct, cast off 2 sts. beg. next 2 rows, then dec. both ends of next and every alt. row until 15 sts. remain. **

To Shape Top — 1st Row: K 10, turn. **2nd Row:** Sl. 1, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, k 2 tog.

3rd Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, turn. **4th Row:** Sl. 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 2 tog. Cast off.

LEFT SLEEVE

Work as right sleeve from ** to **
To Shape Top — 1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: K 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) 4 times, turn.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, (k 1, p 1) 4 times.
4th Row: P 2 tog., (K 1, p 1) twice.
5th Row: Sl. 1, k 4. Cast off.



COLLAR

With No. 11 needles and c.c. cast on 93 sts. **1st Row:** K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., * p 1, k 1, rep from * to last 3 sts., p 1, k 2 tog. Rep. 2nd row twice. Join in m.c. Cont. rep. 2nd row working 2 rows in m.c. and 2 rows in c.c. until 51 sts. remain. Cast off in rib.

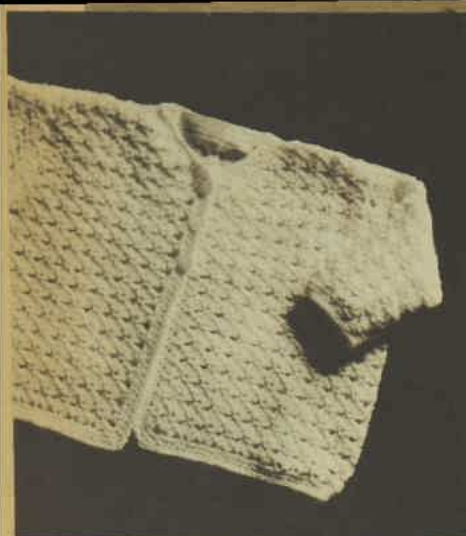
BOTTOM GUSSET

With No. 9 needles and m.c. cast on 73 sts. Work in patt. as given for main part,

inc. both ends of next 7 rows. Work 9 rows in patt. w.s., then dec. both ends of next 7 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin parts out to size and press under a damp cloth, omitting ribbing on sleeves and collar. Join raglan and sleeve seams. Join front seam 1½in. up from cast on edge. Placing front seam to centre of cast-off edge of gusset, sew bottom gusset in place. Sew on collar. Sew in slide-fastener.



Crocheted jacket

Materials: 5 balls Patons Charm Knitting and Crochet Yarn; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 10; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 22in. chest; length, 10in.; sleeve, 4½in.

Tension: 3 shells to 1½in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

TO MAKE

(Worked in one piece to underarm.)
Make 166 ch.

1st Row: Miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., * miss 3 ch., (3 tr., 2 ch., 1 d.c.) into next ch., rep. from * to last 4 ch., 3 tr. into last ch., turn.

2nd Row: * D.c. into top of shell, 3 ch. Rep. from *, ending 1 tr. into d.c. of last row, 1 ch., turn.

Rep. these 2 rows 9 times.

To Shape Armholes (Right Front)—Next

Row: Work 8 shells, 1 tr. into top of next shell, 3 ch., turn.

Repeat 2nd row.

Next Row: Work 7 shells, 3 tr. into top of next shell, turn.

Cont. in patt., working 7 shells and 3 tr. until 5th row of shells form armhole.

Rep. 2nd row, working 1 d.c. into top of last shell, 1 ch., turn.

Repeat 1st row.

Repeat these 2 rows twice more (5 shells).

On 8th shell row from armhole, work 4 shells, 1 tr. into end shell, 3 ch., turn. Repeat 2nd row. Fasten off.

BACK

Join yarn to top of 12th shell from right front edge, 3 ch., * work shell into top of next shell. Rep. from * 16 times, 1 tr. into top of next shell, 3 ch., turn.

Cont. as 2nd row, ending 1 tr. into 2nd ch. of 3 ch.

Cont., working on 17 shells, until armholes measure same as front. Shape shoulder as front. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Make 42 ch.

Repeat 1st and 2nd patt. rows 4 times.

Next Row: 3 ch., 2 tr. into end tr., work to end.

Next Row: 4 ch., d.c. into top of shell, work to end, d.c. into 2 tr., 3 ch., tr. into top of 3 ch. of previous row.

Rep. these 2 rows once more, working 3 tr. into top of 4 ch. at end of next row (14 shells). Work straight until 10 rows of shells have been completed. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side. Using a fine back-stitch, join shoulders. Join sleeve seams to top of 8th shell row, sew in sleeves, placing 2 shell rows above seam to shaping on front and back armhole.

Work 3 rows of d.c. round entire edge of jacket and sleeves, dec. slightly across back of neck in second row and making buttonholes in yoke by working 3 ch. and missing 2 d.c. 3 times, with 4 d.c. between buttonholes.

Buttoned shoes

Materials: 1 ball Villawool Baby Wool and Nylon Yarn, main color (m.c.); small quantity contrast color (c.c.); 1 pr. No. 10 needles; 2 buttons.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in.

Note: For smaller size use one size smaller needles; for larger size use one size larger.

Using m.c. and No. 10 needles, beginning at centre of foot, cast on 43 sts.

1st Row: Inc. in first st., k 19, inc. in each of next 2 sts., k 19, inc. in next st., k 1.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: Inc. in 1st st., k 21, inc. in each of the next 2 sts., k 21, inc. in next st., k 1.

Cont. to inc. in this way until 63 sts. on needle. Purl 1 row. Join in c.c. and knit 2 rows. Change to m.c. and work 2 rows in st-st., the 1st row being knit. Rep. the last 4 rows once, then knit 2 rows in c.c. Change to m.c.

To Shape Top of Foot—1st Row: K 27 (k 2 tog.) twice, k 1, (sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, k 27.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 25, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 1, (sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, k 25.

Cont. to dec. in this way until 43 sts. on needle. Purl 1 row.

Work ankle strap as follows:

Next Row: K 5, k 2 tog., k 6 and transfer these sts. to holder, cast off 17 sts. Cast on 9 sts. for ankle strap, k to end of row (22 sts.). Cont. on last 22 sts.

Next Row: Knit, working 16th and 17th sts. tog. (21 sts.).

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row (Buttonhole Row): K 2, y.fwd., k 2 tog., knit to end.

Knit 3 rows and cast off on the next row.

Transfer 12 sts. from holder, join yarn to inside edge and cast on 9 sts. (21 sts.). Cont. on these 21 sts. to correspond with other side, omitting buttonhole.

Work another shoette, making buttonhole on the opposite side of ankle strap.

TO MAKE UP

Flat seam underfoot and heel seams. Sew on buttons.



Nightgown

Materials: 3 (3) balls Patons Beehive Baby wool; 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 10; 4 small buttons; 1½ yds. ½ in. ribbon.

Measurements: To fit 17 (19) in. underarm. Length, 14½ (15½) in.; sleeve, 5½ (6½) in.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin.

Abbreviations: D.c., double crochet; k, knit; p, purl; st-st., stocking-stitch; tr., treble; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; w.fwd., wool forward; w.r.n., wool round needle.

FRONT

Cast on 137 (153) sts.

Work in st-st. until front measures 11 (11½) in., ending on a purl row.

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end, 69 (77) sts. **Next Row:** Purl.

Next Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. ** Work 5 rows st-st.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. **Next Row:** K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Rep. these 2 rows 9 (12) times, 41 (43) sts.

To Shape Neck: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 12, cast off 11 (13) sts., k 12, k 2 tog., k 1.

Cont. on these sts. only, dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every alt. row, at the same time dec. as before at raglan edge until 2 sts. remain. K 2 tog. Fasten off.

Join yarn to neck edge and work other side to correspond, reversing shapings.

BACK

Work as for front to **.

P 1 row, then divide for opening:

1st Row: K 33 (37), (p 1, k 1) twice, turn. Cont. on these sts., keeping 4 sts. in moss-stitch at opening.

When back measures same as front to armhole, ending p row, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. at armhole edge of every alt. row as front. At the same time, on 6th row of armhole shaping, make a buttonhole as follows:

K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 4 sts., p 1, w.r.n., p 2 tog., k 1.

Make 2 more buttonholes 12 (14) rows apart.

When 15 (16) sts. remain, cast off.

Rejoin yarn at centre back. Cast on 4 sts. and work to correspond with first side, keeping the 4 sts. in m-st. and reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Cast on 35 (37) sts.

Work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and foll. 4th rows until inc. to 53 (59) sts. Cont. without shaping until sleeve measures 5½ (6½) in.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

3rd Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1. Repeat these 2 rows until 9 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Join raglan seams, join side and sleeve seams. Using crochet hook, work 1 row d.c. and 1 row of shell edge round neck, sleeves, and lower edge, making buttonhole at back opening.

To Work Shell Edge: * D.c. into next d.c., miss 2 d.c., 5 tr. into next d.c., miss 2 d.c. Rep. from *, ending d.c. into next d.c. Sew on buttons, thread ribbon through waist. Press seams.



Bonnet

Materials: 1 ball each Patons Beehive Baby Wool in pink (pk.) and white (w.) makes bonnet and booties; one pair No. 10 knitting needles; ½ yard lin. wide ribbon for bonnet and 1 yard narrow ribbon for booties.

Tension: 7 sts. to lin. over pattern.

With pink, cast on 77 sts. and work 9 rows in moss-st.

Next Row: M-st. first 6 sts. and slip on to safety pin, p 4, * work twice in next st., p 4. Rep. from * to last 7 sts., p 1, sl. last 6 sts. on safety pin.

Join white and work in patt. thus:

1st to 4th Rows: With w., work in st-st., beg. with a k row.

5th Row: With pk., k 4, * drop next st. down 4 rows to pk. st., then k through pk. st. and loops of w., k 3. Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

6th Row: With pk., purl.

7th to 10th Rows: With w., work in st-st.

11th Row: With pk., k 2, * drop next st. down 4 rows to pk. st., then k through pk. st. and loops of w., k 3. Rep. from *, finishing k 2 instead of k 3.

12th Row: With pk., purl.

Rep. these 12 rows until work measures 5in., finishing with a 6th or 12th patt. row. Leave on spare needle. Join wool to sts. on safety pins, and work in m-st. on each set of sts. until bands measure 5in.

Assemble all sts. on one needle, and use pk. only. **1st Row:** M-st. 6, k 8, k 2 tog., (k 27, k 2 tog.) twice, k 9, m-st. 6.

2nd and Alternate Rows: M-st. to end. **3rd Row:** * m-st. 7, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m-st. 7, rep. from * ending m-st. 8.

5th Row: * m-st. 6, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m-st. 6, rep. from * ending m-st. 7.

7th Row: * m-st. 5, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m-st. 5, rep. from * ending m-st. 6.

Cont. thus dec. 10 sts. on alternate rows until 16 sts. rem. **Next Row:** * sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Break wool. Thread end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off.

Bootees

With pk., cast on 37 sts. and work 9 rows in m-st.

Next Row: P 4, * p 2 tog., p 7, rep. from * to last 6 sts., p 2 tog., p 4.

Join w., and cont. in patt. as bonnet for 18 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of last row. Cont. in pk. only, and work 4 rows in m-st.

Next Row: K 1, * m 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Work 3 rows in m-st.

Next Row: M-st. 24, turn. **Next Row:** M-st. 13, turn. Work 24 rows in m-st. on these 13 sts. for instep.

Break off wool, rejoin to first 11 sts., m-st. across these 11 sts., pick up and k. 15 sts. along side of instep, m-st. across 13 instep sts., pick up and k 14 sts. along other side of instep, m-st. across the last 11 sts. (64 sts.). Work 9 rows in m-st.

To Shape Foot — 1st Row: Work 2 tog., m-st. 23 sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 8 sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 23 sts., work 2 tog. (58 sts.).

2nd and Every Alternate Row: M-st. to end. **3rd Row:** Work 2 tog., m-st. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog. **5th Row:** Work 2 tog., m-st. 19 sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 8 sts., work 3 tog., m-st. 19 sts., work 2 tog. **6th Row:** M-st. to end. Cast off.

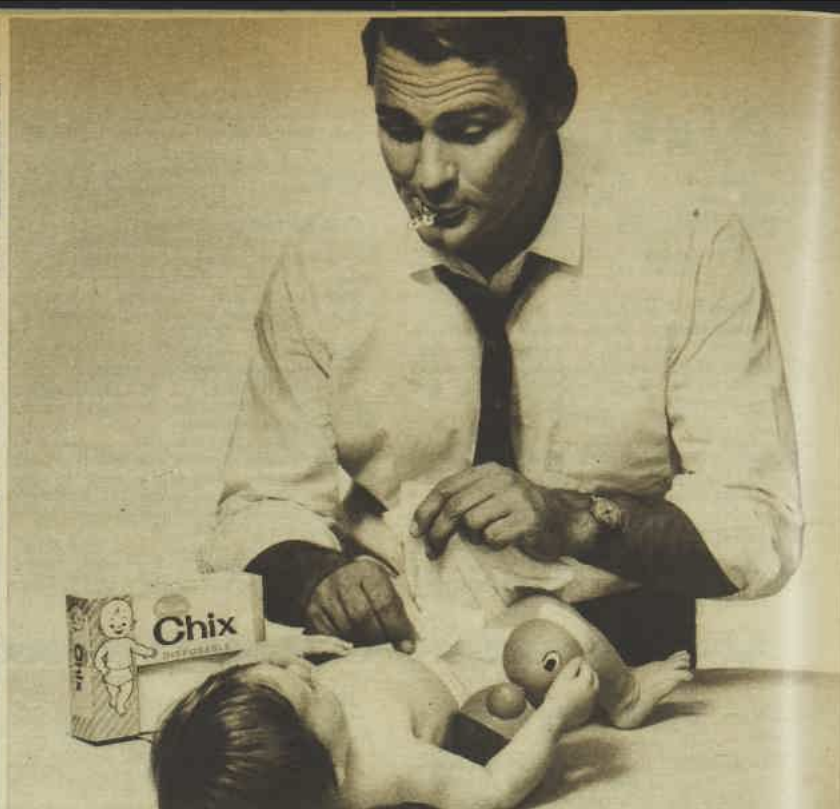
TO MAKE UP

Bonnet: Sew bands in position. Join back seam from fastening off to first dec. Sew on ribbon. **Bootees:** Sew up seam, thread ribbon at ankle. Press seam.





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